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## THE WHIGS AND THE WAR.

THERE is very little difference of opinion, we believe, among Whigs—very little certainly among all intelligent and impartial observers of events—in regard to the origin of our war upon Mexico. There are, perhaps, a few who choose to go no further than insist that the war was wholly unnecessary, however begun, and that it might have been, and ought to have been avoided. The responsibility of the President and his administration in permitting the country to become involved in a war which could and should have been avoided, is fearfully great. Among a virtuous and wise people, this condemnation alone should be enough to overwhelm those who have been guilty of so great a crime. (A civilized and Christian people engaged in an unnecessary war, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is a spectacle of backsliding and crime over which angels may weep.) So far, at least, the Administration at Washington is guilty, in the deliberate estimation, we do not doubt, of four-fifths of the whole body of intelligent persons throughout the country. With a portion of these, however, party partialities are strong enough to lead them to cover even this enormity with a patchwork mantle of charitable excuses. Some others there are, who are dazzled with visions of glory in the success of the American arms, and in the probable or possible extension of our territorial possessions through the dismemberment of Mexico; and who do not, therefore, and will not, give themselves any trouble about those moral as-

pects of the case which darken around both the beginning and the end of these successes and acquisitions. But the host of the Whig party in the country, in formidable array, and with sentiments and feelings approaching to entire unanimity, stand out by themselves on the clear, open ground of principle and patriotism, deprecating all wars, and unhesitatingly condemning this war with Mexico as having been begun without necessity, and prosecuted for a principal object to which they can accord neither their sanction nor their toleration. Almost universally they hold that the Administration is responsible for much more than merely allowing a war to be brought upon the country when it might have been avoided; they think it is responsible for having itself precipitated the war, and commenced hostilities. And, what is more, they think this high-handed measure was adopted, not for any necessary object of national defence, or really and truly for the vindication of the national rights or the national honor; but mainly for the unhallowed and wicked purpose of wringing from the distractions and weakness of our neighbor republic, by the strong hand of our superior military power—by conquest, or a forced cession—her ancient and rightful possessions, essential to her dignity and importance as a leading power among the republics of the New World, to add them to the vast domain already under the dominion of the United States.)

Looking at the war in this aspect—as

a war of conquest and spoliation—we are well assured that there is one predominant sentiment among the Whigs of the United States, in whatever quarter of the Union they are found, and that is a sentiment of disgust and unqualified condemnation. We do not say that there may not be those among us, and of our number, and some of them persons of consideration, who are not averse to extending still further the limits of the republic, provided it can be done by fair and just means, and an honest purchase, and in a way to comport with our own honor and magnanimity, as a powerful nation dealing with another, all of whose rights are as sacred as our own, while it has less ability to maintain and defend them. But we are sure we are safe in saying that there is not a Whig in the United States who does not, with all honest and ingenuous minds, (reject with scorn the very thought that his country should be engaged in war with a sister republic far below ourselves in every element of strength and greatness, for the real purpose, however sought to be disguised by plausible pretences, of effecting a forcible dismemberment of that republic, and of profiting ourselves by the spoils.) It is quite probable, also, we suppose, that there may be those among us—very few we are sure—accustomed to exercise so liberal and unreflecting a patriotism as to be unable or unwilling to believe that, in a controversy with a foreign power, there may be faults on both sides; who hold, that after we got into the conflict, it was better to stand upon the declaration, put forth by the highest official authority, that the “war existed by the act of Mexico.”

We have, on former occasions, given to the readers of this Review our opinions as to the causes and origin of this war, and how hostilities were begun, and where the responsibility lies; and it is not our purpose at present to repeat this history, or our convictions on the subject. What we desire to say at this time, and to set forth prominently and strongly, is, that guilty as we deem the Administration to have been in this regard, and about which some others may entertain a different or modified opinion, there is that in the objects with which the war has been manifestly prosecuted, whether it was begun for this special purpose or not, which makes the Administration as deeply criminal in the matter as its strongest opponent has ever charged it to

have been. Nothing is plainer to us than that the war has not been prosecuted—as it should have been if at all—solely for the redress of grievances; but also, and mainly we believe, for the purpose of conquering Mexico, and subduing her to that point of forced submission and abjectness, which should make her coveted provinces an easy prey to the conqueror. And we feel certain that the Whigs of the United States, once convinced of the truth of this serious imputation, will be found united as one man, in a common sentiment of abhorrence at a spectacle so shocking and degrading; and, what is more, we trust they will be found also united as one man, in the political action and policy so obvious, and so appropriate on their part to meet the case. What this action and policy are likely to be, and what they ought to be, according to our humble judgment in the case, we shall indicate very clearly in the progress of this article. This is about to become, in the progress of events—if, indeed, it has not become already—a practical question, which must be met and decided by the Whig party, and upon which the Whigs in Congress will be called on to act, in meeting a responsibility which they cannot escape. If the Whigs, as we suppose, shall be found to have the House of Representatives in their control, at the meeting of Congress in December next, and no peace shall then have been concluded, or only a mock peace, got up for a purpose, or a peace on the basis of successful spoliation, they will have an important part to play in the drama of this Mexican business, and the country will hold them to the performance of all their duty in the case. For ourselves, we do not doubt how, and in what manner, and with what decisive and united action, they will meet the case.

But we turn to consider, first of all, the great leading question in our Mexican relations. (What have we been fighting for in this Mexican war?) Or rather, the question is, What has the Administration proposed to accomplish by sending a conquering army to the heart of the Mexican empire, and holding one half of the entire country under military subjection? And why has it been, after all our battles and victories, long ago fought and won, and so vast a country overrun, that peace was not long ago obtained? What terms and conditions has the Administration persisted in its purpose of exacting, that have

put a peace between the two countries, and even a negotiation for peace, notwithstanding our successive and overwhelming triumphs, all the while, or for so long a period, out of the question?

In our view, but one general answer can be given to all this significant interrogation. (The Administration has looked from the beginning for a vast accession of foreign territory to the United States, as the result of this onslaught upon Mexico.) This war has been quite an anomalous proceeding from the beginning. The Constitution constitutes Congress the war-making power of this government; but in this case, as we have read events and transactions, the President made the war. The Constitution contemplates that before deliberate hostilities shall be undertaken in any case, a declaration of war shall be made; but in this case, a hostile aggressive movement was made under the personal orders of the President, resulting in a conflict of arms and in actual war, as must have been calculated on with entire certainty. No declaration of war has ever been made. The war has been *recognized* by Congress—that is all. Congress has made a confession—namely—that the country is in a state of war, without having been placed in that state by itself. An important confession this, since regularly, though there may be a collision of arms, there can be no war, that is, no state of war, in this country, without a constitutional act of Congress making a declaration, in solemn form, to that effect. It is one of the consequences of this anomalous proceeding, or rather it forms a part of it, that to this day, there has been (no distinct official manifesto announcing to the enemy, and the world, the causes which have impelled to this appeal to arms, and defining the objects proposed to be secured by it.) It is true, we have had Messages of the President to Congress, since hostilities were begun—one of them, and the principal one, put forth after the war had been raging for six months—commenting, in terms both extravagant and false, on the relations between the two countries, and designed to operate as a personal justification of the President before his own countrymen, for the policy pursued by him in that regard. Still we have had no regular manifesto of the war—no public document apprising the enemy and all mankind, of the specific grievances endured at the hand of that enemy, and of the

redress sought to be obtained by the war, and clearly defining, by express avowal, or by necessary implication, the objects for which alone the war would be prosecuted on our part. If such a document had been put forth, either before hostilities were begun, or even when the war was “*recognized*,” conceived in the spirit of truth, justice, moderation and magnanimity, how different would our position be, at this moment, in the face of the civilized world! /If, before hostilities had been commenced, Mexico had been told by the public proclamation of the Government, that in regard to the Annexation of Texas, which had been so much complained of, and which Mexico had avowed her determination to consider as a declaration of war, we stood, and should stand always, merely on the defensive, considering the act itself as past all diplomacy, and holding ourselves bound to protect Texas, as a State of this Union, from all invasion and injury, to the extent to which her limits had indisputably run, and her jurisdiction been clearly exercised and acknowledged—leaving the question of a definitive boundary to be amicably settled by negotiation, unless, indeed, driven by the obstinate persistence of our adversary in refusing all terms and all negotiation, to assume and defend such a boundary for ourselves; and if Mexico had then been told also, that we had one, and only one, general cause of complaint against her, which was that she had incurred a large amount of indebtedness to large numbers of our citizens, by spoliation of their property and by personal injuries, which thus far she had failed to adjust and pay; that war on our part, if forced into it, would have no object but to compel and secure from her the justice which was due to us on account of these claims; and that we should cease to prosecute it the moment such justice was secured; and if, at the same time, Mexico had been told that we wanted none of her provinces or territories, and would take none of them on any terms, nor consent to receive a rood of her lands in any quarter of her dominions unless it might be, *at her own request*, to allow her to cede to us a convenient commercial port and station in the Pacific, and something perhaps in the adjustment of a liberal boundary for Texas, as a mode of making compensation for her indebtedness, instead of paying in coin; if a document of this sort had been put forth in the beginning, or if

in any way, Mexico had been informed, in good faith, of such purposes of undoubted justice and generous moderation on our part as we have here expressed, nobody can hesitate to believe, either that hostilities would never have been commenced at all, or, if commenced, the war would have ended almost as soon as it was begun. In truth, the war on our part, if it had come to that, to consist with the justice and moderation of our pretensions and demands, would then have been wholly defensive, so far as the Annexation of Texas was concerned; and in reference to our unsatisfied claims, it need have been, at the worst, no farther aggressive than to seize and hold, for our indemnity, the port of San Francisco on the Pacific, subject, of course, to a definitive arrangement of all differences between the two countries by treaty, whenever Mexico should see fit to come to an amicable settlement with us. This measure, with a rigorous blockade of her ports, if found necessary, would have brought her to terms. It would have shown at once, equal respect for her and for ourselves. It would have shown that we were resolved to redress the wrongs that had been done us, while in doing so, we should abstain from offering her any needless indignity, or inflicting upon her any unnecessary injury. It would have saved us the deep mortification of having, for sixteen months, prosecuted a "vigorous war" upon Mexico, (for such has been the constant boast of the Administration)—of having put forth the mighty military energies of this great nation upon a people wholly unworthy of our prowess—of having sacrificed as many lives and expended nearly as much money in sixteen months, in this war on a weak and distracted country, as it cost us to carry on a war of nearly three years with the most powerful nation on the earth—and, after all, leaving our imbecile enemy apparently so far from being conquered, that it was deemed necessary to hold up before the eyes of her principal leader, or leaders, a sort of prize purse of three millions of dollars, as a gentle persuader, to induce them to commit their country to an ignominious peace, which we had failed to compel her to make with us, at our dictation, by the power of our arms. The course of proceeding which we have suggested above, so dignified and efficient, and at the same time so generous, would have met with approval all the world over. It

would have united all parties at home, and all nations abroad, in commendation of our national policy and character. It would have saved many thousands of lives, and untold millions of money, to the United States, and it would have saved Mexico from a sense of degradation and injury at our hands, through the invasion and ravage of her country, which has made her our mortal enemy for all time to come. The utmost, in any event, that would have been required at our hands, if the Government had taken the attitude we have named, besides seizing and holding a port on the Pacific, as an indemnity for our claims, would have been to assume a boundary for Texas, and maintain it by our arms, so long as Mexico should hold out against a treaty. In doing this, if so compelled by the obstinacy of our adversary, we might have taken our stand on the Rio Grande, taking that river and the Rio Puerco for our western limits, not as a boundary to which we were indisputably entitled to go, but as a convenient international line, since the boundary was in dispute, and for which, so far as we might be found beyond our undoubted jurisdiction, we should have been ready to allow a just consideration, when our final accounts with Mexico should come to be settled.

But very widely different from all this have been the policy and conduct of the Administration, in its management of our relations and controversy with Mexico. And the course it has pursued admits of but one explanation. The President thought to glorify his reign by pushing the limits of the Progressive Republic in one direction or another, far beyond any serious dream of any Anglo-American land-robber of preceding times. He first tried his hand with England, by protesting that he would have the whole of Oregon, every minute of it, up to "fifty-four forty." He would not submit to take anything less; and but for the unwearied and sleepless efforts of men quite as patriotic as himself, and, under favor, we believe, a good deal wiser, this folly of his would have cost us a war with England. Disappointed in not being able to carry the nominal line of our national jurisdiction quite as far into the hyperborean regions as his unmeaning ambition had prompted him to desire, he turned his regards to the opposite quarter of North America, and there, stretching away in the sunny south, and towards the placid west, he saw New Mexico and the Californias,



and how much more of the goodly possessions of the Republic of Mexico Heaven only knows, which he thought he would be the happiest man alive if he could clutch, and dedicate, as his official offering, to the progressive spirit of his country. It is to the influence of this motive on his mind, that we attribute the daring resolution which he took originally to precipitate this war. He counted on a weak enemy, an easy conquest, and a speedy accomplishment of his purpose. Just as before he had claimed that our Oregon ran up to "fifty-four forty," so now he claimed that our Texas ran down to the Rio Grande; and, in this case, seeing nothing in the character of Mexico to make him pause, he ordered Taylor to march upon that river, and occupy it as our rightful boundary.

As he began, so he went on. Battle after battle was fought, and victory after victory won, and still the Mexican seemed as much unconquered as before. He showed a disposition to defend his fields and firesides on this side the Rio Grande; whereupon the President asked for a great army, and a well-filled military chest, believing, as he declared, that "the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force" would be "the most certain means of bringing the existing collision with Mexico to a speedy and successful termination." Everything he asked for was accorded to him, and his first campaign presented truly a magnificent plan of operations. The forces of the United States were to enter Mexico in three grand divisions. Kearney in the west was to invade and subdue New Mexico, and then push for the Californias, where he should be met and aided by a naval force, and by a regiment sent round by sea. Wool, with the army of the centre, was to penetrate to Chihuahua; and Taylor, with the main army, moving by the Rio Grande, and passing through the States of Tamaulipas and New Leon, and into Coahuila, taking the only practicable route in this direction, from the coast to the table-lands of Mexico, was to make a demonstration towards the capital. Napoleon never undertook the invasion of a foreign country with a more manifest purpose of making a thorough conquest of his enemy, dictating his own terms of peace, and bearing off the spoils of victory. And the campaign, in one sense, appeared to be an eminently successful one; in every quarter our arms were victorious; and, in the end, we had overrun, and held in nominal subjection,

states and territories of the enemy equal to one half of the entire Mexican empire. The President, in his annual Message of December, 1846, congratulated Congress on the progress of the country, "in the vast extension of our territorial limits."

In all this, the secret purpose of the war was manifest to all beholders. There was nothing in the nature of the grievance of which we complained, or in the redress properly adapted to the case, or in the temper and prowess of the enemy we were dealing with, which required that the war on our part should be undertaken on so grand a scale, and as if it had become necessary to put the Mexican nation to the ban, and completely subjugate her. When two nations are at war, and it becomes a struggle on either side for existence, there is reason enough for straining every energy, and putting forth the whole strength. It was so when Napoleon made his grand preparations for invading England, and when he led his mighty hosts to the frozen capital of Russia. But what was there in our political relations with Mexico which made it necessary to project such a formidable invasion of her territory as we have described—or which made it necessary, in the new campaign of the present year, to strike, by the shortest route, directly for the capital of the country, just as the Grand Emperor struck for Moscow? Certainly the President was not afraid that Mexico was going to invade us, if we did not get the start and invade her. She complained of our taking Texas, but we know very well, and the President knew, that there was not the slightest chance of her undertaking to reconquer that province, and take it out of our hands. It was not necessary that we should send an army to her capital on that account. Mexico owed our citizens some three or four millions, more or less, for spoliation and injuries, just as nearly every maritime nation in Christendom had been indebted to us before her, on the like account, and for greater or less amounts; and she had very much delayed and neglected their adjustment, as the other nations had done. But redress in the case, if necessary to be taken into our own hand, might have been found very far short of the operations of a grand war, prosecuted on a grand plan of invasion, and conquest, and subjugation. It was not necessary that we should insist on having the dead body of our debtor in satisfaction of our demand; we could

easily have helped ourselves to better and much more agreeable securities, and allowed Mexico, in her own good time, to determine whether we should keep them in full acquittance of the debt, or whether she would redeem them by payment in another form.

But the deliberate purpose of a permanent conquest and acquisition of territory has not been left to be inferred from the magnitude and character of the President's plans for carrying on the war. A man by the name of Stevenson, of some notoriety in his way, was authorized to raise a regiment of volunteers in New York, to be dispatched to California by the way of Cape Horn. Stevenson was directed by the Secretary of War to have his regiment composed of "suitable persons," "as far as practicable of various pursuits." "The condition of the acceptance in this case must be a tender of services during the war, and it must be explicitly understood that they are to be discharged without a claim for returning home, wherever they may be serving at the termination of the war, provided it is then the territory of the United States." Here was a military colony of about a thousand men to be sent out to make a permanent settlement and find a permanent home in California, as a territory of the United States. They were to be of "various pursuits"—farmers, mechanics of many trades, engineers, printers, and editors; they were to be supplied with the requisite materials and implements for beginning life in their new home; and it was understood that they would receive grants of land there from the Government of the United States. Of course, it was an act of the worst faith towards these men, unless the Government was then pursuing a settled purpose of taking possession of California, never to let go its hold upon it—a settled purpose to force Mexico, by the power of the sword, to yield it up to us, with or without a consideration.

And if anything is wanting to settle all doubts about the fact of such a purpose, we have it in the disclosures which were made in a document submitted to Congress in December, 1846, upon a call from the House of Representatives. In the original instructions of the Secretary of War, of the 3d of June, 1846, to General Kearney, appointed to command the forces for the conquest and occupation of New Mexico and Upper California, that officer was explicitly directed to "estab-

lish temporary civil governments" in those countries, administering to such existing officers as should be retained in their places, *an oath of allegiance to the United States*. And he was told to "assure the people of those provinces that it was the wish and design of the United States to provide for them a free government, with the least possible delay, similar to that which exists in our territories." Kearney acted up to his instructions, and to that extent his conduct was fully approved at Washington. On the 22d of August, having taken possession of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, he issued his proclamation to the inhabitants, announcing his "intention to hold the department, with its original boundaries, on both sides of the Del Norte, as part of the United States, and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico." He proclaimed that "the United States hereby absolves all persons residing within the boundaries of New Mexico from any further allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, and claims them as citizens of the United States;" and he declared that all persons who should be found in arms, or instigating others, against the United States, would be "considered as traitors, and treated accordingly." Kearney proceeded to organize a regular government, with a constitution or organic law, and an elaborate systematic code for the rule and conduct of all civil affairs in the territory. And the government thus established and proclaimed, was approved by the President, so far as it purported to be, and was in fact, a temporary government. The task of establishing a *permanent* government for that people, "similar to that which exists in our territories," was reserved for the powers at Washington.

Long before General Kearney arrived in California, another governor had established civil sway, in the name of the United States, in that remote country. Instructions from the Secretary of the Navy, of the 12th of July, informed the commander of the naval forces in the Pacific, very explicitly, that "*the object of the United States is, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself entirely of Upper California*." In other words, the object was, to seize and hold California by conquest, and as an acquiescent of war. "This will bring with it," says this letter, "the necessity of a civil administration;" and instructions are given for establishing such a government, for the appointment of officers, and taking

from them *an oath of allegiance* to the United States. In another letter from the Secretary of the Navy, to the officer commanding our naval forces in the Pacific, we have this significant declaration and avowal: "Without being animated by any ambitious spirit of conquest! our naval and military forces must hold the ports and territory of the enemy, of which possession has been obtained by their arms. You will, therefore, *under no circumstances, voluntarily lower the flag of the United States, or relinquish the actual possession of Upper California.* Of other points of the Mexican territory, which the forces under your command may occupy, you may maintain the possession, or withdraw, as in your judgment may be most advantageous in prosecuting the war."

Commodore Sloat was the first naval commander who found himself, under instructions from Washington, bearing military and civil sway in California. He issued his proclamation to the people of that country, declaring that, "henceforward California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceable inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges they now enjoy, together with the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers, for the administration of justice among themselves: and the same protection will be extended to them as to any other State in the Union." His successor in authority in this region, Commodore Stockton, did not, to say the least of it, in his exercise of power, lower the pretensions of the United States. He promptly declared to the people, on arriving at the city of the Angels, that "the territory of California now belongs to the United States, and will be governed, as soon as circumstances will permit, by officers and laws similar to those by which the other territories of the United States are regulated and protected." And he proceeded at once to give to the people a foretaste of the good that was in store for them, by authorizing and requesting them "to meet in their several towns and departments, at such time and place as they may see fit, to elect civil officers to fill the places of those who decline to continue in office;" informing them at the same time, that where they should fail to elect, "the Commander-in-chief and Governor will make the appointments himself." It was not long after this that he issued his proclamation, declaring the *whole country* of Upper and Lower Cali-

fornia, "to be a territory of the United States, under the name of the Territory of California," and establishing a regular form and administration of civil government, with a Governor, and a Secretary, who should be the Governor's Lieutenant, both to hold office for four years, "unless sooner removed by the President of the United States," and a Legislative Council of seven persons, to be appointed by the Governor for two years, and after that to be annually elected by the people. The Commodore's "Address to the People of California" is spoken of in a subsequent communication to him from the department at Washington, and with evident gratification. Nor are we aware that any proceeding of his, or of any other Governor, in the Californias, has ever been disavowed by the President. Perhaps the Commodore's plan of government may have been deemed, in some of its features, to have had too "permanent" an aspect to be quite approved by him.

Nothing, certainly, could be plainer than what appears by the showing of these documents: that it was, from the beginning, a settled purpose of the Administration, to make this war the means of forcibly dismembering the Mexican empire, and bringing large portions of that country into permanent connection and incorporation with the United States. Nothing short of the Rio Grande as a boundary for Texas, the whole of New Mexico "on both sides of the Del Norte," and the whole of Upper California, was thought of, for a moment, as sufficient to satisfy the pestilent craving of the President for "the vast extension of our territorial limits." New Mexico and Upper California, alone, comprise one third of the entire territorial possessions of Mexico, since Texas was cut off from her dominion. With Texas and these two provinces together, we should about divide equally with Mexico, leaving her one half of her original empire, and appropriating the other half to ourselves. We do not suppose that this would fully satisfy the Administration. So much they were resolved to have, and beyond this they would take all they could get. Mr. Sevier, chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs in the Senate of the United States, when advocating the Three Million Bill, said in debate: "He was not authorized to state *precisely what territory this Government would require*, but he supposed no Senator would think they ought to get less than New Mexico and

Upper California." They would take up with these two provinces if they could not get more; but they had a decided hankering after more. Any one who will read attentively the correspondence of the Department of War with General Taylor, will not fail to discover that the Administration, at one time at least, entertained strong hopes of some of the northern States of Mexico—those bordering on the Rio Grande. The General was instructed "to encourage the separate Departments, or States, and especially those which you may invade and occupy, to declare their independence of the Central Government of Mexico." And, "in such Departments as may be conquered, or assume a neutral attitude, you may, at your discretion, observe the same course of conduct as that presented in the instructions given to General Kearney, by the Department, on the 3d of June, 1846." If he thought there was a chance anywhere to set up a civil government in the track of his conquering march, he was to do so. And wherever a civil government could be set up and maintained in a conquered province, the Administration calculated, with a good deal of confidence, upon seeing that province permanently annexed to the United States.

The country is not ignorant that the more thorough-paced friends of the Administration, the progressives, in speeches and newspapers, have for some time been accustomed to speak, with high gratification and delight, of "a good time coming," and not far off, when all Mexico shall be absorbed in our own progressive Republic. They call it our "manifest destiny." We are not sure that this "manifest destiny" of our Republic stops short—in their imaginings—of absorbing the whole of North America. We are not sure that even South America is to escape. Their notion is that the Spanish race on this continent, and all others, must fade away before the face of the Anglo-Saxons, or rather of the Yankees, as shadows fly before the coming light. The Indians have receded and wasted at our approach, and so must all the rest of the dwellers on this side of the globe, except, perhaps, so far as we may see fit to embrace them and inoculate them with our blood. It is evident that this idea of our "manifest destiny," is not an unpleasing one to the Administration, and they are not unwilling to be the instrument of furnishing to the world the first substantial proof of its reality. They are willing to show the

faith they have in the sublimities of Progressive Democracy, by employing the awful agency of war, at least by using the occasion of the present war, to dismember and despoil Mexico, if they can, of one third of her empire, and annex so much at once to the United States, as a kind of first fruits offered up to the present god of democratic worship—our Manifest Destiny. We had observed lately that an English newspaper, The London News, had deemed it a cunning stroke of policy to talk as if they had themselves, on that side of the water, discovered this "manifest destiny" of ours, and were prepared to yield gracefully to what they could not prevent. Considering what England is doing in the East, she might well afford to look with some degree of complacency on any career of conquest upon which we might seem disposed to enter in this quarter of the world—provided, of course, we did not touch any peculiar interest of her own. But in this instance, it is evident, the liberality expressed towards us, has such good ground to go upon, in the peculiar interests and policy of that kingdom, and her characteristic jealousy of us, that there really is no reason for our making dunces of ourselves, by lauding her sincerity and generosity in the matter. If England wants Cuba, she knows very well that all excuse for consistent opposition on our part to her having it, will be taken away when we have fairly entered on our career of conquest and acquisition. And England is wise enough to know also, whether we know it or not, that the shortest possible way of bringing down our power and our pride, is to allow us to outgrow our strength—to become long-limbed and loose-jointed—to go on with our plan of ingrafting innumerable new shoots from strange stocks, not on the stem of the tree, but away off on the ends of the distant branches, to be fed with its vital sap, until the heart, and root, and trunk, robbed of their proper nutriment and support, fall into premature decay, and the brave old oak, under whose broad shadow successive and growing generations might have reposed and flourished, crushed by its own weight, comes suddenly down in one wide-spread ruin to the ground.

It was, undoubtedly, in the temper and spirit here referred to, that The London News indulged in the following piece of mock complacency, in reference to the progress of our victorious arms in Mexico:



"Mexico, half occupied, and even that half not peopled, by a race to which no European counsel or aid can communicate political wisdom, honesty, or courage, has fallen, by the natural current of human events, under Anglo-American influence, if not sway. We have not thought fit to interfere. England did not consider the preservation of the balance of power in the New World worthy of calling forth the display of her strength, or the risk of war."

"Having come to this resolution—and we think wisely—and, in fact, acquiescing in the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward, it would be most foolish in us to preserve ill humor at the same time that we forswear hostility, and to display in those prints and speeches which represent public opinion, a jealousy and hatred towards that people for conquests—as impossible for them to avoid as us to prevent."

Now this was exactly the kind of bait to catch the "Union" with—the organ of the Administration at Washington—which of course greedily swallowed it, and the hook along with it. The approval of the policy of the Administration from such a quarter was quite overpowering. The article was immediately seized and transferred to the columns of the Union, and announced with the significant declaration, at once an expression of high gratification, and a confession of the policy and purpose of conquest and subjugation in the war upon Mexico—"It is right in spirit, and we respond to it cordially!" It is right in spirit, exclaims the Union, in behalf of the Administration, that England should acquiesce "in the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward." That is then at last the undisguised, if not boasted policy and design of the Administration—"the immense extension of the power and empire of the United States southwestward!" It is right in spirit, exclaims the Union, in behalf of the Administration, that England should forbear to express any jealousy or hatred towards the United States, on account of "conquests impossible for them to avoid." In the judgment of the Administration, then, we are engaged in making conquests in Mexico, which it is impossible for us to avoid. It is admitted that the design is to make these conquests, and the excuse for it is, that it is impossible to avoid making them—it is our "manifest destiny." It is right in spirit, that even England should bend before this

"manifest destiny;" should forswear hostility to it, and even any ill humor at it, and learn to think and speak of our conquests under it—at least, of our conquests southwestward—as something impossible for us to avoid, or for her to prevent. In our view of the matter, no more complete manifestation could well be made, of the temper and determination with which the Administration entered into this war, and with which it has, all along, been prosecuted, than is here exhibited—albeit very unconsciously exhibited, perhaps. We do not know, indeed, that the powers at Washington care any longer seriously to disguise the fact, that their main purpose in this war has been to draw to the United States, in some way, and in any way they could, large and extensive portions of the Mexican territory. Certainly, it is very useless any longer, after all that has transpired, to set up any pretence to the contrary. One thing is indisputable, and that is, that they do desire their own party and partisans in the country so to understand their policy, and they count the more confidently—and no doubt justly—on their support, because they so understand it.

To us, therefore, it seems clear—and this approaches the point to which this article is mainly intended to direct attention—that the Whigs in the next Congress will have no difficulty in settling it definitively in their own minds, and with perfect unanimity, with what principal intent it has been from the beginning, that the Administration has been for sixteen months prosecuting what it calls a "vigorous war" in Mexico, and has made such a vast sacrifice of the lives of our citizens, and such an immense waste of the national treasures. They will believe, what every active, intelligent friend and supporter of the Administration undoubtedly believes, that the grand object has been the acquisition of territory. The fact has become too plain and palpable to be doubted by anybody. It may be, and probably is true, and events transpiring, perhaps, while we are writing, may show, that the Administration is willing to pay very liberally and largely for any territory that Mexico will agree to yield up to us. It has not, we believe, always been so disposed. Its first disposition, and vain purpose, was, by "the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force," to strike terror to the heart of the Mexican people, and so to compel them to a cession of extensive

provinces, in the name of payment or indemnity for our unsatisfied claims, and for the expenses of the war, and with little or no money consideration from us for such cession. It is natural that the President should be more than ever unwilling, after all the sacrifices that have been made, and the responsibilities he has incurred before the American people, to give up the provinces he has coveted. He counts on these—this offering to what he deems the marauding spirit of land-robbery in his countrymen—to turn off the edge of their wrath, when they shall come to reckon with him, on the return of peace, for the discredit and the miseries of this war. He doubtless thinks that a few more millions, used to bribe Mexicans to part with those lands which he has in vain endeavored to force from them by the sword, will nearly be lost sight of, when they come to be added to and mixed up with the scores of millions which the war has cost; at any rate, in this case, he thinks he would have something to show for the blood and treasure expended, and otherwise nothing at all. In short, we believe events will show that the President, after having expended a hundred millions, to say nothing of the many thousand lives he has sacrificed, in a war which was at first intended, as far as possible, to be one of clear conquest, and to an extent to which it is difficult to set bounds, to add to the hundred millions of expenditure three or four millions to pay our own citizens what Mexico owes them, and ten or twenty millions more to be paid to Mexico, if required, to secure a couple of provinces to the United States, if by any means Mexico, or anybody in Mexico, can be made to consent to make peace with us on such terms. He has been willing to turn his war of absolute conquest, into a *belligerent* purchase. He has been unwilling to give up his coveted provinces, and unwilling to make peace without them. He has seen very well that his naked sword would not fetch them, yet he has been resolved not to return his sword to the scabbard till he has secured them. He has, therefore, been holding his weapon flaming over the head of his enemy in one hand—whose property he was resolved to have at some rate—while he presented a purse with the other, and asked his enemy to name his own price for submission to his demands!

This having been the position of the President and his cabinet in reference to

the war, it is plain enough why we have not had peace long ago. Mexico has had no wish to part with any portion of her territory, and, above all, she has been resolved never to do so, on any terms, while the sword of war was suspended over her head. If she would sell at all, she would not sell on compulsion. A Mexican is traveling on the highway, with his own company of retainers, bearing certain valuables towards his hacienda in the country, when he is met by a band of *industrious* fellows, living on the road, whose chevalier chief claims to be his creditor for a certain amount, but means, in fact, by force of arms, to compel him to part with his property on the spot. The onset is made, and such resistance is offered, that the chevalier and his men are brought to a pause. At this point a parley ensues, and an armed truce, and the chevalier, still with pistol and sabre in hand, informs the Mexican gentleman that he has a particular fancy for his valuables, and cannot think of parting from him without them; that he may name his price if he will, and there is his purse, but have the valuables he must and shall, and if this offer does not suit him, the fight must go on. The Mexican gentleman has his own fancy for his own valuables, and feeling his case to be far from desperate, the fight *does* go on—especially as he thinks he perceives that he has some advantage in his defensive position, and that every moment of exertion and effort may weaken his adversary, and increase his own chances of escape. We think the case of Mexico, at least as she has understood it, is well enough parabled in this brief narration; and we can have no difficulty in discovering from it what it is that has so long stood in the way of peace between her and us. For ourselves, we do not believe that we shall ever have peace with Mexico—at least, a peace that will last much longer than the time we take in making it—until we have ceased to insist on carrying with us, out of the conflict, a heavy slice of her territory. We may have a truce, and call it peace, but it will be no peace. Though we should pay her the most liberal and even extravagant price for her provinces, the Mexican people will still weigh the land, as a part of the country of their affections, against the money, and put their honor also into the scale, as having been bought up with the same price. We may depend upon it, that we shall never have their free consent to the cession of their land—the

provinces of New Mexico and California—at whatever price; and certainly not to a cession dictated by us at the head of our victorious columns, at the proud capital of their country, and while holding, or claiming to hold, these very provinces under our control and government, as having been conquered in war. We may give what price we please for them in money, Mexicans will never cease to think that the real price offered was that coined from their own blood, shed in battle at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey and Buena Vista, and Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, and under the walls of Mexico. We believe a great mistake is made in supposing, that the Mexican people are willing, or can be made willing, to part with any considerable portion of their country for any money consideration whatever. No nation on the earth has a stronger sense of the value of extended territorial possessions, as giving some claim to an elevated place and rank in the scale of nations. No nation indulges a higher ambition to take rank among powers of the first class. She is, in fact, the second power among the republics of the New World; and it is idle to suppose that her people will ever consent, short of the very last extremity, especially since they have lost Texas, voluntarily to lop off two provinces more, fully equal to one third of all the territory that remains to them, and thus at once and forever to cut down that nation to an inferior grade.

Another act has now opened in the elaboration of the bloody drama of this war, the rumor of which has just reached us, while this article is passing through our hands. As usual, according to this rumor, our brave soldiers repose once more in the arms of victory; and the great captain of our time and country—as generous and humane as he is bold, skilful, prudent, and profound in the science of war—stands with his impatient and conquering legions under the walls and before the gates of the magnificent capital of the Mexican empire, where he has arrested their triumphant march, to give the stricken enemy an opportunity to entertain and consider such terms of peace as it may have pleased the Administration to offer. What may happen next, or what the final result of all our victories may be, of course we have no means of knowing; and before our prediction, if we should venture to utter one, would be seen by our readers,

the country may have the problem solved, which has been so long a matter of uneasy conjecture and speculation—whether Mexico will be conquered when her capital has fallen. Undoubtedly, we think there is now a chance for a treaty, and a cession of extensive provinces. We are prepared to see Santa Anna, or whoever may be in the ascendant at the time, quite ready to receive three millions of dollars in hand, and, as if yielding to a fate that could no longer be resisted, submitting to almost any terms which the conqueror may think proper to impose; perhaps, the more exacting and exorbitant they may be, the better they will suit their purposes. We hardly know what the accidental authorities of that wretched country might not agree to submit to, on condition of receiving three millions of dollars in hand, and having the army of Gen. Scott withdrawn to the coast, or out of the country. Santa Anna is up to making treaties which he knows his country will never ratify. He made such a treaty with Texas once, when a prisoner of war, and thus escaped from a condition of imminent peril. He, or somebody else, may make a treaty with another conqueror now; or the Mexican Congress may do so, under his or some other chief's dictation; but what will the Mexican people say to it all? Are we quite sure that the same set of men who may agree on the terms of a treaty of peace with us, degrading to that nation, will remain in power long enough to ratify it? Nothing is easier than to make a revolution in Mexico; and nothing is plainer to our minds than that no chief or party in that country, who shall enter into a provisional treaty to cede away to us New Mexico and California, can hold the reins of government long enough to consummate so wicked a purpose. We do not hesitate to put it forth, as our firm and thorough conviction, even now, when so many among us feel sure that the next fresh breeze from the South will bring to their glad ears the shouts of peace, that we shall have no firm and lasting peace with Mexico, nothing that can establish real relations of amity between her and us, until we shall utterly abandon all purpose of dismembering that country, and enriching ourselves with a large portion of her territory.

There are, as we understand it, six specific restrictions imposed on the executive government of the republic, under its present organization; and, with these

exceptions, it is virtually a dictatorship. Everything else may be done without the co-operation of the Congress. One of these restrictions forbids the executive government "to alienate the territory of the republic." Whether it could do so, or would dare to make such an attempt, even with the co-operation of the Congress, remains to be seen. At any rate, it is not long since the Congress declared it would hold Santa Anna guilty of treason, if he even entertained propositions for peace.

Such an event as the occupation of their capital by the Anglo-Americans, and the possible submission of the authorities there to a treaty of our dictation, has been anticipated by the Mexicans, and, in a measure, already provided for. In the month of June last, a solemn coalition was formed between the States of Jalisco, San Luis Potosi, Zacatecas, Mexico, Queretaro, and Aguascalientes—several of them the most powerful States of the republic, "free, sovereign, and independent States," as they all call themselves—having for its object the preservation of the federative system, and the support of the central government, in its unequal conflict with the United States. We quote, from the address which they published to the nation, a single sentence: "They protest that never will they consent to, nor be bound by, any convention or treaty of peace with the North American enemy, as long as he threatens or occupies the capital, or any other point of the Mexican republic. They also will not recognize any general suspension of arms which should comprise all the belligerent forces of the nation." But, in the face of all this, and much more, we are quite prepared to hear that somebody at the Mexican capital has proposed, or will propose, to submit to the demands of the Administration, and make them the basis of a treaty; and still, we repeat our conviction, that no treaty which cedes to us extensive provinces in Mexico, even if ratified by the constitutional authorities of our own country, can ever receive the sanction of the Mexican nation, or ever result in amicable relations and a permanent peace.

But suppose—and we think it a very supposable case—that the occupation of the Mexican capital by Gen. Scott and his army does not result in a treaty at all, or the establishment of peace; what then is to be done? We have conquered Mexico, but we have not "conquered a peace."

What shall be done? We believe the alternative will be between an interminable war, more or less vigorously prosecuted—a war offensive or defensive—and an unconditional surrender of every pretension, or wish, on our part, to dismember the Mexican empire. We have every reason for saying, that if Mexico could understand, from reliable authority, that the United States would not only not demand, but would and will positively refuse to receive, on any terms whatever, even a single province from her, a just and permanent peace might be made with that country without difficulty and without delay. Mexico would have no reason in that case for prolonging the contest. She would know very well that she must submit to the loss of Texas, and that somehow or other she must make us good for the indebtedness she is under to our citizens. The cession of a liberal boundary for Texas, and of a port on the Pacific, for the uses of commerce—if she chose to adopt that mode of payment—or satisfactory payment in any other mode, would immediately bring the two nations into amicable relations. And if, contrary to all expectation, and all reason, she should still keep aloof from a treaty with us, our course would be a plain one. We might do ourselves exact justice, in our own way, and assuming a defensive attitude, leave her to seek our friendship when she should get ready to do so. But we have no fears for the result, if the one grand obstacle to a peace, to which we have referred, shall be removed. The question is, can and shall that obstacle be removed?

We are well aware that the Administration has entertained only one idea, and has seemed incapable of entertaining any other, about the way we are to deal with Mexico, till she shall consent to make peace with us. That idea is summed up in the phrase, a thousand times repeated from Administration sources—a vigorous prosecution of the war. They have conducted what they call a vigorous war from the beginning, and very likely they will be for conducting just such a vigorous war to the end. We shall not be surprised to find the President announcing to Congress, at the opening of the next session in December, not only that such is still the policy of his Administration, but that now, since Mexico refuses to make peace with us, after her capital has fallen, we must occupy the whole country, if need be, with our military



forces, and bring the whole nation under complete subjugation. Possibly he may so far yield to Mexican obstinacy as to conclude that the military occupation and subjugation of one half, or one third, of the country, may, after all, answer every useful purpose of the war. In either case, we shall find the President calling on Congress, at its next session, by every appeal which can be made to the passions or the pride of his countrymen, to furnish him with large supplies of men and money for the war; heartily hoping, as we believe it is very likely he may, at the same time, if that branch of the National Legislature which more immediately holds the purse strings, shall be in the hands of the Whigs, that his demands may be met, in that quarter, by a flat refusal. He would expect to make some good party profits out of the withholding of the supplies by the Whigs in the American House of Commons. He would like well enough to have the burden and yoke of the war lifted off from his neck by their interference, on almost any terms, but especially if done in a way to enable him to make a plausible case of shifting the disgrace which is sure to follow its termination, from his own shoulders to theirs. The bare hope of some advantage of this sort, in the desperate condition to which the war has reduced his Administration, would, we dare say, make him seize with avidity any plausible excuse for throwing up the contest. But we think the Whigs in Congress will find a way of doing their own duty in the premises, without affording much "aid and comfort" to the President.

The President has undertaken to conduct this war from the beginning, in his own way, without any other reliance upon Congress, or reference to it, than to ask that body, first to recognize the war after it was begun, and next to supply him with the men and money he required, as necessary to his plan of operations. He has, all the while, thus far, had his own party in majority, in both Houses, and everything has been accorded to him as he desired. And so long as Congress is content to leave the whole conduct of the war in his hands, we do not see how it could well refuse to continue to meet his wishes in the matter of the supplies. Certainly it would never refuse to grant anything and everything necessary or proper for the support and succor of our brave troops, placed, without any fault

of theirs, in the heart of a distant country, and struggling with every peril, discomfort and difficulty. And though we are of the number of those who believe that Congress, as the war-making power, has a right, and it may be its imperative duty, to prescribe and limit the operations and general mode of conducting any war—as, for example, to limit its operations to defence merely, or, in its discretion, to fit out expeditions for the invasion of a foreign country, and for offensive war—yet, in the present instance, and especially if the two Houses in the next Congress could not be brought to agree on any measure or plan, either for conducting the war, or for bringing it to an immediate close, we do not see that the Whigs, being in a majority in one House only, will be in any condition, if they were so disposed, to take the management of the war out of the President's hands. It will be time enough for them to dispose of the war when the people shall give them the full power of the Government. They may yet have that high service to perform for the country.

Still the Whigs in the next Congress will have their own duty to perform; and they will do everything that lies in their power towards bringing this war, if not sooner ended, to a just and honorable conclusion. If they shall have a working majority in the House of Representatives, the original jurisdiction over the Ways and Means will belong to them, with the right and the duty to institute the most rigid inquiries into the expenditures of the Government, its revenue measures, its financial plans and financial operations, and into the whole conduct of the Administration, especially in relation to the Mexican war. And no doubt they will feel it to be their particular duty, when they shall be called on to furnish supplies for the farther prosecution of this war, to accompany their appropriations with a solemn declaration, in some appropriate and authoritative form, as to the objects for which alone the war is to be pursued, and with a special prohibition to the Executive to employ the means placed in his hands with any view to the dismemberment of the Mexican Republic, or the acquisition, by conquest or a forced sale, of her territories. It is easy to express the legitimate objects of the war on our part, and for which alone the money of the nation ought to be granted: First, the security of our frontier State of Texas, by the establishment of a definite boundary between it

and Mexico, and in the adjustment of which the whole question of annexation, and all its incidentals, should be quieted forever; and next, a proper and secure provision for the payment of the just claims of our citizens on Mexico. These objects attained, the war ought to cease; and if the President were authoritatively restricted to these objects, in its prosecution, it is quite probable that he would think it best to change his plan of belligerent operations—if, indeed, it should be found necessary to carry them on at all, which we greatly doubt, for another day. At least we Whigs know very well, that if such a restriction had been imposed on him from the beginning, no war of invasion would ever have been undertaken—just as we know that no war at all would have been undertaken, if he had known before it was begun, that he was to be limited to the naked justice of our own cause, and would not be permitted to go farther and perpetrate a great wrong on Mexico.

We are aware, of course, of the difficulty which will have to be encountered in the attempt to incorporate with an appropriation bill, so as to make it a part of the enactment, such a restriction on the President as we have here indicated. The Senate may stand out in obstinate resistance to such an enactment. But we look to see an attempt of this sort, in some form or other, made by the Whigs, and steadily and firmly carried out to a successful result. The point of difference between the two Houses in such a case, would be explicitly, whether or not the war with Mexico shall be farther prosecuted, or any military operations whatever carried on, with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition, by conquest, or by forcing her to a sale, of her territories. This would be the precise issue. It would be a single issue, and need not be complicated with any other question whatever. And it is an issue upon which the Whig party can stand before the country, and before the world. It is an issue, if made between the House of Representatives and the Senate, by the resistance of the Senate to such a restriction upon the President in prosecuting hostilities against Mexico, which will bring distinctly before Congress and the country, the answer to the great question, so often and so anxiously asked everywhere—What has the Government been fighting for in Mexico? The answer will then be given by the

voice of the President's party in the Senate—The Government has been fighting for the conquest and acquisition of Mexican territory. If the President and his party in Congress shall be found unwilling to take appropriations and supplies of men and money, as they may be called for, for the purposes of the war, simply with an inhibition against prosecuting it for the purpose of dismembering Mexico, and taking from her her territory, it will be a clear confession that the design is, and has been all along, to effect such dismemberment and acquisition. Such an inhibition would not, of course, touch the legitimate objects of the war—those very objects on which, and on which alone, according to the repeated and elaborate declarations of the President, officially made, the necessity of the war, if necessary at all, rests and has rested from the beginning. If hostilities were commenced "by the act of Mexico," in invading our State of Texas, as has been insisted on, then one object of the war has been to defend Texas, and secure that frontier of the United States by compelling Mexico to recognize a just and definite boundary between her territory and ours in that quarter. And, as Mexico was indebted to our citizens in a considerable amount for spoliation and injuries, the neglect of which was deemed by the President just and ample cause of war, then another object of the war has been to obtain satisfaction for this indebtedness. Now we suppose the House of Representatives may propose to make appropriations for the war, if they shall be called on to do so, leaving the President to conduct it as he has done heretofore, on any plan of operations he may think best calculated to secure these objects, and any other legitimate object, if such there be; and what if the Senate shall resist and refuse to sanction appropriations for these objects, because the President is not left at liberty at the same time to carry on the war for another and a distinct purpose, namely, the conquest and acquisition of Mexican territory? Let the Senate carry out its opposition, on this ground, to the extent of endangering or actually involving the loss of the appropriation bills for the war, and the appeal will go to the people. What their verdict would be cannot be doubtful. But we have no fears that the courage of the Senate could be brought to stand up to such a point in the issue.

We believe, if there is any one proposition on which the people of this country

would rise in their might to sustain their faithful representatives, it is this—"That the war now existing with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted for the acquisition of territory, to form new States to be added to this Union."\* We have not a doubt that the time has come when the people, in all sections of the Union, are ready to unite on such a sentiment as this, with a strength which has not been exhibited on any other great public question in the last quarter of a century. We want no more territory; we want no more accessions of new States from newly-acquired territory; the country is ample enough; the people have room enough. There can be no mistake, or danger of mistake, in asserting that this is becoming the common and prevalent sentiment of the reflecting portion of our people. Especially, and above all things, they are against acquiring more territory by war and conquest.

Every man, at least every Whig, who loves his country, and his whole country, will rejoice, too, that this noble sentiment, which turns resolutely away from all plans and projects of further territorial extension and aggrandizement, and touches interests affecting this Union in the most vital regard, is one on which there may be, and will be, the most cordial agreement between the North and the South. Standing on this common ground, Northern Whigs and Southern Whigs will have but one opinion and one feeling between them. This unanimity has shown itself already, on an important occasion. When the Senate was asked, at the last session, to appropriate three millions of dollars, in addition to other appropriations, to enable the President to bring the war with Mexico to a close, Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, introduced an amendment, which the country has not forgotten, and is not likely to forget. It was as follows:

"Provided, always, and it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of Congress, in making this appropriation, that the war with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted by this government with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition by conquest of any portion of her territory; that this government, ever desirous to maintain and preserve peaceful and friendly relations with all nations, and particularly with the neighboring Republic of Mexico, will always be ready to enter upon negotiations with a view to terminate the present unhappy

conflict on terms which shall secure the just rights, and preserve inviolate the national honor, of the United States and of Mexico; that it is especially desirable, in order to maintain and preserve those amicable relations which ought always to exist between neighboring republics, that the boundary of the State of Texas should be definitively settled, and that provision be made by the Republic of Mexico for the prompt and equitable adjustment of the just claims of our citizens on that republic."

On this proposition—so significant and so just—the Whigs of the Senate rallied with singular unanimity. Twenty-four senators voted for it, and of these, *eleven* were from slave States. It was defeated by the votes of the President's friends holding the majority, among whom were some of the Northern Democracy, who professed to be strenuous advocates for the "Wilmot Proviso." Clamorous to withstand the farther accession of slave territory or slave states, alarmed at the possibility of such a thing, these consistent gentlemen could yet heartily unite in the project of bringing in new territory into the United States, even by the power of the sword, from which slavery could not be excluded, if at all, without a struggle which might bring down the pillars of the Union in ruins. The amendment of Mr. Berrien was rejected; and then, the same twenty-four Whigs, who had stood by this proposition, voted in solid column to reject the Appropriation Bill. A reference to this example shows very plainly what may be expected from the unanimity and firmness of the Whigs, at the approaching session of Congress, when, holding the power of the popular branch of the National Legislature, they shall be called on to adopt a measure to bring back to the country the smiles and the blessings of peace, and to save our Union from destruction.

We are too near the end of the space that can be afforded to this article, to enter now into the reasons and considerations which have operated to convince us of the wisdom and the necessity of making it a cardinal point in the faith and policy of the Whig party—that we want, and will have, no Mexican provinces as the fruits of our conquests in that country, annexed to the United States, to form hereafter States of this Union. Happily, we have good indications that this sentiment has sprung up simultaneously

\* Resolution submitted by Mr. Webster to the Senate at the last session of Congress.

in the voluntary minds of the Whigs in various quarters of the country, without any concert, and has been adopted by them, with a thorough conviction at once of its necessity and its eminent propriety, as a rule of political action.

But we have not forgotten that before the meeting of the next Congress, the war may have been ended, and a treaty of peace prepared, to be laid before the Senate for its ratification. By no stretch of our imagination can we fancy the Administration, after all its bold pretensions, concluding a treaty with Mexico, dictated by itself from the Mexican capital, which shall not cede to the United States at least a couple of provinces—New Mexico and California. Of course, this would only be done, if at all, on condition of the direct payment by us of a very large sum of money as a consideration for the cession. The question arises—What would the Senate do with such a treaty? We answer, in our opinion, it would be rejected; and for ourselves we say, we should rejoice to see it rejected by Whig votes. The difficulties and the dangers to arise from such a treaty, were significantly pointed to by Mr. Webster in the course of a few remarks, freighted with his accustomed wisdom, which he submitted to the Senate when the Three Million Bill was under consideration. "Before we obtain a perfect right to conquered territory," said Mr. Webster, "there must be a cession. A cession can only be made by treaty. No treaty can pass the Senate, till the Constitution is overthrown, without the consent of two thirds of its members. Now, who can shut his eyes to the great probability of a successful resistance to any treaty of cession, from one quarter of the Senate or another? Will the North consent to a treaty bringing in territory subject to slavery? Will the South consent to a treaty bringing in territory from which slavery is excluded? Sir, the future is full of difficulties and full of dangers. We are suffering to pass the golden op-

portunity for securing harmony and the stability of the Constitution." Nor did Mr. Webster leave the subject without indicating clearly the course of policy, of wisdom, and of duty in the case. It was, to let Mexican territory alone. Speaking of the united and firm action of the Whigs of the Senate in voting for Mr. Berrien's amendment to the Three Million Bill, he said:—

"In their judgment, [the Whigs] it is due to the best interests of the country, to its safety, to peace and harmony, and to the well-being of the Constitution, to declare at once, to proclaim now, that we desire no new States, nor territory to form new States out of, as the end of conquest. For one, I enter into this declaration with all my heart. We want no accession of territory; we want no accession of new States. The country is already large enough. I do not speak of any cession that may be made in the establishment of boundaries, or of the acquisition of a port or two on the Pacific, for the benefit of navigation and commerce. But I speak of large territories, obtained by conquest, to form States to be annexed to the Union; and I say I am opposed to such acquisition altogether. I am opposed to the prosecution of the war for any such purposes."

This doctrine, and these sentiments, not belonging to Mr. Webster alone, but to the whole body of Whigs in the Senate, deliberately adopted and acted upon at the last session of Congress, are not likely to be forgotten, or laid aside, at the next session. And, in our judgment, they stand equally in the way of appropriations being made by a Whig House of Representatives for the purpose of making or securing extended conquests of territory in Mexico, and of the ratification of any treaty ceding large territories to the United States, as the end of conquest. The refusal to ratify such a treaty of cession would not lead to the renewal of the war. It would only lay a broad and sure foundation for a just and enduring peace.

D. D. B.



## CATHOLIC REACTION AGAINST THE GREAT REFORMATION.\*

No portion of modern history is fraught with intenser interest in itself, or more important bearings on our own times, than that of the religious state of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the Roman Catholic Church was begun, soon after the commencement of the Protestant Reformation, a change of manners and discipline apparently as complete as that preached by Luther to the multitudes who were forsaking her communion.

The whole policy of the Church, thitherto, was adapted to maintain, by appeals to superstition and veneration, an already acquired influence. The merciless barbarity with which the Albigensian faith was crushed, must be attributed to a spirit rather of self-defence than of aggression. When the arms of Christendom were directed against the Saracens, it was in the spirit of Joshua rather than that of Mahomet. No converts were made or expected. As Gibbon says of the Jews, it seems probable that the number of proselytes hardly exceeded that of the apostates; indeed, there were hardly any of either.

The duties of the ecclesiastical orders, too, were mainly confined to study and meditation. Their reputation for superior sanctity might indeed impress the unbelieving with veneration. But even such influence was rather adventitious than designed. We shall see that the orders established after the Great Reformation had a far different work assigned them.

In the character of the Supreme Pontiffs, too, appeared anything but an ambition to extend their *spiritual* sway. The increasing extent of their temporal jurisdiction rendered them blind to all other interests than its still farther extension. The remark of Tacitus upon the Roman people, is peculiarly applicable to them: "*Vetus ac jampridem insita mortalibus potentia cupido cum Imperii magnitudine adolevit erupitque.*" Leo X., even after the commencement of a spiritual revolution which forced him back upon upholding, even in his own states,

the precarious authority of the chair of St. Peter, was busily intriguing with the Emperor, and fighting his Most Christian Majesty of France, for the possession of some of the Italian provinces. Even when the progress of the Reformation forced him to regard the danger, his efforts were expended in combining the secular princes of Europe against the opinions of the Reformers. The martial spirit of the Popes of that period is finely set forth in a poem of the time of Clement VII., who assumed the pontifical chair but a few years after the death of Leo:

—sed nunc summus parat arma sacerdos,  
Clemens, Martinum cupiens abolere Lutherum,  
Atque ideo Hispanas retinet metritque  
cohortes.  
Non disceptando, aut subtilibus argumentis  
Vincere, sed ferro mavult sua jura tueri.  
Pontifices nunc bella juvant, sunt cætera  
nugæ:  
Nec præcepta patrûm, nec Christi dogmata curant.

But it was not with carnal weapons that a spiritual battle could be fought. The heresies of Brother Martin ran like wild-fire through Europe, and the bungling efforts of his Holiness to suppress them remind one of the eagerness of Virgil's hero to try his trusty sword upon the shadowy monsters about him at the gate of Tartarus.

The time had now arrived for a close and desperate engagement with the reformed opinions. First, however, it was determined to make an effort at reconciliation. Such a measure, though it may in our day seem perfectly chimerical, appeared in the earlier part of the sixteenth century to promise good success. Much free discussion had arisen in Italy, which tended to render somewhat less offensive the apparent paradoxes of the Reformers. In many of the small literary coteries, which about this time made their appearance, Luther's great doctrine of "justification by faith alone" had been freely de-

\*I. Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by Sarah Austin. 2 vols. 8vo. London.  
II. Fra Paoli Sarpi, Istoria del Concilio Tridentino.

bated. It had been maintained by a Spaniard, in a little work under the patronage of the house of Colonna, and printed by the express order of the bishop of Modena. It had even been defended in a published tract by Gasper Contarini, the chief confidant of his Holiness.\*

It was not without reasonable hope of success, therefore, that Paul III. favored the design of a general reconciliation. To Contarini this scheme appears to have been the delight of his soul. It was to him what the scenes of the New Atlantis were to Lord Bacon—what a republic was to Algernon Sydney—what Utopia was to Sir Thomas More.

Less visionary, but no less sanguine than the first General of the Jesuits, it was his misfortune to prosecute a promising scheme with no ultimate success. He was aware of the extent to which opinions similar to those of Luther had prevailed in Italy. He knew that a sincere conscientiousness urged the great Reformer to his work. He felt sure that God would not suffer the breach in the distracted Church to widen irreparably. But he had, it should seem, but little studied the signs of his times. He had, perhaps, judged the unbending spirit of the Apostle of the Reformation, by the mild and compliant disposition of his own. He failed in his benevolent undertaking, and might have been forgiven, though not justified, had he indulged in the complaint of the amiable Leighton upon a somewhat similar occasion: "I have done my utmost to repair the temple of the Lord; and my sorrow will not be embittered by compunction should a flood of misfortune hereafter rush in through the gap you have refused to assist me in closing." Contarini returned from Germany, where he had been laboring for the reconciliation, to endure a bitterness worse than the bitterness of death—the calumnious aspersions of his countrymen upon a noble enterprise for their good.

The rupture with the Protestants was now continually widening. Their opinions and influence were spreading with alarming rapidity. Fifteen years before, they had been strong enough to obtain an official recognition at the diet of Spires. Subsequently the powerful Landgrave of Hesse had determined to slight all complaints about the confiscated estates of the Church. The German provinces, the March of Brandenburg, the

second branch of Saxony, one branch of Brunswick and the Palatinate, seceded from the Church soon after. In a few years the Reformation was triumphant in Lower Germany, and firmly established in Upper Germany.†

Among the second causes of the unprecedented facility with which the Reformation pervaded the centre of Europe, perhaps the chief was the previous policy of the Church with regard to the common people.

She had been aiming at the hearts of princes and nobles, and her conquests had been mainly over temporal powers. She had sought to enlist in her cause those feelings of the higher classes which are most faithful and enduring—veneration for, and enthusiastic devotion to, established forms.

Hence the magnificence of her ritual ceremonies, and the presumptuous titles assumed by her Supreme Pontiffs. The haughty nobles, who would not have listened to the simple story of the Cross, willingly attended, with the insignia of their rank, upon imposing cathedrals where mitred prelates pedantically declaimed in the cant of scholastic theology, and in an unknown tongue were chanted the praises of the mysterious attributes of the Deity.

Meanwhile the common people were left as sheep without a shepherd. They could not engage in the pompous ceremonies of the cathedrals, and no bethels were served by the humble ministers of the Cross for them.

The Reformation broke out in the heart of Europe, and, when the populace deserted the Church in throngs, she perceived, though too late entirely to remedy it, her error in neglecting them.

Luther was aware of the important truth that, though the light of civilization and science always shines first upon the privileged classes, yet great moral and religious reforms generally work upward from the populace. The readers of Spenser will remember the story of "fayre Una." In a lonely wild she was assaulted by the fierce and licentious Sansloy. Her shrieks and struggles were vain, till their echoes through the neighboring forest brought to her rescue the woodland deities. Forth they came, trooping wildly along, fauns and satyrs of all imaginable shapes—

\* Ranke, i. p. 133.

† Ranke, i. 124.

"Whom when the raging Sarazin espied—  
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement,  
Whose like he never saw—he durst not  
bide,  
But got his ready steed and fast away 'gan  
ride."

A hideous rout of monsters doubtless—but they saved the honor of the lady. So has the purity of the gentle spirit of Christianity been more than once rescued from pollution by the awkward but faithful devotion of the common populace.

This Luther had the sagacity to perceive, and hence had acted upon the same wise principle with that which Pascal tells us guided him in the composition of those famous letters which gave its death-blow to the order of Jesuits. "J'ai cru," says he, "qu'il falloit écrire d'une manière propre à faire lire mes lettres par les femmes et les gens du monde, afin qu'ils connussent le danger de toutes les maximes et de toutes ces propositions qui se repandoient alors, et dont on se laissoit facilement persuader."

Paul III. was not long in perceiving this to be one cause of the success of Luther. To counteract the Protestants by the same measure had now become a point of the last importance.

But while the Reformation had proceeded, the Church had become distracted by differences in belief, some of which concerned the fundamental dogmas of her faith. It was indispensable that some general unanimity should be established, in order to any effectual action against the Reformation. To attain such unanimity, an œcumenical council seemed necessary. This was the main motive prompting the Supreme Pontiffs to a measure against which they had many objections.

We shall relate somewhat at length, the circumstances which led to the Council of Trent, as upon these, to a considerable extent, depended its subsequent movements.

The German princes had long urged a council upon the Popes. With them the great object was the correction of the scandalous abuses which prevailed among the clergy. As early as the year 1521 this measure of a council was pressed upon the attention of Leo X.\* But Leo was little inclined to a reformation which must necessarily have commenced in the chair of St. Peter. Such a reformation

would involve a clear definition of the powers and duties of the Supreme Pontiff. His Holiness hated it for a reason similar to that which, according to Voltaire, restrained Cromwell from accepting a crown: "parceque les Anglais savaient jusqu'on les droits de leur rois devaient s'étendre, et ne connaissaient pas quelles étaient les bornes de l'autorité d'un protecteur."

Again, two years after, a council was urged upon Adrian VI. by the diet of Nuremberg, as the best method of settling all difficulties. The abuses in the Church had now attained a shameful notoriety. The Pope sent his nuncio to the diet, reproaching them for their toleration of the heresies of Luther. He insisted on their coöperating with him in rooting out error from the Church.

But the diet, in return, insisted, as obstinately as Charles the First's later parliaments, upon a redress of grievances, before they would favor any measures for the relief of the Church. They made a respectful reply to the nuncio, that they could not punish the Reformers for complaining of abuses which had become matter of common scandal, and which even his Holiness had confessed in his message by the nuncio.

So far from complying with the demands of the Pope, they threatened, in case a general council were not soon convoked, to prefer a formal complaint of abuses; a menace which they soon after fulfilled by the presentation of the famous *Centum Gravamina*.† This list of a hundred grievances is valuable as showing the state of the Church at that period, and the forms which its corruptions had assumed. The diet complains, among other impositions, of exactions for dispensations, absolutions and indulgences; of the burdensome expenses arising from the removal of law-suits to Rome, a practice which the monopolizing disposition of the Pope had of late rendered quite common; of the exemption of the clergy from the civil jurisdiction; of enormous expenses in consecrating churches and church-yards; and exactions for the sacraments and burial.

Soon after the presentation of the Hundred Grievances, a recess occurred in the diet.

To all the charges specified, his Holiness was forced to plead guilty—very much to

\* Sarpi, l. i. pp. 13, 17.

† Sarpi, l. i. p. 27.

the chagrin of the cardinals, who considered him raw and inexperienced in the ways of the world. They plainly told him, if we may believe Father Sarpi,\* the Venetian historian of the Council, that the authority of the Papal court is founded upon its reputation, which his Holiness was unwise to throw away.

On the other hand, in Germany, the confession of Adrian was stigmatized as a lure for the more effectually entrapping the Protestants. Thus, between the two parties, the Pope shared the fate of conciliators in general—to be blamed on the one side for going too far, and on the other for not going far enough.

The amiable and tender spirit of Adrian was ill adapted to such troublous times. He was delivered from them by death, only about seven months after the recess of the diet.

Nothing had thus far been accomplished towards the general council, of which good men were earnestly desirous, but of which wise men began to despair. The diet had published a regulation, that the preachers on both sides should abstain from all subjects likely to occasion popular tumults, and should preach the gospel sincerely and purely; a regulation about as definite as a response of the Pythia at Delphi.

Of course the clergy on both sides put their own construction on the decree of the diet, and public opinion was forthwith reduced to its former confusion.

Julio de Medicis, who now assumed the Papal crown under the title of Clement VII., was a pontiff of far different temperament from Adrian. Firm, indefatigable and sagacious, he looked with a pitying smile upon the timid management of his predecessor, and determined to present to the world a Supreme Pontiff who should be respected and feared. He was convinced that Adrian had drawn upon himself the demand for a council by making too great concessions to the Germans, with regard to the corruptions of his own court. When the diet again assembled, therefore, he dispatched his legate with instructions to shuffle off upon the bishops and inferior clergy of Germany, the charges which were lying against the Papal court. His plan was to work, at least, a partial reformation

among the German clergy, and thus escape, for a time, from the dreaded council.

But it was not to be expected that the scrutinizing suspicion which had refused faith in the humiliating confessions of Adrian, could be hoodwinked by the cunning policy of Clement.

The Germans referred the legate to the Hundred Grievances, and demanded a council. He replied that his Holiness was willing to reform the German clergy, from whom so many abuses had been endured. The diet again demanded a council. The legate promised to refer the matter to the Pope, and published, with the concurrence of several Catholic princes, thirty-seven items of reformation, all which were mere regulations of external rites and forms.

Clement's grand objection to a council was the same which, as we have before observed, influenced Leo X. He feared an assembly where the assumed authority of the Holy See might be called in question, and its province clearly defined. His miserable shifts to evade summoning a council strikingly remind us of Charles I. of England, anticipating his revenue, raising forced loans, exacting ship-money, resorting to any and every measure, rather than call a parliament.

But the Emperor Charles V. was now directing his attention to the same object with the diet. At the diet of Spire his commissioners announced his intention of treating with the Pope for a general council.

Clement was now reduced to a sad dilemma. The battle of Pavia had been fought the year before, and the French king had fallen into the hands of Charles. The Emperor was at the acme of his fame and power, and he was too well acquainted with the court of Rome to be moved by its menaces, though armed with all the terrors of a Divine sanction.

Fearful visions of the future filled the mind of Clement. He manifested on this occasion the perturbation which usually fills the mind of a cowardly despot, in danger of meeting with justice. A fierce letter was dispatched to the Emperor, which was followed the next day by one of a far different tone. The Emperor, in reply, insisted upon a council, as the diet

\* ——— parendo che fosse con troppo ignominia, e che dovesse renderli piu odiosi al secolo, e potesse esser causa anco di farli sprezzare da popoli, anzi dovesse far e Luterani piu audaci, e petulanti. ——— e quelli che scusavano piu e Pontefice, attribuivano cio alla poca cognizione sua dell'arti, con le quali si mantiene la potenza Pontificia, e l'autorita della Corte, fondate sopra la riputazione."



had done before. The shuffling management of Clement deferred, but could not avert the object of his dread. Five years after, for the sake of a *ruse*, he issued an intimation that a council should soon be called; but as neither time nor place was mentioned, though princes were exhorted to assist him on the occasion, in person or by ambassadors, this bungling attempt at evasion was no sooner made than detected.

The remaining years of the pontificate of Clement were spent in negotiations—of course abortive—about the time and place of the council. He died, September, 1534. On the twelfth of the succeeding month Cardinal Farnese, the oldest member of the sacred college, was raised to the chair of St. Peter, under the title, at first, of Honorius V., and, subsequently, of Paul III.

The pontificate had at last commenced in which the long expected council was to be convoked. Though averse from such an assembly, Paul looked upon it with views far different from those of Clement.

It had become customary for each cardinal, during a vacancy in the Holy See, to bind himself to the prosecution of certain measures, in case he received the vacant chair. One of those proposed upon the death of Clement was the convocation of a council within a year. Paul, however, owing to his hasty election, (the same day on which the conclave assembled,) escaped these engagements. Yet so far was he from opposing the one touching the council, that he voluntarily assumed it after entering upon his office. He evidently believed, not only that the measures of Clement for evading a council had been extremely impolitic, but that his uncompromising hatred of it had been unfounded in reason. By a council, he judged that peace and harmony, which had become indispensable, might be maintained in Italy; and that the popularity gained by calling it would enable him to postpone any genuine and radical reformation. It was plain that Clement, by his wretched shifts, had but increased the general odium against himself, while he increased the necessity and the demand for a council.

It was owing to these opinions that Paul had so promptly professed a desire for such an assembly. Only three months after his election, in a long and vehe-

ment discourse in the consistory, he urged this measure upon the cardinals. Mantua was mentioned as the place of meeting, both because the proposal of that location would divide the opinions of the European princes, and thus postpone the council, and because that, if the meeting actually took place, it would, in Mantua, be under the direct influence of the court of Rome.

The confederacy of Smalkalde,\* which had been formed five years before, among the German princes and free cities, would hear nothing of Mantua: they fell back upon the repeated decrees of the German diet, and the promises of successive Popes, that the council should be held within the limits of the empire. Paul still persisting, and summoning all Christian princes to send their deputies to Mantua, the Smalkaldic league supported their objections in a long manifesto. The Duke of Mantua, moreover, on the ground that the throng of all characters which the council would draw with it could not be easily controlled, recalled the permit which he had given for meeting at his capital.

It was clear that the council could never be held in Mantua. It was soon prorogued, and then summoned at Vicenza, in the Venitian territories. But, besides many other obstacles, the Senate of Venice were as much opposed to a meeting in their territories, as the Duke of Mantua had been before them.

The Council, driven from city to city, at last took refuge in Trent. This was a city subject to the king of the Romans, and on the border between Germany and Italy. It was hoped, therefore, that no objection to the locality would be started. The Protestants refused, as they had from the first, to acknowledge the authority of a council called by the Pope, without the concurrence of the Emperor, and not within the precincts of the German empire.

The Emperor was indignant, as he detected the design of Paul in summoning the council at that juncture. One of those fierce wars which occupied the greater part of the reigns of the Emperor and Francis the First, of France, was now raging. Paul, therefore, was confident that the Emperor, busied with his great rival, would leave the entire control of the council to himself. Whatever authority could be acquired by means of

\* Robertson's Hist. of Chas. V., Albany Ed., 1822. Vol. ii. p. 274.

such a congress, had become a point of the highest importance to the Supreme Pontiff.

The Reformation had exerted an enormous political influence upon even those countries of Europe which still retained their attachment to Catholicism. The weight of authority which the superstition of the fifteenth century had maintained for the Supreme Pontiff, had vanished before the light of the sixteenth. The Emperor himself, though a zealous Catholic, paid little more respect to his Holiness than was due to his temporal power and resources. Francis of France had invited an infidel Sultan to assist his arms. Henry VIII. of England had thrown off all allegiance to the Pope. Thus the princes of Europe had learned the important truth, that there is no more intrinsic virtue in a papal bull than in any other parchment; and they were beginning to smile alike at the harmless threats and the worthless promises of the Supreme Pontiff. Like the Red-cross knight in Spenser, they had been blindly serving a hateful sorceress; but the spell was now broken. It was, then, all important for Paul III. to shore up his tottering authority, by whatever assistance could be drawn from a council.

The time specified was, however, the least favorable which could have been selected. The wars of Charles and Francis rendered all traveling so unsafe, that not a prelate would undergo the hazard of a journey to Trent. The papal legates therefore were left to maintain their dignity alone, at Trent, until his Holiness chose to prorogue a council which had not yet convened.

After the acting of this wretched farce, a year and a half was suffered to pass before Paul ventured again upon a summons for a council, November 19th, 1544.

The Emperor was embarrassed by the relations which he sustained to the Protestants, and by the menacing attitude of the Turkish Sultan. He therefore at first demurred against sustaining the Council, but soon fell in with the project, and sent his legates to Trent, where the first session was held, December 13th, 1545.

The Protestants had rapidly risen in influence and importance. Three years before, Henry, Duke of Brunswick, had been deservedly stripped of his territories by the confederates of Smalkalde. Having lately endeavored to regain them,

with troops fraudulently obtained from the King of France, the Landgrave of Hesse, one of the confederates, had completely defeated, and taken him prisoner. Soon after, the Palatinate\* had seceded to the Protestants, as before mentioned. These two events had raised their reputation to a formidable height.

It was plainly absurd to think, at least for the present, of coercing them into conformity with the Church. The eyes of all good men were turned towards the council, in the hope that it might at least somewhat alleviate the bitter animosity which, as they said, was "rending the seamless coat."

The Emperor was desirous that a reformation of abuses should be decreed before the discussion of matters of faith. Paul took the alarm at once. Reformation was to him what vultures are to lambs, or light to darkness. He carried the point, that matters of reform and of faith should be treated simultaneously; but, in fact, the latter were discussed first.

This point settled, the council proceeded to consider the sources of our knowledge in faith and doctrine. The authority of traditions was decided, after some opposition, to be equal to that of the Scriptures. The books of the Apocrypha were declared canonical. Of the Scriptures themselves, the Latin Vulgate was the authorized copy.

Then came the grand distinguishing doctrine of the Protestants, justification by faith alone. The controversy on this was long and earnest. At least one archbishop, three bishops, and five divines, agreed with the view of Luther;† but to the greater number of prelates present the doctrine appeared intolerable. It was enough for them that it came from Luther. That hateful name connected with it spoiled all. Their hatred of the great reformer was like that of Shylock for the Christians—so bitter, that even their music was to him but "the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife."

The general of the Augustines (of which order Luther had been a member) endeavored to present the doctrine in a less offensive light. He affirmed that justification is two-fold: the one, inherent in us, through which, though without merit of our own, we are renewed from the state of sin to that of grace, but insufficient for the salvation of the soul;

\* Hist. of Charles V., vol iii. p. 47.

† Ranke, vol. i. p. 204.

the other, the imputed merits of Christ, which alone are adequate to salvation.

The plan of the Augustine, evidently, was to concede all that might be demanded for works, except to rest justification upon them. But the efficacy of works was the Shibboleth of the Papists. Heresy-hunters were as numerous and as vigilant then as they are in our time. Salmeron, a Jesuit, and Laynez, the successor of Loyola as general of that order, maintained that we must depend upon the merits of Christ; not that they render our own efficacious, but that they promote them.

Thus the two great doctrines of justification by faith, and justification by works, were first brought out into clear contradistinction at the Council of Trent. Each stood in bold relief against the other. They have nothing in common, and as surely as the former triumphs, the latter must fall.

By the rejection of the cardinal doctrine of the Protestants, all connection with them was cut off. The principal upholders of that doctrine soon left the council. Thenceforward no measures tending to a reconciliation were ever contemplated.

All the distinguishing tenets of the Church of Rome were now established by the decrees of the council, in rapid succession. One after another those principles were laid down, to the propagation of which were, in future, to be directed all the energies of Catholicism—principles which were proclaimed alike by mitred prelates, under the domes of magnificent cathedrals, and by begging friars, in the cabins of the peasantry.

When the council had advanced thus far in its deliberations, it was unexpectedly interrupted by the apprehensions of the Pope. A civil war had broken out between the Emperor and the Smalkaldic league, and the former had been completely victorious. Paul began to fear that he should find a master, where he had been accustomed to look for a faithful ally. It was necessary to bring so important an engine of influence as the council under his own immediate control. He therefore sent a special nuncio to transfer the council to Bologna, a town under his absolute jurisdiction.

But while the Church was battling with the Reformation abroad, heresy had prevailed to an alarming extent in Italy. It is a fact, well authenticated, though not sufficiently presented by most historians of those times, that the great cardinal

doctrine of Luther was, to some extent, recognized in Italy, even before his time.

As early as the year 1180 the Vaudois had passed the Alps, and established themselves within no great distance from Rome itself. For nearly half a century, protected by their harmless and unobtrusive character, they were the destined victims of as ferocious a persecution as that which exterminated their brethren in Provence and Languedoc.

Gregory IX., in the year 1321, fulminated a furious bull against them; but as the Catholic princes could not be made to apprehend danger to the Church from so feeble a people, his Holiness failed in his bloody purpose.

In the year 1370 numbers of the Vaudois emigrated from the valleys of Pragela, to a district which they purchased in Calabria. The little tract which they cultivated was, to the region about, as Goshen to the rest of Egypt. The conveniences of life abounded; the arts flourished; learning was encouraged. The brethren of the Calabrian Christians came flocking across the Alps, from the fierce persecutions which raged in Piedmont. Thus strengthened in numbers, the Vaudois maintained, with almost vestal constancy, amid the darkness which surrounded them, the light of learning and religion, till, after the great Reformation, it was put out in blood.

It was in that district of the Vaudois that the light of letters first dawned upon Europe. From their teachers Petrarch acquired, directly, and Boccaccio indirectly, their knowledge of Greek. For years the neighbors of that enlightened people were as heedless of literary pursuits, as the stone inhabitants of the city where the young man in the Arabian tale labored at his studies. But at last the love of letters began gradually to diffuse itself throughout Italy. The learned languages were extensively studied. A literary curiosity was excited, which was soon naturally directed towards the Holy Scriptures.

We have mentioned the advantage which Luther drew from the error of the Romish Church, in neglecting the common people. The natural results of the same blind policy were now rapidly developed in Italy. The Scriptures had been a sealed book to the Italians. A few chapters used in the Church service, a few formulas mechanically repeated, constituted nearly all that was known of

that mysterious volume, so indispensable to every Christian.

With the revival of letters, however, came a demand for the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue—a demand to which the learned readily responded. Wretched translations from the Vulgate passed through edition after edition. New light broke in upon the minds of the people as they searched the sacred books. The simple peasant, as he perused the wonderful story of redemption, freed from the mummeries which the priests had thrown about it, was filled with a rapture not unlike that of the converted centurion, in Mrs. Baillie's drama:

"One day and two blest nights, spent in acquiring  
Your heavenly lore, so powerful and sublime—

Oh! what an altered creature they have made me!"

The pure and rigid morality inculcated in the Scriptures stood in bold relief against the debasing sensuality of the priesthood. The vices of the clergy became a mark for the satire of the learned, and the derision of the populace. Petrarch and Boccaccio employed their genius in lashing the sacred orders, which had writhed under the keen irony of the great Dante, nearly two centuries before. Indeed, the shameless profligacy of the clergy must be considered one of the leading causes of the Reformation in Italy. The Supreme Pontiff, investing with high places in the Church his sons, whom he acknowledged without shame; the cardinals, dividing their time between intrigues for the chair of St. Peter, and intrigues with beautiful women; the bishops, preferring the reputation of a clever connoisseur, or a refined voluptuary, to the praise of faithfulness in their ghostly duties; the begging friars, fumbling in the pockets, instead of laboring with the souls of their people; all preached, with the clear and persuasive voice of example, the necessity of a reform in the Church. The corruption of the clergy, then, and the increase of general information after the revival of letters, must, next to the inherent power of truth itself, be regarded as the two great second causes of the Reformation in Italy.\*

The study of the Old Testament Scriptures received a new impulse from the immigration of the Jews, expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. The learned, who read the original text, from

yielding it the respect of the understanding, came gradually to render it the homage of the heart. From among these arose many of the noblest champions of the truth.

Another great cause of the Reformation in Italy was the intimate relations which it sustained to Germany, in respect of its literature. Italy, as we have seen, took the lead in the revival of letters. Germany soon followed. For years these two nations enjoyed between themselves a monopoly of nearly all that was known in Europe of the sciences and polite literature. Having little in common with the ignorance which surrounded them, mutual sympathy led the learned of both countries to an intimate communion. A channel was thus formed, along which the opinions of the German reformers ran freely into Italy. So dangerous to the Church was this communication judged to be, that many zealous Papists were clamorous for a suspension of all intercourse between the two countries.

Another, and the last cause of the Italian reformation we shall here present, was the influence exerted by the German soldiery of the Emperor, and the Swiss auxiliaries of Francis, during their campaigns in Italy.† With fearless freedom, those hardy foreigners commented upon the corruptions of the Church. Accustomed to see in the ministers of religion the rigid morality of Luther and Zwingle, they were disgusted by the shameless sensuality of the Italian clergy. They sneered at the lofty pretensions of the Supreme Pontiff; they derided the miraculous powers claimed by the priests; they made game of the mysterious rites of the Church service. The Holy Office was not at that time in very vigorous operation; yet such frightful impiety as this would, if exhibited in Italians, have been speedily and rigorously suppressed. But it would not have been advisable to administer the torture to grim ranks of armed veterans, whose backs their enemies had never seen. The soldiers therefore railed on, unmolested. But not content with railing, they did what was infinitely more mischievous to the Church. They instituted comparisons of the Italian clergy with the Reformers, thus setting the piety and pure morality of the latter in a yet clearer light. Gradually the bitter prejudices which had prevailed against Luther and his coadjutors wore off from the minds of the Italians. They had

\* M'Crie's History of the Italian Reformation, p. 3.

† M'Crie, p. 53.



been taught by the priests to regard the Reformers as frightful monsters, emissaries from the world below, of whom they had about as definite an idea as children have of the goblins which they apprehend in the dark.

But the illusion now vanished. These rude foreigners had torn open the scenes, and exposed to view the mysteries behind the stage. The masks had been stripped from the actors, and instead of righteous and venerable fathers in God, appeared shameless rakes or grinning buffoons. It was no longer possible for the clergy to conceal from the people their own private contempt for the dogmas which they diligently inculcated in public. The sincerity of the clergy once suspected, all respect for the Church, which had remained after beholding the sensuality of the preceding pontiffs, vanished from the minds of the Italians.

It was one thing, however, to despise their ancient faith, but it was quite another to discard it and adopt a new one. The great national motive which opposed the Reformation, in the minds of the Italians, has been so frequently mentioned by historical writers, that we shall merely mention it in passing. They were enriched by the extortions of which the northern nations of Europe complained. The ecclesiastical revenues of all other countries were poured out before the chair of St. Peter, and thence distributed through Italy. The Hundred Grievances of the Germans were so many special privileges to the Italians. The exactions of the Church in England and France, and the German states, were, to the people of Italy, what the ruinous tributes, wrested by the Roman emperors from the distant provinces, were to the populace which crowded the amphitheatre, maintained by the imperial bounty, at the metropolis.

There was, then, much to oppose as well as much to advance the Reformation in Italy. The active agents, as we have before observed, in its promotion, were a few learned men. Even before the Reformation had commenced in Germany, Savonarola had proclaimed its cardinal truths in Italy. Subsequently Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and daughter of Louis XII. of France, protected the persons and defended the opinions of the Italian Reformers. Paolo Ricci in Modena; Mollio in Bologna; Carneseccchi, Lupetino and Altieri in Venice; Curio in the Milanese; Valdez in Naples and

Sicily; Martyr in Lucca; Palerario in the Siennese; and Fontana in Locarno, were the leaders in the Reformation.

So great progress was made as ere long to attract the notice of the court at Rome. Protestantism was subjected to a terrible ordeal. The flight of three leading Reformers, Ochino, Martyr, and Curio, gave the first intimation of the impending storm. The chagrin produced by their escape, together with the fear of further defection, led to more stringent measures against heresy. Then came the Inquisition. The establishment of that terrible tribunal crushed the last hope of religious freedom in Italy. When the sword and the faggot had done their work, they left bigotry and superstition completely triumphant.

Et la triste Italie encore toute fumante  
Des feux qu'a rallumés sa liberté mourante.

A general horror prevailed at the erection of the Inquisition, like that of the Parisians, when the guillotine came under the direction of the revolutionary tribunal. The Protestants fled in all directions.

In the province of Ferrara the Inquisitors were especially vigilant. It was suspected that there was the stronghold of heresy, the Duchess Renée being its known supporter. It was in this province that the most odious feature of the most odious of tribunals was displayed in its full enormity. Spies, termed Corycæans, were put in commission for scrutinizing the lives of the suspected. Adapting themselves to all occasions, no circle could escape being infested with these vermin. If an entertainment was given at the palace of a noble of questionable orthodoxy, a Corycæan, as gay as the gayest, was sure to be of the company. If a literary coterie met for an hour's conversation, a demure Corycæan took note of every word spoken. If a group of peasantry collected for an idle gossip, a garment as coarse as any among them concealed a Corycæan. In the council chambers of princes, and in the cloisters of recluses, they were alike to be found, and the least whisper of heresy was repeated in the ears of the Inquisitors. On the reports of these emissaries, multitudes were arrested, and the dungeons of the Holy Office were rapidly crowded with terror-stricken victims.

The modes of execution of the incorrigible varied with the barbarity of the

Inquisitors. At Venice, where some trace of humanity seems to have remained, drowning was the usual mode. All the terrible influence of mystery was thrown about the fate of the victim. At midnight he was taken from his cell and put into a gondola, attended by a single priest. Without knowledge of his fate, he was rowed out beyond the two castles at the entrance of the harbor, where another gondola was stationed in waiting. A plank was then laid from one boat to the other, upon which the victim was placed, chained, and having a heavy stone attached to his feet. At a preconcerted signal the boats moved apart, and he was plunged into the sea.\*

In Locarno was adopted a method of crushing the Reformation, less novel than it was base. Reports were industriously spread, that the meetings of the Protestants were scenes of the most shameful licentiousness and debauchery. When we compare these with similar reports, disseminated by the enemies of the early Christians in Rome, it will not appear that there was much gained by the faithful, in the exchange of heathen for professedly Christian enemies.

But it was in Calabria that the Inquisition exhibited its ferocious character to full advantage. We have mentioned before the settlement of the Vaudois in this province. At first they maintained in its purity, the faith of the ancient Waldenses. But it was not in human nature, that so feeble a people, cut off from all communication with their brethren, and obliged to hold daily intercourse with Romanists, should walk, without swerving, in the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy. Gradually becoming accustomed to attend upon the ceremonies of the cathedrals, they lost somewhat of the simplicity of their ancient faith. Subsequently, however, having received definite accounts of the religious tenets of their brethren in the valleys of Pragela, they sent deputies thither, and to Geneva, requesting Protestant pastors and teachers. This movement instantly attracted towards them the vigilant eye of the Holy Office. Two monks were sent to warn them against heresy. Two considerable towns had been settled by the Vaudois—Santo Xisto and La Guardia. The monks, assembling the inhabitants of the former, in the strange guise of gentleness, advised them, as their spiritual fa-

thers, to attend upon the mass. Instead of complying, they departed in a body for the woods. Stiffing their resentment, the monks passed on to La Guardia, and employed a base expedient well known to the emissaries of the Holy Office. Assuring the inhabitants that their brethren of Santo Xisto had renounced heresy and embraced the Church, they exhorted them to follow so praiseworthy an example. At first, being unaccustomed to deceit, they complied; but soon learning the treachery of the friars, they resolved to maintain their faith to the last. Two companies of foot were soon sent into the woods, where the refugees were mercilessly hunted down. A part of their number, driven to desperation, seized upon a strong position in the mountains, and repulsed their assailants. The result of this resistance was as disastrous to the Vaudois, as was that of the rising of Pentland to the Scottish Covenanters. Santo Xisto was given up to fire and sword. Outlaws were pardoned, that they might be let loose upon the heretics. The inhabitants of La Guardia having been allured, by promises of safety, to a distance from their city, seventy of them were seized and put to the torture.

It was thus that the learning, the refinement, and the piety which had maintained themselves amidst ignorance and superstition, were swept from the earth at last, after the great Reformation had enlightened Europe.

At Montalto was perpetrated the most revolting crime of that century. Eighty-eight men were led, one after another, from the house in which they had been confined, to a field in the neighborhood. An executioner bandaging the eyes of each and ordering him to kneel, cut his throat with a knife. In this manner the whole number were deliberately butchered.†

By means like these, the Inquisition crushed the Reformation in Italy. The ferocious barbarity of its measures made manifest the spirit by which it was actuated. Heresy was not to be endured at home, while the Church was struggling to suppress it abroad.

It was when the Inquisition was rapidly rooting out the opinions of the Reformers from Italy, that Pius IV. turned his earnest attention to the Council of Trent.

The Emperor had never signified the least approbation of the transfer of the

\* M'Crie, p. 232.

† M'Crie, p. 264.

Council to Bologna. His own prelates and ambassadors had been commanded to remain in Trent. This continual opposition, nullifying all the authority of the Council, had, together with other motives, induced Julius III. to return it to Trent in the year 1550.

There were now few hindrances to restrain it from the work for which it was originally called together. The Pope had nothing to fear from the Emperor Ferdinand, who had succeeded Charles V. Its complete separation from the Protestants bound the Church in a more intimate and unbroken unanimity. The only work left to the Council was the establishment of a few disputed dogmas, and of the principles and measures necessary for harmonious and vigorous action against the Protestants.

The Spaniards caused some confusion by obstinately maintaining that the authority of bishops is derived directly from God, independently of the Pope. The debate on this question was interrupted by the arrival of the Imperial ambassadors. Ferdinand demanded a reformation in discipline, such as might almost have satisfied the Smalkaldic league. He repeatedly insisted upon the cup for the laity, the marriage of priests, remission of fasts for a portion of his subjects, schools for the poor, a purification of the legends and homilies, simpler catechisms, the substitution of German for Latin in the Church service, and a general reformation in the convents. The first two, and most important of these demands, were so vigorously opposed by the Spaniards, that there was no danger of their becoming decrees of the Council. The undue authority claimed by the Pope, however, excited the indignation of all the ambassadors from Germany, France, and Spain. The Italians, as usual, when the supreme authority of Rome was called in question, maintained the cause of his Holiness.

It was evident that if any reconciliation were brought about, it must be at the courts of the princes of Christendom. Cardinal Malone wheedled the Emperor into a good understanding with the court of Rome. Philip II., whose power was dependent upon his ecclesiastics, soon found it his interest to submit to the Pope. The influence of the Guises in France, brought that nation to a like compliance.\*

Unanimity having been thus established with the great Catholic princes, the Council completed its work rapidly and harmoniously. In the last six months of its existence, it accomplished more than during the whole thirteen years since its translation from Bologna. Reforms were introduced into every rank of the clergy, and into every department of the operations of the Church. The last session of the Council took place December 4th, 1563.

It will not be necessary to speak at great length of the object of the Council of Trent. This has been suggested in the preceding pages. The German princes contemplated nothing more than the delivery of their states from the hundred grievances. The Emperor was influenced partly by the same motive, but much more, probably, by his eager desire to obtain the mastery of some spiritual power, which he might oppose to that of the Pope.

The authority of councils was generally acknowledged to be above that of the Supreme Pontiff. The power of the Pope, as a mere temporal prince, was not superior to that of some of the German princes. If Charles, therefore, could but establish the Council under his own auspices, he might be as superior to the Pope in spiritual, as he already was in temporal authority. His Holiness might behold something more than a rival Pontiff at Avignon, returning the thunders of Rome upon itself; Charles might have assumed in Europe the same position in the Church, which Henry VIII. had acquired in England.

He was not sufficiently guarded in concealing his designs. It was noticed at the diet of Ratisbon, in 1541, where he announced the plan of a general council, that he did not refer the summons of it exclusively to the Pope. The purpose of the Emperor could not escape the jealous vigilance of the French king. But, instead of defeating his design, it was the policy of Francis to favor the Council, but to put the Pope at its head, and thus to counterbalance the temporal power of the Emperor, by the spiritual authority of both Pope and Council.

Thus the interests of the leading Catholic sovereigns coincided in favor of the same object.

The design of the clergy, and the great

\* Ranke, vol i. p. 353.

body of Christendom at large, was evidently that assigned by Father Sarpi—a restriction of the powers of the Popes.

With the Supreme Pontiffs themselves, under whom the Council was summoned and continued, the great object was a concentration of the energies of the Church, that an unbroken front might be presented to the advancing forces of the Reformation. This design, together with the negative one of preventing any limitation of their own jurisdiction, may be observed in all their conduct up to the dissolution of the Council.

When this dissolution took place, in 1563, many countries of Europe had been irretrievably lost to the Papal Church. She was shorn of much that had been hers of the learning, the wealth, and the enterprise of Europe. But for her loss in numbers and in territory, she was compensated by the increased devotion and enthusiasm of those who remained firm to her cause. The news of the defection of province after province produced among the Romans a determination of spirit as invincible as that awakened in their sturdy ancestors by the tremendous tidings of the daily desertion of their allies to the advancing legions of Hannibal. The peril of the Church kindled new life in every member of it. The Popes found their authority strengthened rather than weakened. They became as absolute as a General of the Jesuits.

With such a rigorous discipline established, the Church of Rome was prepared for a desperate conflict with the Reformation. We must defer to another occasion any consideration of this conflict, which mainly devolved upon the religious orders, and especially upon the Jesuits.

We cannot, however, conclude without some notice of an error which generally prevails with regard to the Church of Rome, and which the preceding pages may do somewhat to correct.

We frequently hear it maintained that the persecuting policy of the Roman Catholic Church in former centuries was owing to the "spirit of the times," and that with those times it has passed away, in common with a thousand other abuses. Before this assertion is credited, at least three points should be made clear: first, that the same violent means of persuasion have been universally employed by the other professedly Christian sects, when possessing the requisite power; second, that their intolerance has borne the same ratio to their power as has that of the

Romish Church; and third, that no such spirit of intolerance is now exhibited by that Church peculiarly, wherever policy and power would dictate it.

But, waiving these objections, we shall devote the remainder of this article to a few considerations in favor of what we believe to be the truth in this matter. We believe, then, that what is styled a "change in the spirit of the age," as regards charity among religious sects, arises in fact from the diffusion of Protestant sentiments; that the "spirit of the age" which encouraged intolerance, mainly consisted of the spirit of Romanism; and that there is nothing in the mere fact that the world is some hundred years older, which offers any solution to the question, why is not religion maintained now, as formerly, by the flag and the sword?

We have, we confess, no faith in the notion that any human institution can bind to the same maxims, and the same standards of thought and action, men of different ages and countries. Still less do we believe that self-interest can always be made to yield to any principles, moral or religious. It is ridiculous to suppose that a "Catholic is a Catholic the world over;" that he has rooted out of his soul the passions and prejudices which govern other men. We remember that one Catholic King of France foully abused the sacred person of a Supreme Pontiff; that another called in the Moslems to mingle in the wars of Christendom; that for century after century the German Emperors quarreled with the Popes; that the subjects of John of England refused to ratify his servile submission to the Holy See; that the English Catholics took no notice of the bull of Pius V., absolving them from all allegiance to Elizabeth; that the Catholics throughout Europe joined with the Protestants in deriding the ridiculous present of Clement XIII. to the Empress-Queen.

It may be, therefore, that although the immutable principles of the Church would lead every priest who comes to our shores in the nineteenth century to treat heretics as he would have done in the eleventh, and at Rome, yet common sense and a prudent regard for his neck may seduce him to violate those principles by a most ungodly charity. But it by no means follows, because a religious sect has *absolutely* advanced in the course of centuries, that it is not *relatively* as far behind its age as ever. The same rule is univer-



sally applied in judging of private character. We should not severely blame Erasmus for his cowardly, vacillating spirit, had he lived in the time of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. But at the Reformation light was abundant, and it is quite clear that he was conscious on which side the truth lay. We blame the great English philosopher, not so much for using the rack upon a prisoner, as for using it when others, far less enlightened than he, had abandoned it as a cruel and barbarous resort. In like manner the Romish Church is censurable, not for having never outstripped her age, (though her professions would warrant us to expect that,) but for having been invariably in the rear of it; not that in the seventeenth century she cherished none of the more enlightened views of the eighteenth, but that she was struggling to drag Europe back to the darkness of the eighth.

The Romish Church has not remained stationary in regard to tolerance for other religious sects. She has undoubtedly advanced and improved. But the advancement has been reluctant and forced by external causes. The chief of these causes is Protestantism, which, like Seneca's Hercules,\* has been dragging the unwilling monster to the light, though sometimes, like the hero, it has been momentarily stayed in its progress.

Look at the Church of Rome before the rise of Protestantism. In the year 755, Pepin le Gros, by laying the keys of the Lombard towns upon St. Peter's altar, founded the temporal power of the Popes.† When the Papal legate instigated Louis VIII. to the extermination of the Albigenses, nearly five centuries had passed, during which the Supreme Pontiffs had held almost undisputed sway in Europe. Was there any advance in the "spirit of the age" during those five centuries? Were the lives of heretics any safer at the latter period than at the former? When we turn from his Holiness Stephen II. appropriating to himself the Emperor's towns in the eighth century, to his Holiness Innocent III. instigating such massacres as that of Beziers in the thirteenth, we are at a loss to perceive

the refining and exalting influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

Since the sixteenth century some three hundred years have passed, during which Protestantism has maintained its ascendancy in the north of Europe, and powerfully influenced even the strongholds of Papacy in the south. During any ten years of these three centuries, more progress has been made in Christian charity and general toleration than during any two centuries of the thousand years of Papal rule.

It is idle to say that at the Reformation the time had come for a great delivery of the human reason from the darkness and error of the middle ages, and that, had Luther never left his cell at Erfurt, we should have had the same diffusion of light and love within the pale of the Church which we now enjoy out of it. The revival of letters did, we confess, partially precede the Great Reformation. But what reason have we for supposing that the light of letters would not, had there been no Reformation, have gone out and left the world as dark as ever? Learning was no such new or terrible enemy that the Papal Church had reason to view it with special dread. She had met it and crushed it before.

In the twelfth century, the beautiful district of Provence, in the south of France, was the seat of nearly all the learning of Europe. Mild, peaceable and refined, its inhabitants enjoyed among themselves the most cultivated language and the finest productions in verse and prose which those barbarous times could boast. The light which had not yet dawned upon the rest of Europe had been long shining upon them, and seemed rapidly approaching its meridian. But they had learned withal to smile at the ridiculous dogmas of the Church, and to loathe the worthless profligates who filled the offices of its clergy.

Here was signally manifested the congeniality of the spirit of Catholicism with the spirit of progress in arts and science. The Provençals were learned and polite, enlightened and refined. But they would not believe in the real presence; they

\* Postquam est ad oras Tænari ventum et nitor  
Percussit oculos lucis ignotæ novos  
Resumit animos vinctus et vastas furens  
Quassat catenas: pæne victorem abstulit,  
Pronumque retro vexit et movit gradu.—HERC. FUR. 813-817.

† Bower's Hist. of the Popes, vol. iii. p. 503.

would not invoke the saints; they made a laughing stock of relics; they bought no indulgences. No intellectual refinement could atone for such abominable impiety. For this, the free spirit of the heretical provinces was humbled in the dust, the light of letters was put out in blood, and Europe was thrust back for four centuries more of the gloom of ignorance and superstition.\*

Such, we cannot doubt, had been the fate of letters at their revival in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but for their connection with religious truth which the Papacy could not crush. The spirit of the Roman hierarchy was in no wise more enlightened then, than at the Albigenian crusade. Nor could even the light of the Reformation immediately shame it into charity. It was in the sixteenth century that Copernicus, fearing for his life, concealed for thirty years the true theory of the heavens. But it was in the seventeenth that Grotius spent two years in a prison—that Galileo spent four years in the dungeons of the Inquisition—that genius and learning were driven from the cloisters of Port Royal.

The Inquisitors of the Holy Office, with a barbarity which makes Nero and Tiberius seem ministers of mercy, exterminated the Reformation from Italy. And if these things were done in the green tree, what should have been done in the dry? If the truth of the Holy Scriptures, inspiring the soul with the most cheering hopes and the highest aspirations, sustaining its believers in the cells of the Inquisition and amid the flames at the stake, was utterly crushed and rooted out, what must have become of philosophy and learning, which take so little hold upon the soul, had the disciples of Luther, throughout Europe, shared the

fate of the Albigeois and the Italian Reformers?

Well was it for the world that the arm of the Inquisition could never reach the sturdy Saxon. The time had at last come for Giant Pope to sit, as Bunyan represented him a century later, harmless at the mouth of his cavern, and vent in words alone his malice at the passers-by: "You will never mend till more of you be burned."

No thoughtful man can study the history of the Romish Church without feelings of the deepest regret for so much influence prostituted, so much power abused. For more than a thousand years she held the first place in Christendom. More perfectly constructed and adapted to reach the human heart than any other institution ever known among men, she spoke to the world from her seven hills in a voice less terrible only than that of Jehovah from Sinai. Repeating the story of the cross, her words were less charming only than the still small voice that was heard on Horeb. She might have advanced mankind for centuries in their search for the highest good. Instead of all this, she has ever withheld the light, and dashed it out when presented by others. We must rejoice now, not that for age after age she ruled the world, but that at last it has been partially delivered from her power, that truth "crushed to earth" has risen again. "Still," said Galileo, when thrust into the Inquisition for daring to believe that the world revolves, "still it moves." It is with something of the same feeling that we contemplate the cause of truth crushed for a season by the power of Rome. And it is with good hope for the future, that we turn away for a season even from so sad a spectacle of the infatuation of men.

J. F. H.

\* See Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, vols. v. and vi.

## NIGHT IN THE BRAZILS.

THE winds have breathed themselves asleep on land,  
 And over the broad sea, that southward spreads,  
 From boldest headlands of the Empire's coast,  
 Unbroken to the icebound pallid Pole  
 Washed by the wild Pacific. On this beach,  
 Gracefully curved between two rocky points,  
 A long-drawn reach, I stand at evening's close—  
 Her loneliest, loveliest hour. Behind are reared,  
 Expanding, sombre mountains—solemn piles  
 Lost in the distant darkness—while before,  
 The Bay of Rio, all unrivaled spread,  
 Sways its hushed waters. Close beside my feet  
 The tide steals in; and, as th' intruding wave  
 Slips back, it leaves a line of delicate foam  
 That sparkles like stray jewels. The dry sand,  
 Stirred by my tread, scatters a sudden light,  
 Blue, phosphorescent, as the spot were charmed  
 And felt polluted by these human steps.  
 There is a spell upon the scene which doth  
 Compel deep reverence; and there are sublime  
 Enchantments—fascinations fairy-like—  
 To hold the senses captive—that at once  
 The heart and mind catch the same influence  
 From the delicious magic of the night.

Lo! there the luminous Magellan clouds  
 Look down on Corcovada,\* and by them  
 Steadily burns the sacred Southern Cross,  
 Prophetic emblem on the Pagan sky.†

The moon drops leisurely along the west  
 Over yon height, whose palm trees seem to lift  
 Their boughs to break her fall. The thick-sown stars,  
 Illumining the soft wide firmament,  
 So countless shine, so prodigal of beams,  
 That their reflection lays a tremulous veil  
 Of light along the waters—save where one  
 Fair envied planet, touching a brown wave,  
 With wand of diamond ray, charms it to bear  
 Her floating image for a moment's space.  
 In their bright volume, ever the same page  
 Of happiness, or sorrow, finding still  
 The common truth—whatever scenes arise,  
 The heart's wish colors the wide universe!

Sweet stealing music! from afar it comes,  
 Swept from Eolian strings:—again it seems  
 A tremulous roundelay of passionate love  
 Sung to a mandolin. When the still cool dew  
 Falls like a blessing on the sultriness

\* Corcovada, the "sugar-loaf," a promontory of rock at the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

† The greater part of the southern hemisphere of the world is in a state of savagery and atheism.

Of brazen day, and the flushed cheeks of maids  
 Are shadowed in the twilight, softly brown—  
 When night comes on with all its slumbrous charms,  
 Gay swift feluccas glance along the waves,  
 Bearing the dark-eyed, beautiful and young,  
 That think to hush beneath the beating stars  
 Their beating hearts;—vainly! for as they steal  
 Their slow return, the circling cadenced song,  
 Melting from boat to boat along the deep,  
 Stirs in its depths some girlish heart, that throbs  
 To the fond measure, wildly as it dares!

I hear the measured dipping of the oars;  
 The laughing voyagers are drawing near,  
 Sent timely homeward by the setting moon.

No more I linger in my reverie!  
 On the dark mountains gather clouds of storm,  
 And the strong winds will drive them in a mass  
 Over the waters. Heavy mutterings roll  
 Of thunder just begun—the stars go out  
 With the first flash of lightning. It is strange  
 How soon the swift-paced tempest shall destroy  
 The soft enchantments of so sweet a time,  
 And the rain trample with a torrent's might  
 On the vexed billows of a brimming tide!

So runs the world to change! The mildest hour  
 Hath ever, sleeping in its tranquil heart,  
 The moods of madness.

R. P. R.

## THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

BY A SOUTHERN PHYSICIAN.

THE subject of the present discussion, intricate, entangled, mysterious, incomprehensible, is one of the very last which I should have selected as a theme. Like the pearl-seeker, however, I plunge headlong, though hesitating, into the profound and turbid inquiry, with very little hope of bringing up a pearl, however certain I may be of losing my breath in the vasty deep, and lacerating my fingers with the rough shells that contain the treasures sought by the diver.

"If," says Aristotle, quoted by Barclay, "the knowledge of things becoming and honorable be held deservedly in high estimation, and if there be any species of knowledge more exquisite than another, either on account of its accuracy or of the objects to which it relates being more excellent or more wonderful, we should not hesitate to pronounce the history of the animating principle justly entitled to hold the first

rank." The belief in a definite "principle of life," thus announced, was in some form or other universal until of late days. Whether material, ethereal, or spiritual, it was assumed as a *necessary fact*; and, indeed, interwove itself with the current religious opinions so completely, that when Lawrence, the popular lecturer of the London College, first denied it, he was denounced as an infidel and an Atheist, and his work laid under absolute sentence of outlawry. Now we can scarcely find any one among the more recent authorities who does not fully agree with him, and his prohibited book is mercilessly plundered without a syllable of acknowledgment.

What is meant by the phrase, Principle of Life? I will give you a few of the definitions offered in modern times, premising that this "term Principle," as Mayo remarks, "has been generally employed, as the letters of the alphabet



are by algebraists, to denote an unknown element, which, when thus expressed, is more conveniently analyzed," or, as I should prefer to say, examined in its several relations.

Willis attributes all living actions to the "*callidum innatum*," as he phrases it, "a material element of an igneous nature," and fortifies his opinion by quoting in its favor some of the highest names of antiquity—Hippocrates, Democritus, Epicurus, and Pythagoras.

Scaliger and Fernel have imagined a superior *callidum innatum* as the principle of life; not the material igneous element of Willis, but "a more divine heat, spiritual, aerial, ethereal, or composed of something elementary or ethereal." Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, bluntly maintains that "the blood is the animating principle, or the substance, of which the anima, or life, is only the act." John Hunter, the most eminent example of "patient labor," after examining this subject with the most painstaking and persevering attention, arrives at the conclusion that "there is a principle of life connected with all the parts of a living body, solid as well as fluid, a *materia vitæ diffusa*." Abernethy endorses this view. "My mind," he says, "rests at peace in thinking on the subject of life, as Mr. Hunter has taught;" but he dwells with no little emphasis on what he calls the correspondence between "the phenomena of electricity and of life," a hint caught at and labored much by Wilson Philip, and recently mumbled in the most mysterious and significant way by the Mesmerists. Still more transcendently is it shadowed forth in the recent lucubrations of the profound and vapory Baron Von Reichenbach. Cuvier tells us, "Life consists in the sum total of the functions." Bichat affirms it to be "*Pensemble des fonctions qui résistent à la mort*." In the same spirit an old writer points it out as "*illud putredini contrarium*." And Carlyle, speaking ironically of "some small soul," has the same idea—"it saves salt." Lawrence maintains it to be "merely the active state of the animal structure." Carpenter defines it, "the state of action peculiar to an organized body or organism." He intends, he says, "to designate rather the state or condition of the being exhibiting those actions, than the actions themselves." He saw that his predecessor,

Lawrence, whom he follows slavishly but ungratefully, had left unprovided for, the condition of "dormant vitality," in which living action is suspended. Sir Humphrey Davy taught that "life consisted in a series of corporeal changes." Observe, I pray you, before we proceed any further, the extreme confusion made by these philosophers in mass, between the vital actions and the vital principle, between the phenomena of life and the cause of those phenomena. "Life is a forced state," cries Brown. "Life," echoes Rush, "is the effect of certain stimuli, acting upon the excitability and sensibility." The elephant is thus placed firmly enough on the back of the tortoise, but when we ask what is the force of Brown, and whence the "excitability and sensibility" of Rush, we are scarcely satisfied with a reference to "stimuli," which are incapable of affecting any form of matter, unless previously endowed with the very properties which manifest the living condition.

Some of the confusion on which I am commenting, resides doubtless in the minds of the authors quoted; some of it is to be attributed to the imperfection of the French and English languages, in both of which the same word life, *la vie*, is used to express both the cause and the effect. The Greeks used the term  $\psi\chi\eta$  to denote the cause of the vital phenomena— $\zeta\omega\eta$ , to express the effect of that cause. We need this distinction.

"Life," argues Lawrence, "presupposes organization, as the movements of a watch presuppose the wheels, levers, and other mechanism of the instrument." It is indeed true that the movements of a watch presuppose mechanism, and the phenomena of life presuppose a specified organization through which they must be manifested; but it is equally true that without the principle of elasticity in the mainspring of the former, and the "vital principle" in the tissues of the latter, there would be no "movement," no "phenomena." Reil, and after him Rudolphi, treat of it as a "subtle material superadded to the organism, making an original and essential difference in the form and composition of organic bodies." Yet Reil speaks of life as depending upon this specific difference of composition and form.

Broussais, regarding contractility as "the fundamental property of the organic tissues," speaks of "the vital

power or force as a first cause, which creates that property, and then employs it as an instrument."

Prout, going back to the very Archæus of Stahl, announces it as "an ultimate principle," an "organic agent," endowed by the Creator with a faculty little short of intelligence, by means of which it constructs the organism with which it is connected.

Müller describes it as "a principle, or imponderable matter, which is in action in the substance of the germ, enters into the composition of the matter of this germ, and imparts to organic combinations, properties which cease at death." He denies that there is any more obscurity in the physiological views of this subject than in the philosophical doctrines concerning light, heat and electricity.

I know not how better to "define my own position," to express my own views as to this controversy, than thus: Life, vitality, the vital principle, the cause of living action, is a primary and peculiar property of certain forms of matter—a property with which they are originally endowed. It is not, as Aristotle taught, and Harvey and Willis believed, a distinct internal element superadded to the structure of the body; nor a new substance, as Girtanner suggests, perhaps oxygen; nor a subtle something diffused through the solids and fluids, *materia vitæ diffusa*, as Hunter and Abernethy have argued; nor electricity, as the latter hints, and Wilson Philip thinks not improbable; nor a presiding genius, an Archæus, an almost or quite intelligent agent, as Stahl and Prout believe; nor a mere pre-established harmony, as Aristoxenus, Leibnitz, and Lussac maintain; nor the product of organization, as Lawrence, Pritchard, Holland, Mayo, and so many others contend; nor is it to be found, as Cuvier, Richeraud and Carpenter intimate, rather darkly, I think, in the tout ensemble of the functions, or anything else—to borrow the Parliamentary phrase of Joseph Hume, "the *sum tottle of the whole*."

I find a Supreme Being absolutely necessary in philosophy, as Robespierre did in social life, however philosophers and politicians may be annoyed by the idea.\* I cannot imagine vitality to be the result of any constitution, or arrangement, or composition of the structures to

which it is found to belong. It is a property with which they are gifted by the great Source of all powers, and it is so far independent of such composition or organization, that it not only connects itself with conditions of structure or constitution, infinitely varied—nay, absolutely contrasted—but may be withdrawn, leaving all those conditions, so far as we are aware, unaltered. Let us humbly acknowledge that of this principle, in the abstract, we know nothing, and in all likelihood shall remain forever ignorant. He only who possesses within himself this mysterious attribute, and who, of his infinite power and benevolence, has communicated it to a part of his creation, can fully comprehend its nature and essence.

The very simplest of its manifestations are inexpressibly difficult to understand or account for; and, as we proceed in the inquiry, we are filled with a deep conviction that there is nothing in the vast store-house of nature more calculated to awaken intense curiosity, to invite close investigation, and to give rise to solemn contemplation, than the construction and movements of a living body, fearfully indeed and wonderfully made, but still more fearfully and wonderfully endowed with almost infinite capacities for action, for enjoyment, and for suffering.

There are two qualities or properties which seem to be essentially and invariably connected with the presence of the vital principle, and infallible proofs of its active condition. These are motion or rather motivity, the power of motion—contractility, the "only original organic force" of Broussais—and the capacity of self-protection by positive resistance to, or re-action against, the influence of agents applied externally. I say externally, for I deny the correctness of Carpenter's view of this matter, when he declares that "the changes exhibited by any living being have one manifest tendency—the preservation of its existence as a perfect structure." Quite the reverse! However it may resist external agencies, all its internal movements and changes tend ultimately and with unerring certainty to its own destruction—it must inevitably wear out and die.

Inanimate masses of matter, unless impelled by some extrinsic force, must remain forever at rest. They possess

\*"Tu commences t'embêter avec ton Etre Suprême," said one of his cotemporaries to the Man of Terror.

within themselves no energy which can enable them to change their place, or even give rise to any alteration in the relative position of the atoms which compose them. Every particle, on the other hand, which is by any means endowed with vitality, or is made a constituent portion of a living body, becomes at once a centre of motion, as it were, an impelling agent—*impetum faciens*—restless, active, and incessantly employed. The monad, the minute animalcule, which among millions of his fellows finds abundant space in a single drop of water; Ehrenberg's points of life, of which mineral masses are compounded; these, when brought by the microscope within the reach of our vision, are known to be alive by their motions alone, or chiefly. The first vivification of the larger germ is perceived in the *punctum saliens*, the organ of circulation, which continues to throb and beat until its last pulsation is lost in the tranquil stillness of death. The thrusting forth of the corculum or sprout is our only test of the living condition of the vegetable seed; and difficult as it is to explain how plants propel their sap, we know that their juices are in constant agitation, absorbed by the roots, exposed in the leaves to the influences of air and light, and depositing everywhere in their course the materials of growth and increase.

The second of the essential living properties mentioned above—the capacity, namely, to resist the influence of external agents—is shown in a great variety of modes. All living bodies enjoy a definite and regulated temperature of their own, independent of the diffused caloric of the atmosphere. The blood of the mammalia is about 98° of Fahrenheit. Birds are warmer than man—reptiles colder. The nose of a dog is always cold. The sap of a tree, throughout the severest cold of winter, not only does not freeze, but retains its own proper degree of heat. The heat of a man's body does not rise a degree in an oven where meats are baked, nor fall a degree in a cellar of ice. A tenia will live in boiling veal broth. Such facts are very numerous.

The play of chemical affinities, as shown in the ordinary processes of decay and decomposition, are efficiently resisted by the vital principle. This is indeed so definite a rule, that there is no certain proof of death except the re-es-

tablishment of those chemical laws in their operation upon the materials of which living bodies are composed, and their consequent putrefaction. How strangely interesting, in this point of view, the condition of dormant vitality, suspended animation! Seeds kept in the herbarium of Tournefort more than one hundred years, were found fertile. Professor Lindley says that raspberries were raised from seeds taken from the stomach of a man whose skeleton was found thirty feet under ground, buried with some coins of the Emperor Hadrian; whence it is probable that the seeds were 1600 or 1700 years old. Nay, not only seeds, but bulbous roots, found inclosed with mummies in their Egyptian envelopes, perhaps in a seclusion of 3000 years, produced fac similes of their parent plants. Similar stories are told us of the ova of many animals. The infusory animalculæ seem to be capable of an indefinite protraction of dormant life. The rotifer, for example, may be dried so completely as to splinter when touched with the point of a needle, and in this state would remain perhaps for 1000 years, but revives readily when moistened again. Every one knows Dr. Franklin's experiments on the drowning and revival of flies. Lister and Bounet have seen caterpillars revive that had been so frozen, that when dropped into a glass they chinked like stones; and fish in Northern Europe are transported great distances frozen alive. Not to speak of the hybernation of the higher orders, which is not a state of entirely suspended animation, the same tenacity is strangely shown in certain well authenticated recoveries from drowning; but most fearfully in what is called "trance," a state in which many persons apparently dead have been buried alive. Pliny mentions a young man of rank, who, falling into this condition, was placed upon the funeral pile; the heat of the flames revived him, but he perished before his friends could rescue him. The great anatomist, Vesalius, had the inexpressible misfortune to commence the dissection of a living body, apparently dead. Less unhappy was the fate of the Abbé Prevost, who fell apoplectic, but recovered his consciousness too late, alas! under the scalpel.

Cardinal Somaglia being apparently dead, preparations were made to embalm his body; but the operator had scarcely penetrated into his chest, when

the heart was seen to beat. The unfortunate patient, returning to his senses, had still sufficient strength to push away the knife of the surgeon, but too late, for the lung had been mortally wounded, and the patient died in a most lamentable manner.

The industrious Bruhier collected no less than fifty-two cases of persons buried alive; four dissected prematurely; fifty-three who recovered after being confined, and seventy-two falsely considered dead. The Rev. Wm. Tennent, of New-Jersey, lay three days in his shroud, and was saved from interment almost by miracle.

Shakspeare makes Ceremonin Pericles say:

"Death may usurp on Nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
Of an Egyptian had nine hours lien dead,  
By good appliance was recovered."

The individual intrusted by the French Government with the removal of the dead from the Cemetery of Innocents, at Paris, reported that he found many of the skeletons in postures that demonstrated their resuscitation and partial turning in their coffins.

Carpenter denies strenuously that there is any necessity for supposing a new force, principle, or law, to account for vital phenomena, and ascribes them all to the known properties of matter, and the familiar laws of mechanical and chemical affinity—attraction and repulsion, action material and passive, reciprocal and catalytic. Such, doubtless, is the current tendency of the prevailing philosophy. Everything is explained by changes of composition. The brain, according to Liebig, is altered chemically by every atom of opium taken into the stomach, and a new train of vital actions must follow this change in chemical composition and minute organization. Danberry also favors this chemical view of life and its actions.

But how are we to understand the arrest of action here? The elements, with all their affinities and repulsions, are present or in contact: what suspends their influence upon each other? The favoring contingencies of the presence of air and heat, nay, all the ordinary and extraordinary agents of decomposition, are thus defied.

There is not a little weight in the well-known fact, that none of the products of

organic action (vital chemistry, as some have chosen to call it) have been successfully imitated in the laboratory. I say *none*. I am aware that urea is affirmed to have been formed by the processes of inorganic action out of the body; but besides the chances of error in the statement of experiments so new and so seldom repeated, we must remember, with Müller, that this substance is a pure excretion, and does not in any manner enter into the composition of a living body; it can hence scarcely, with any propriety, be regarded as organic. Carpenter himself says, that though "it may be possible for a chemist to produce the gum or sugar which he finds in the ascending sap of plants, he can never hope to imitate the latex or elaborated sap, which already shows traces of organization, and of vital properties." Why not, if their composition results from the same familiar processes and laws?

I have hitherto been considering, as my readers doubtless have remarked, the very lowest of the vital principles—those which may be specially indicated as distinguishing living from inanimate matter. These properties constitute indeed the only bases for such distinction; and the most carefully drawn definitions founded on any other, fail of accuracy and clearness. Thus, when Kant tells us, "that the cause of the particular mode of existence of each part of a living body resides in the whole, while in dead masses each part contains this cause within itself," he forgets the beautiful series of crystals, each portion of which constitutes, as much as in a living creature, a necessary part of the whole. Others speak of organized bodies as exhibiting a symmetry consisting in the correspondence of curved lines or outlines, while inorganic symmetry is always rectilinear.

There is, indeed—define it as you will—a wide chasm separating the animated from the inanimate portion of created things. To all animated nature belong the powers of increase or growth. So prominently indeed is this last function placed among the vital offices, that Virey contends that "Life is never the property of the individual, but belongs to the species;" and indeed the act of transmitting it is often, both in plants and animals, the first, last, and only notable purpose of existence.

Inanimate masses, on the contrary, form no species; each individual exists



separately; increases or diminishes, or changes its form, under the control of external causes exclusively; grows and changes by external accretion only, and by juxtaposition of particles, whether regularly or irregularly, whether shapeless lumps or exact crystals.

It is the melancholy privilege of living beings to die; and the very pabulum and stimulant influences which elicit life and develop the highest functions of vitality, conduct most rapidly and certainly to death.

Balnea, Vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora sana;

Corpora sana dabunt Balnea, Vina, Venus.

Baths, Woman, Wine, our life sustain;  
Baths, Woman, Wine, our vigor drain.

Inanimate masses, on the other hand, require no sustenance, and if unassisted by violence from without, would, so far as we know, endure to all eternity.

But from the lowest class of organized beings up to man, who is himself "but a little lower than the angels" of heaven, the gradation in the scale of existence is so regular, and the steps so slight, that we are even unable to draw with clearness and precision the line which separates the animal from the vegetable kingdom, or point out satisfactorily the distinction, if any there be, between animal and vegetable life. Many of the zoophytes, or plant animals, were arranged first as minerals by Woodward and Beaumont, then received by Ray and Lister as vegetables, and are now classed among animals, rather on account of their chemical properties than for any other reason. The *Algæ*, indeed, are refused admission here—chemistry notwithstanding—by no less authority than Ehrenberg. Strangest of all, Nitzsch tells us that of the same genus, Infusoria, some species, as for example the *Bacillaria Pectinalis*, have the characteristics of plants, while others are clearly enough animals. The uncertainty of the chemical tests, and their inapplicability here, are best shown by the fact, that there are at least two vegetables as incombustible as minerals—the *Fontinella Antipyretica*, used in northernmost Europe for lining chimnies, and the *Byssus*, (asbestos,) a moss found in the Swedish copper mines, which vitrifies when exposed to a red heat. Mirbel, Smith, and Richeraud offer the following distinction: "That plants derive nourishment from inorganic matter—earths, salts, or airs; animals

live upon matter already organized." "Plants," says Richeraud prettily enough, "may therefore be considered the laboratories in which nature prepares aliments for animals." This striking harmony of relation is undoubtedly the rule; but there are many exceptions. The earth-worm, and numerous other tribes, it is said, live upon the mineral kingdom; and Humboldt tells us of some of the wretched nations of Southern America, that subsist, at least for considerable portions of time, upon clay. Contractility is evidently common to both orders; and of obvious locomotion—the sensitive plant, the *Hedysarum Gyrams*, the *Orchis*, the *Scabious*, and the *Valisneria*, are affirmed not only to exhibit spontaneous motion of leaf and stem, but the three latter move from one place to another; while several instances of animal species are known to which nature has denied both locomotion, and every mark of consciousness or sensation. The ingenious author of "the Philosophy of Nature," observes that "Vegetables have the consciousness or sensation of actual and present existence; animals unite to this sense the memory of the past; but it belongs to man alone to combine these two sentiments with that of the future." This view of the matter, however, is more poetical than philosophical. Our imagination delights in the idea that all nature is full of glad or tranquil consciousness of pleasurable existence.

"It is my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes,"

says the contemplative Wordsworth; and our own Bryant sings not less melodiously:

"Even the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment, as they bend  
To the soft winds; the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.  
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems  
to enjoy  
Existence, than the winged plunderer  
That sucks its sweets."

We know little of the extension of the sentiments through the very lowest of the animal orders, although we have it on the authority of the universal Shakespeare, that "an oyster may be crossed in love." But the doctrine which ascribes to man exclusively the feeling of hope or anticipation, must be abandoned when we reflect that all domestic animals expect their habitual feeding-time with impatience, and press homeward with

eagerness from abroad; not to dwell upon the promptings of instinct, which lead to the building of nests and the migrations of the feathered tribes, and the hoardings of food, and the conversion by peculiar feeding of the immature insect into a queen bee.

By thus regarding the principle of life as expansive, the speculatists have come to confound it, as developed in the higher orders of creation, with the reasoning and moral faculties—a confusion displayed in the very terms and phrases universally employed in discussion.

The word  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ , which, as I have said, denoted among the Greeks the cause of the phenomena of life, meant indiscriminately the soul or the vital principle. In Latin, "Anima," and in English, "Soul," are often used in the same way. Thus the philosophical poet:

"Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per  
artus  
Mens agitat Molem."

And our translators of the Bible: "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul;" and "The first man Adam was made a living soul."\* Aristotle, aware of the necessity of nice distinctions here, though he does not attempt to make them, asks, "Under which of the categories does the vital principle fall to be arranged? Is it a substance, a quality, or a quantity? Are all souls of the same, or are there different species? Men, when they speak of the soul, mean the human soul: but will the same language and description apply in all cases? or would not rather every species require a separate and specific definition—as the soul of a horse or dog, the soul of a plant or of a wild beast?" A modern writer, Grew, proceeding upon this train of thought, suggests that "the several species of life seem to be reducible unto these three—vegetable life, sense, and thought." Rush falls headlong into the same confusion, and regards Grew's and Aristotle's "several species" of life as only differences of degree of development or perfection. "Perfect life," he says, "is composed by the union of motion, heat, sensation, and thought;" and then goes on—"it," life doubtless, "it may exist without thought, sensation, or heat, but none of these can exist without motion."

Among the physiologists who admit of

a separate principle of life, Abernethy and Dermot alone exhibit any anxiety to distinguish from each other the vital merely and the intelligent principle; the first to be found in vegetables and the lower order of animals, the latter met with in man and the creatures which approach him nearly. "If," says A., "philosophers would once admit that life was something of an invisible and active nature, superadded to organization, they would then see equal reason to believe that mind might be superadded to life, as life is to structure." Dermot, if I understand him properly, goes farther, and supposes three great orders of animated nature: 1. The vegetable, and perhaps the zoophyte, endowed with mere life; 2. A rank of animals above these, gifted with intelligence, sentient, and capable of thought; 3. And, lastly, man, in whom a third principle is paramount—the true soul, the moral agent, responsible, capable of wrong and right, of vice and virtue.

During the prevalence of the opinion that life and soul were the same, that the source of animation and intelligence was a unit, some well-meaning philosophers, in their zeal "to vindicate the ways of God to man," were fain to take refuge in a hypothesis proposed by Des Cartes, with regard to the phenomena of life in the lower animals, viz., "That they have no souls at all, and that all the appearances which they exhibit of sense and vitality, are only deceptions—like the motions of a puppet, the mere effects of mechanism; that being thus mere automata, they are utterly indifferent to the hardships and cruelties inflicted on them by our notice and neglect, and by the nature of circumstances which they can neither foresee nor control."

The received doctrine of the present day, counting among its supporters Cuvier, Lawrence, Richeraud, Holland, Pritchard, Mayo, and Carpenter, as I have already said, is, that life is a mere quality, the result of organization. Vitality is declared to be "invariably found connected with some of the modes or forms of organization; showing itself when these are first developed; coming to perfection as they are perfected; modified by their various changes; decaying as they decay; and finally ceasing when they are destroyed." Hence it is inferred to be nothing more than a series of effects,

\* Genesis ii. 7; 1 Cor. xv. 45; Esdras xvi. 61; Ecclesiastes iii. 18-21

of which organization is the origin and cause—a deduction which I have maintained to be erroneous and untenable. Indeed it seems to me far more reasonable to believe, on the contrary, that organization is the product, the result of the active condition of a principle of vitality, the *fons et origo* of all the movements which constitute outward or visible life.

"*La vie*," says Cuvier, somewhat inconsistently, (*pace tanti viri*), "*ne naît que de la vie*." Hence the germination of a seed; hence the miraculous creation of the bird within the egg; hence the pullulation of a cutting, or bud, or shoot of a plant, its thrusting forth roots and tendrils, its obvious search for support, for light, and for water; hence the healing of wounds, the restoration of lost parts, as of the claws of the lobster and crab, and of the whole head of the snail when decapitated, and the annual renewal of the horns of the stag. In the polypus, however mutilated and severed into fragments, this active, I might almost say creative principle, remodels in each part, and completes the deranged and mangled organization. These wonderful phenomena seem to me to exhibit in their obvious analogy—may I not say in their ultimate simplicity?—a common cause identically the same in all living creatures, from the mammoth down to the minutest animalcule—from man, the very image of his Maker, down to the worm that builds the coral reef, the medusa that sparkles on the midnight surface of the glowing ocean, the scarcely visible lichen that covers with its velvet growth the time-worn masses of rugged rock. The principle of vitality is in all the same, through both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but so vastly numerous and diversified are the manifestations of its presence and power, that time would fail me were I to attempt to recount the thousandth part. It feels in the sentient extremity of the nerve, it contracts in the muscle, and flows in the blood. It beams forth in the sweetest smiles of health, cheerfulness, and beauty; it produces the distortions of deformity, disease, and despair.

How difficult to understand or grasp the notion that the vitality of every living atom—whether fluid, as in the blood of animals and the sap of vegetables—semi-fluid and gelatinous, as in the polypus and most infusories—or solid, as in wood, bone, and muscle—merely results from

its composition, arrangement, and relative position in the structure of which it forms a part! When instantaneous death has followed the application of a drop of strong prussic acid to the eye or tongue, what change has taken place in this composition, arrangement, and relative position? What, when a man has fallen dead from a sudden blow on the pit of the stomach?

Two persons are drowned at the same time—at the same time rescued, and subjected at once to the same processes of restoration. In one case your efforts are crowned with success, in the other they fail. Of the first you say truly, that animation was only suspended; of the latter, that the subject was absolutely dead. Yet both were alike cold, motionless, insensible. What, then, constituted the infinite difference between them? You can show nothing. The most minute dissection discloses no lesion or destruction of any part in him who was insusceptible of restoration. No portion of the anatomical structure is perceptibly deranged. In the language of John Hunter, "the dead body has all the composition it ever had;" its organization is, to all appearance, as perfect as ever, but "the effect of this cause" has ceased, and life has left it, never to return. Carpenter pronounces dogmatically that Hunter is wrong here, and that the minute structure or intricate condition of the organism must have undergone a change in death. He reasons in a vicious circle, however, and makes no effort to sustain the burden of proof, which fairly lies upon him. He is bound to prove that such change has taken place, and the mere assumption cannot be admitted. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio.*

As among the most remarkable of the phenomena of the living condition, sleep and death demand from us a brief notice. "Half of our days," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives." There is no analogy in truth between these two states, which both poets and philosophers have loved to confound. The pious More was so struck with the resemblance—surely but a slight one—that, as he tells us, he dared not trust himself to sleep without a solemn prayer. Shakespeare writes of "the sleep of death." Bichat says that sleep is a partial death, and death the sleep of all the organs.

Sleep is, in fact, nothing more than a

partial, periodical arrest of the expenditure of vital power. The functions of organic life never sleep. Circulation, respiration, assimilation, go on perfectly, while "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," closes up the avenues of our animal or external relations, through and out of which our lives, while we are awake, pour from us in a constant stream. Many vegetables sleep, it is said, and probably all animals. At any rate, it is certain that none of the higher orders could exist long without this alternation of repose, and rest from actions that weary and exhaust them. Sir John Sinclair, in his researches into the history of longevity, found that there was but one point of agreement among his old people—they had all slept much and soundly!

Of death we must not understand a mere negation of life: it implies previous animation; it is the result of certain changes to which all living nature is inevitably subject, and which inanimate masses cannot undergo. Euthanasia commences with a loss of the power of motion, the genial warmth diminishes, the circulation of the fluids becomes languid, and gradually ceases, and the vital spark is finally extinguished. This cessation of action, however—this apparent loss of power—this insensibility and

awful stillness, though invariable attendants upon the king of terrors, and manifest tokens of his presence, do not philosophically or physiologically constitute death; for, as before stated, we meet with them all concurring in certain cases of suspended animation or dormant vitality, when the subject is still capable of being resuscitated.

Hence, then, regarding excitability as the chief constituent or essential characteristic of life, if indeed it be not merely another name for the very principle of vitality, so I would define death to consist in the loss of susceptibility to the impression of stimuli or agents of excitement.

Death is thus the counterpart of life, yet a necessary termination, an unavoidable result of its restless action within and upon an organism composed of such frail and destructible materials. In a future state of existence, we trust "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and "death shall be swallowed up," and this mortal shall be clothed with immortality.

Then the renewed principle of vitality, deriving exhaustless energy directly from the great Fountain of Life, shall continue in eternal activity in "that spiritual body" of which we read—doubtless an ineffable mode of organization, ennobled and purified.

## OPINIONS OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

### THE NATURE OF THIS GOVERNMENT.

As we have declared ourselves in favor of a conservation of all the principles of the Constitution, it is very naturally asked of us: What are these principles? or, What do you mean by principles of the Constitution?

It will hardly be denied that the founders of this Government were thoroughly acquainted with its nature, and knew well upon what it must rest. The Constitution has a tone, not of empiricism, nor of experiment, but of settled wisdom. It assumes the final conclusions of philosophy concerning human freedom, to be the principles on which it reposes; principles, indeed, which need no defenders, nor to be strengthened by ar-

gument; they are their own great argument, and have only to be seen to be revered. They are established in the moral nature of man, upon the immutable foundations of necessity.

The signers and supporters of that Declaration, which is the corner-stone of our liberties, must have relied upon their knowledge of the principles of human freedom; for they begin with an abstract statement of them, as of self-evident truths, and then deduce from them the reasons of revolution.

It is not argued in the Declaration that one form of government is preferable to another; but that as liberty and self-government are characteristic of man,



and their desire implanted in his nature, a government which violated or overlooked the liberty of individuals, and of whole States, was no longer to be endured.

The signers and supporters of the Declaration were also, mainly, the fathers of the Constitution. In view, therefore, of the character of its parents, who were not the ministers of kings, nor had learned compromise from the practice of corruption, we must believe that the principles of the government which they framed, were also those for which they periled their fortunes and their lives; and that they relied, as well for the stability of that government, as for the justification of their own deeds, upon their adherence in both to the most profound and rational principles.

That these were superior to those which uphold a despotism, we are forced to believe; for they compelled the nation to throw off the allegiance of the mildest and best of despotisms, whose autocracy carried with it the air of paternity, and fenced itself within the plausibilities of law. The two nations were children of the same ancestry—an elder and a younger; but the younger discovered for itself a principle of freedom and of self-respect superior to that allegiance which it owed the elder.

The colonists believed that governments were for the people, and were to be valued and maintained as they promoted the general good. They considered that mature men knew best what was for their own good, and that of right their own opinion must originate the rules by which they were to be governed. They put in practice a conclusion hitherto known only to philosophers—that there is a principle greater than allegiance, a principle of *moral necessity*; and they thought that in a nation where it was understood, a state might be founded upon such a principle.

Men differ in their views of what is morally necessary; and that is necessary to one which is not so to another. The signers and supporters of the Declaration felt that liberty and political equality were morally necessary to themselves.

When men deliberately peril their lives in defence of any right or privilege, such right or privilege may be said to have become “morally necessary” to them; just as food and air, though not absolutely, are yet *vital* necessary. Tyrants consider nothing as necessary but

the obedience of the multitude; the slavish multitude in their turn see no necessity but to obey. With our fathers it was otherwise: the necessity which actuated them extended to perfect freedom and the exactest justice, nor were they able to endure a condition which barred the possibility of their fulfilment.

There may be those even in this nation to whom liberty and political equality are not *morally* necessary; and it is by *their* condition that the superiority of our Constitution is made most apparent; for here they find themselves as perfectly protected, and as thoroughly controlled, as under despotism. They are able to satisfy in its entire demands the moral necessity for obedience which impels them; while the class of those who feel themselves actuated by a superior necessity, as well as by that of obedience, enjoy all that their freer nature demands. In the republic, *both* classes are protected and satisfied; in the monarchy, only *one*.

If there is any moral necessity—any political *principle*—superior to Individual Liberty, statesmen have not yet discovered it. But a government founded in this principle, it appears, provides for the happiness of a greater number than does any other. It leaves equal verge for the exercise both of allegiance and independence, and, as it satisfies the highest, so, also, it meets the lowest demands of our nature. It insures obedience, gives scope to freedom, and room to ambition. If there is any natural aristocratic power in the individual, those who dislike it may avoid, or break over it with equal power; it is not protected by the laws, and cannot perpetuate itself in property or in office; yet is the natural worth and moral power of each person, suffered to act freely upon all.

If that be true, which has been asserted, that our Constitution originated in a “moral necessity for freedom,” and that this necessity is higher and more peremptory than any other—nay, that it is the chief actuating principle of a complete human nature—of a complete man—then it follows that the constitution of our government is not only superior in principle to all others, but is the best which can be established by man. *It is, therefore, morally necessary for us to hold a conservative ground in regard to the spirit and principles of our government.*

In all ages of the world a knowledge of the constitution of government has been regarded as the greatest accomplish-

ment, as well as the most necessary qualification of the citizen. The feudal baron knew his privileges; the Athenian understood his democracy, and the Roman his twelve tables. There is no nation but prides itself more upon this species of knowledge than upon any other; but with us it is not so much a matter of pride as of necessity: the citizen *must* be a statesman; and if corruptions creep in, and the state suffers, it is because of our own ignorance. It is for the perversions, neglect, and misinterpretations of the principles of our government, that we have to fear. Conservatism strives to cherish and strengthen the knowledge of these principles; to square all public measures by them; and to fill the offices of the government with those who will secure their observance.

Government is a system derived from the inmost and superior energies of the human mind. It is the offspring of invariable reason; but as there are degrees in all things, so are there degrees even in the products of reason; they evince less or more of the favor of Divinity. Hence it happens that there is a ceaseless endeavor after the best forms of government. And to that end statesmen in this and previous ages have advanced many different principles on which to establish them. These the more judicious have taken care to deduce from the spirit of the people whom they have to govern; while the more speculative have taken them from their own conceptions. An English philosopher, the champion of liberty in England, invented an aristocratic constitution, with a titled peerage, for one of our southern States, while it was still a colony. This ideal constitution failed for want of a foundation in the minds of the colonists. They had tasted freedom, and would no longer endure an aristocracy. But we do not find that any such difficulty opposed our Norman ancestors when they established their feudal system in England, for the idea of lord and vassal was as familiar to the Saxon as to the Frankish nations.

The history of the rise and decline of all constitutions is a continued proof, that government, so far as it is a permanent and established thing, rests in the common ideas of the people. Expel from the minds of the commonalty of England the idea of a certain sacredness in aristocracy and royalty, it needs no prophet to assure us that those institutions would quickly disappear from among

them. Expel from the minds of American citizens a certain conviction that the equal rights of individuals are the cornerstone of the State, and we know that life and property would no longer be secure, until some military despot, erecting over us a severe justice, should, perforce, restrain us.

Yet in discussing questions of public policy, there are some who entirely lose sight of the true nature and constitution of our government. These persons talk of it as of an experiment, "a thing of the day," "a thing of compromises," "an affair of interest," "a contract," "a firm." They would fain persuade us that, by its very nature, it is in perpetual danger of dissolution, "should it ever be discovered that any of the partners in the concern have not realized all they imagined from their share of its capital."

These apprehensions, be they real or feigned, suppose a total ignorance of the nature of our government; and it is from this very ignorance, appearing sometimes in unexpected quarters, that the Constitution itself, if it fears at all, has to fear for its stability.

For, let it only be supposed that the majority have learned the true nature of liberty, and are persuaded that it alone can insure happiness and self-respect, then, as the man who has lived upon wholesome food finds it a *rital* necessity to continue to subsist upon it, so will the people find it *morally* necessary to maintain the Constitution. Not only is this equality and absoluteness of individual rights, the principle of our common and municipal law, but it extends throughout every member of our government, even to the Union itself; nay, it originates and maintains each member of the confederacy, and binds them together in a necessary union—at once originating the system and depending upon it for existence. It may therefore be said of this principle, that it is the *final cause* of the government—the purpose which at once originates it and is accomplished by it.

Being the end or purpose, it becomes also the criterion and life of the system, as well in its whole as in its parts. The State must maintain itself in its foreign relations, upon the same principles which guide the individual. This is the necessary result of its origin; our Constitution does not admit "reasons of State," as distinguished from other reasons. Those who manage for the time the public affairs of the nation, must be men who

will act upon principles of integrity and justice, or they will not be constitutional. They must regard the rights of all nations as sacred; or they are ready to violate the first principle of the Union which they represent, and are become essentially unconstitutional.

Our government contains, then, within itself, three complete individualities—that of the Citizen, that of the State, and that of the Nation. That the first is the model of the two last, may easily be shown by the similarity of the principles which control them. They differ not as to their principles, but as to their sphere and territory; these are of course least in the individual and greatest in the nation, or, as we say, in the Union.

The action of a moral agent is limited in its sphere by the moral necessity of justice. That of the State and of the nation is of course limited by the same necessity. The liberty, also, as well as the right conduct, of all, rests upon a moral necessity.

The limits of the sphere of each individual are ascertained by the laws of the States; but those of the States themselves by the laws of the Nation.

The States, at their origin, did not assume to grant any man his liberty. On the contrary, they admitted and presupposed the equality and personality of all; nor could the States have sprung into existence but through pre-existent rights in the individuals who composed them.

The spirit of our government, having its germ in the common law of England, derives from that law a wonderful peculiarity, that public justice can neither grant or concede, nor take away or annul, any ascertained rights or properties. But with us, public justice became the sole end of the State, and from a maxim of the courts, became a principle of the Constitution. To this, too, was added, that nothing should be conceded to one individual or State above another. The common law grew up as a secondary power under the feudal constitution, out of the natural sense of justice. It served as a check and a controlling power, and by the gradual prevalence of its principles, undermined, and is finally destroying, the ancient abuses.

But the natural sense of justice in which the common law originated was biased and thwarted by customs, habits, and conventionalities, adverse to equity, and creating injurious differences which

hindered and turned aside its decrees. It was the peculiar merit of the founders of our government, that they seized and maintained the whole spirit of the law, and, from a partial and ineffectual, gave it an universal force. They began by declaring all men peers, and all rights sacred. They inspired the Constitution with principles of the purest equity. As long as it was necessary to refer all to the monarch, as the source of properties and rights, the common law could only struggle against abuses, forcing slowly into notice its principles of Equality and Freedom. But when the free States arose, they cut off their fictitious dependence upon a king, and each citizen became a sovereign in his own right and over his own territory, with the full prerogatives of liberty and property; imitating therein the conduct of all the kings and feudal lords that have ever become strong enough to shake off allegiance to their sovereign; but not with the usual consequences of such feudal disobedience. On the contrary, they instantly confirmed over their own heads a government no way differing in spirit from the laws of their ancestors; excluding only the aristocratic and monarchic element; and instead of a royal proclamation, issued a Declaration of Individual Sovereignty. It would be easy to show that ours was the first government ever founded on such a principle.

It may not be unprofitable to observe in this connection, that this principle, the most absolute which the human mind is able to conceive, was by no means an invention of one or of many persons, but gradually led out into light by the repeated discussions and conflicts of right with wrong, in the courts of the common law, through a long course of ages; that it ripened into a political idea in the minds of the Puritans, and was first made the principle of a government, by the signers and supporters of the Declaration.

Tacitly admitting that the limits of the individual sovereignties were to be ascertained, not constituted, by public equity, the signers and supporters of the Declaration began by declaring that they held it a self-evident truth that men were free and equal; an equality not of body or of mind, of public influence or private worth, but simply of rights.

This equality of rights they made the corner-stone of the whole system. They deduced from it, as from a first principle,

*every law, and every lineament of our immense and complicated State.*

Ascending from the individual to the State, we find in this sovereignty the same power which was lodged in that of the individual—the absolute, indefeasible power over all that lies within its sphere. The individual's sovereignty terminates at the limit of his personal sphere—of his property and liberty. Within those limits the state sovereignty enters not, nor can enter, without violating the first principle of the Declaration, that all men are born free and equal.

It becomes a mere matter of investigation, with this principle established, to determine the duty and authority of the sovereign State. It is limited, like personal sovereignty, by its jurisdiction and territory. It has all the rights of the individual in its proper sphere, and must preserve those rights inviolate. But as the individual has no authority over what is common to himself and others, so the state sovereignty acts only within its own proper limits, and not as it stands in relation to other sovereign States.

It is most evident that the idea of state sovereignty is derived from that of individual liberty, and is perfectly analogous with it.

The individual is sovereign over his sphere, because, in the nature of things, he alone can legitimately govern himself; but as soon as the interests of two individuals clash, through ignorance or malice on either side, and one begins to encroach upon and consume the other, it becomes apparent that another sovereignty must be erected over the relations of persons, that shall have supreme cognizance and decision in all that is common to the whole. Such a sovereignty can be constituted in no other way than by the body of the free individualities. These, by discussion, ascertaining what is needed by the whole, appoint a few to perform the duties of a State. These, being regularly chosen, become the authorities, representing a sovereignty.

At the establishment of each state sovereignty, it is known to be agreed by the whole people, or by all competent persons, not outlaws, that there must be a government. A government founded in the recognition of the principle of individual liberty, cannot be opposed by any person under any plea, at the instant of its formation; for its whole object is to protect him and others in their individual

rights. The particular form of this government, being a matter, not of necessity, but of opinion, is a question of majority; the best knowledge being agreed to lie in the majority of voices fairly given.

It was not therefore an assumption of any new power by the founders of our state sovereignties to declare them free and independent; but only a recognition of the necessity, that each citizen should be protected in his individuality. The formation of such governments could not be protested against by any single citizen; for any one so protesting would meddle beyond his limit. Only as to the form could he protest, in questions tried by the majority.

There can be but three regular and permanent sources of authority, and these are superstition, personal influence, and individual liberty. The first gives rise to all kinds of hierarchy and sacred despotism; the second, to every species of monarchy, and aristocracy, and mobocracy; and the third, to republics like our own, which are, as yet, the only species of their kind.

When it is considered that the signers and supporters of the Declaration advanced as the basis of all their proceedings the doctrine of equality and freedom, the form which the government afterwards assumed in their hands may be readily accounted for. The Congress which put forth the Declaration were invested with no express powers, but were only "to consult and advise on the best means of obtaining redress of grievances from Great Britain, and restoring harmony with the mother country." Yet they assumed to conduct the war, and acted as the real head of the nation. Their first act was to recognize in individuals a certain equality, and to declare for them certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Having thus constituted the individual, they next constituted the States; but the time had not yet arrived for constituting the Nation—at least by a formal instrument; yet by their own conduct, in petitioning the crown, conducting the war, and issuing the Declaration, they had effectually made the States one nation—more completely one than any in the world. By unity of territory, language, religion, and interests, the colonies were one nation; the acts of the Congress only confirmed this unity, and made it indissoluble. It remained, then,



only to give it a Constitution, by which its powers should be ascertained and confirmed.

The powers and limits of the first and second individualities of the government had been well ascertained; that of the citizen by the common law, that of the States by the experience of each within its limits. In acting for the whole nation, Congress had also practically shown what was necessary to constitute the third great individuality, that of the nation. The powers necessary for the unimpeded action of the general government had been assumed by them, at the first breaking out of the war; but the first confederation did not sufficiently confirm and sustain these powers; they did not acknowledge the presence of the nation in Congress, but only, in effect, of a council of the several States.

But soon necessity and reason, which had led to the recognition of Individual sovereignty and State sovereignty—this same necessity and reason led to the recognition of the National Sovereignty; and the system was complete.

As it had been found that, for the liberty and equality of individuals among themselves, there must be a sovereign state, so for the freedom and equality of states there must be a sovereign nation.

Without the first, there would ensue a loss to men of their private freedom and rights, the stronger individual overpowering the weak. Without the second, there would ensue a loss to the States of their independent power, the stronger swallowing up the weaker, in the rivalry of interest and pride.

It appears, therefore, that in the system of our government, the liberty of the individual is first considered, and is the model of that of the States—that one is necessary to the other, and the national authority is necessary to both.

The power of the Nation is limited in its sphere by the same principles which limit those of the Individual and the State. It must preserve its own existence; this is its first law, as it is that of the individual and the state. It must preserve inviolate its prerogatives, as must the individual and the state. It must execute promptly, and with an absolute authority, its proper duties; it must regard itself as the great power of the nation, and not as an assemblage of an-

tagonist principles, jarred together until the strongest rules.

Many catastrophes are recorded in history, of anarchic unions, as of the Greek republics and commonwealths of Italy. Their fall has been attributed to various causes, but chiefly to the want of a central power. Had such a power existed to unite the Greek republics, they would not, in all probability, have fallen before the Macedonian and Roman power. But it was impossible in the nature of things that a national unity should arise among governments disagreeing in principle. The aristocratic could not harmonize with the democratic; for the one rested in the will of an irregular mob, and the other in that of a select society of despots. Neither limited themselves by any principle, but their own will, which was supreme. The individual had no rights, and claimed none but such as were given him by the law. He was the slave of the law.

But when, in the course of events, a law rose in England which claimed to have no authority in itself, but only to be the asserter and defender of natural equity, it began to dawn upon men's minds that freedom must lie in the individual, and private rights be made paramount to all wills, whether of a number or of a few. To the jealous wisdom of our ancestors, erecting the common law between the people and the crown, we must attribute the first recognition of private liberty, and to the framers of our Constitution its employment in the construction of our government.

Let us not, then, with mere economists and calculators of petty gains, speak of this union as of a contract that may be dissolved, whenever it shall please the blind selfishness of a few. It is a partnership, indeed, but of no gross or transient character. "As its ends cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership, not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born." It is a firm whose confirmation rests in eternal laws; whose capital is the virtue and energy of the most virtuous and energetic of nations; whose enterprise is to lead through future ages a tenth part of the human race to the greatest virtue and felicity that humanity can hope to attain.

## KATE RUSSELL;

OR, A CHAPTER FROM THE FIRST PART OF MY LIFE.

It was strange that Kate Russell and I should quarrel. Strange that, after weeks of fondness—after our daily wanderings in wood and meadow—after we had christened every green bank that the brooks baptized, and consecrated every shaded knoll with some memory of love—after all glad influences of earth and sky had bound our hearts together—a little word of jealous anger should have had power to burst the bonds and free us from our sweet slavery.

But so it was. Long we sat together in the twilight, one October evening, whispering bright dreams of the future, promising never to be parted, and vowing that doubt, and change, and coldness, should never enter our true hearts; and, some twelve short hours thereafter, a banished lover, with an empty stomach, and, as I fancied, an empty heart, I was packed close in a corner of the Old Colony stage, and hastening towards the new Athens.

It was a dreary day, the dismalest since the deluge. One of winter's Texan Rangers, a New England north-easter, had got the better of "brave old autumn," and was fast banishing bird and flower—everything that dared to wear a look of cheerfulness—from his master's new dominion. It was not a day for reflecting on deeds that need repentance. The rain trickled down the closed windows, and hid the world from my sight. The passengers were gloomy and silent, as at a funeral. If one spoke, it was with a sigh and a shudder. The wind howled through the gaping crannies of the stage, like a disembodied spirit. The mud fell on the roof, with the dull sound of clods upon a coffin, and, long before we reached Quincy bridge, I had repented most bitterly of my hasty and foolish anger.

It was not for pride that I did not turn back. Men may be proud when the sun shines, but an east wind brings humility. On that day Lucifer himself might have been dragged about like a whipped dog. No, pride was not in my thoughts, but I felt that we could never more renew our old sympathy. The bitter words we had

spoken must always remain a barrier between our hearts. The raggedest remnant of common sense would have taught me that we had quarreled only because we were "a little lower than the angels;" that Kate was under the same cloud that shrouded me, and that a quick return, one kiss, one word of love, would heal the wound forever.

But it is not permitted that love and common sense shall dwell together in men's brains, and so I held my course, gloomily thinking of all that had chanced since I traveled that road before; of the new wishes, and pleasures, and hopes, that, since then, had sprung up in my heart, and of the sudden storm that had blasted them all.

Turn back, dear reader, with those thoughts of mine, I pray thee.

Just before the Indian Summer, my good friend, Frank Russell, had promised me a fortnight's shooting in the Old Colony—for thus fondly do the good people of Plymouth name their weather-worn county. We were to visit his uncle, the Colonel, and much he boasted to my willing ear of the old gentleman's hospitality. Something there was, too, in praise of his cousin Kate's beauty, but that I minded less. We were nearly ready for our journey, when suddenly Satan or Momus, or some other of the subterraneans, crazed Frank's governor with a vain hope that his son might make something in the world if cut loose from his old associations. Speedily to coin this into reality, he shipped poor Frank, unwarned, without one farewell call, or parting supper, to New York, there, from the bad eminence of a stool in Front street, to wing his flight to usefulness, distinction, and a plum.

I was not to be balked of my sport, and, a day or two after Frank's disappearance, I mounted the Plymouth stage, beside Ben Stebbins, the driver, and started down the road at the decent rate of six miles an hour.

Speed is reckoned by miles and minutes on that route, now-a-days; but the "way of life" was then a pleasant walk

—not the steeple chase that steam has made it since. Sensible people were laughing at the vagaries of a mad-cap fellow, named Fulton, who pretended to have made a boat move without oar or sail. Old sea-dogs wagged their heads, and reckoned that she went down the stream.

We pay dearly for these new inventions that men find out, and, for steam, we have bartered away a race of great-souled men, yclept stage-drivers; universal philanthropists, different in mark and number from those of our bad days; men whose hearts had no opportunity to close, whose daily business it was to ride chatting and laughing, stealing secret-kisses, leaving kind messages, and dropping love-letters and presents of game and city finery through miles of sunny woodland.

But, alas, for the noble craft! The men of the long whip and the many coats, the oracles of the way-side inn, the rulers of the world—if “all the world’s a stage”—are fast passing away. Yet are they booked for a glorious immortality. “Their lines have fallen in pleasant places.” Tony Weller will keep the road till “the last pike” is paid, and the last man set down in Paradise.

Of this race, so full of the milk of human kindness, Ben Stebbins was, like Sir John, the very butter. Still more like Sir John, he was “five fingers thick upon the ribs,” and, in all that goodly frame, there was not nerve or muscle that did not vibrate with good humor. Well was it for me, that I soon appropriated a niche in his heart to myself.

The Colonel’s house was but a few miles from Plymouth. Ben pointed it out to me as we approached, and, peering through the rows of lofty elms that hid it from the road, my eyes fell on a lovely girl, who was hastening towards us; her long dark curls blown back from her flushed cheeks, and her eyes sparkling, and of that deep dark brown that has no counterpart in nature, no raven’s wing, or summer sky, to help the poets to a simile, and so has passed unsung by the passionate tribe.

“That are’s the Colonel’s darter,” said Ben, a fact which I had guessed many a second before. It was the first time that ever woman’s beauty had quickened my heart, and, in a moment, I had wished Frank’s father a life-time of afflictions for having separated me from so bewitching a companion. She had a basket to

be taken to Plymouth, and, as I sat on the side of the coach nearest her, she reached it to me. My eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, and I groped about for the charge like a blind man; of course I missed it, and it fell, strewing the ground with needle-books, thimbles, scissors, and all the infinite armor of a lady’s work-box. She looked half vexed, half amused, at my awkwardness, and, abashed for the first time in my life, I leaped to the ground to repair the fault. The articles were gathered too quickly for me to summon enough of my scattered wits to say anything pretty to her bright eyes, but one little spool was so considerate as to roll apart from the rest, and, it being the last of the group, our hands met upon it. Thrilled by the touch, I looked up into her eyes, as, for a moment, they were turned towards mine. Kind thoughts travel quick between young hearts, and, though she turned hastily away, I saw a smile dimple her flushed cheek. The next instant she was gone. The victor had fled, and the vanquished held the field.

The next morning the wind was in the south, and, sportsman like, I rose before the day. But clouded skies had lost their charm. There had been anarchy in my dreams, and a revolution in my brain. King Nimrod had abdicated, and Cupid, the *sans-culotte*, had assumed the directorate. I picked a flint, and then my teeth. I snooded a hook, and caught my thumb. I put on my hunting togger, and put it off again, and went back to my bed, and lay, half dreaming, half thinking of cottages in the green wood and Kate Russells in muslin, of palaces in the city and Kate Russels in satin, of altars and flames, and arrows and rings; till, at sound of bell, I rose up, determined to leave birds to their boughs and fishes to their brooks, and to look on Kate Russell again with all speed.

Now there would have been nothing improper in my walking over to the Colonel’s, and introducing myself like a gentleman. But round-about ways are natural to lovers, and a round-about way I naturally took. I knew that Frank had warned the Colonel of our coming, and I trusted that his friendship had painted me in winning colors. I had brought with me, for evening reading, the first edition of the “Lady of the Lake,” then fresh from the press; and, having inscribed on the blank page, “Kate Russell, from her cousin Frank,” in Frank’s

own sprawling hand, I made a dash for the camp. Fortune was in love with me, and I met Kate where we had parted. I introduced myself, saying that I came with better auspices than before, for I brought with me a gift from her cousin, which he had charged me to deliver immediately.

"He could not have sent a letter of introduction more fairly writ," said she, "and I have been longing for this book for weeks. But how did Frank ever dream of doing so pretty a thing?"

I blushed at my poor trick.

"Perhaps Frank's friends are blessed with a better taste," continued she. "But pardon me for detaining you here. The minstrel makes me forget all courtesy. You must let me lead you to the house. My father will be most happy to welcome a friend of our dear cousin to the Old Colony."

At the house I found Colonel Russell, who greeted me with that warm, yet stately courtesy which has so poor a substitute, either in the prim coldness, or the blunt familiarity of our parvenus—a courtesy in whose presence neither rudeness nor diffidence could exist—a courtesy which both conferred and commanded respect. The old lady was one of those who never lose the kindliness and vivacity of youth; one of Coleridge's "dear old souls;" and, to all, that I was the friend of their relative, seemed sufficient reason for the warmest kindness.

The Colonel reproached me for not coming directly to his house, and nothing would atone for the fault but that my trunks should forthwith be brought, and I become one of the household.

Thus, kind reader, thou hast the beginning and the end of my wooing. How it sped, and how much the tale of Malcolm and Ellen had to do with opening Kate's heart, and how, when, or where, the sweet confession was tempted from her ripe lips, are secrets not to be told, even to thee. Yet let me warn thee, fair one, if thou wouldst not easily be won, to beware how, at twilight, in the listening woods, thou hearest that tale from a young man's lips, or flee, ere "with deep and low and pleading tone," he reads—

"His chain of gold the king unstrung—  
The links o'er Malcom's neck he flung;  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

If he be of mortal mould, he cannot but

press thy hand somewhat meaningly, as he closes the book, and the same thoughts will be in both your hearts, and thou wilt find it hard to say him "Nay."

Two months had passed over me miserable, and I had heard no word of Kate. I had tried to write to her, but my heart had failed me, and, at length, I had taken philosophy to my bosom, and comforted myself with wise saws, and laid an embargo on all thoughts of love. It was the day before Christmas, and I sat drowning my sorrows in the bowl—of my meerschaum, when Frank Russell burst into my room.

"What makest thou here from Gotham, Francisco?"

"Much good it does, Harry, to send you to a pretty girl—that yellow amber pleases you more than the reddest lips in the Bay State. I meant for you to marry Kate Russell, and here you sit, puffing at your confounded Turk's head; and, because you are a laggard at wooing, Kate must be sacrificed to a noodle."

"Not to be married!" said I, with a vigorous puff.

"Something very like it, or there's no meaning in white ribbons—and to-morrow night, too. But what are you blushing at, man? That's a new trick you've learned. Zounds, but you *are* in love with her. Why didn't you tell her so? A girl that would marry Bill Jones at a fortnight's notice, would jump like a trout at a comely fellow like you. Was your modesty your bane, or didn't the old gentleman take to you, or did you shoot her chickens? Come, confess."

But confess I would not. Much as I needed counsel, I knew that Frank was to be trusted with nothing less secret than an advertisement. He urged me to go to Plymouth with him in the morning, and, willing to give up anything that I might be left alone, I consented.

Little pleasure was there in my lonely thoughts. I tried to find comfort in reflecting, how unworthy Kate must be of my love, if, so soon, she could take another to her heart. But it was all in vain; that sweet face would still come back before me, laden with love as of old; those large eyes, dim with unshed tears, as at our cruel parting, haunted my memory; and then I thought, how strangely anger moves a proud woman—how willingly she gives up all hope of happiness, rather than seem to yield to one who has slighted her love. I could not but suspect that it was for my sorrow,



not for her own joy, that Kate had sought these new bonds.

Perplexed and bewildered, I hastened into the street. Led by instinct rather than reason, my steps turned towards the stage office. The evening coach was about starting, and my old acquaintance, Ben, was on the box. With no purpose, except to be near her I loved, I jumped up beside him. He saw that I was in trouble, and, with the tact of true kindness, said not a word. For an hour we rode in silence. At length Ben's patience began to totter on its throne, and he turned to me with the polite inquiry, "Lost your grandmother, squire?" The cold winter air, and the sensation of motion had somewhat aroused me, and I tried to talk as usual. Ben, doubtless, suspected the cause of my trouble, and, in a moment, he remarked:

"We've got the chap inside, 'at's going to hev the colonel's darter—likely looking feller, he is, tu."

He had led up to my trumps. A lawyer could not more cunningly have caught the train of a witness's thoughts. The confidence I had refused to my best friend, I gave, without reserve, to one whom I had seen but once before in my life. In a few words, I told him my whole story.

"Wall, that's bad," said Ben, "tu devilish bad. The feller isn't much, arter all. If you'd stuck to the road, you'd a come in fust, but you're distanced now, any way. What d'ye mean to do? I'm too heavy for a capsize, you know. I'll try to leave the chap on the road, if that'll accommodate."

"Do it, Ben," said I, vainly endeavoring to grasp his immense hand, "and I'll make your fortune."

"Wall, I must du my dooty; but, if Jones does git out, my stage won't be kept waiting all day for him, that's sartin."

The possibility of anticipating my rival, made me as delirious with hope, as, before, I had been stupid with despair. A thousand wild plans rushed to my thoughts, and each seemed certain of success. A thousand moving phrases of love and repentance seemed written in light before my eyes. But they fled as suddenly as they came, when I reflected how little promise there was, that Kate, angered, slighted, and apparently forgotten, would take me back to her heart, would abandon her new love for my angry jealousy. I had just enough

reason within my control, to enable me to suspect, that I was making a fool of myself.

But, even in my despondency, I could not resist being amused at the pertinacity with which Ben drove up to every tavern within miles of his route, and, by his "five minutes here, gentlemen," and, now and then, a "best o' liquor," tried to bribe Mr. Jones to rest his foot once more on solid earth. But Mr. Jones was not to be moved. He was a fixture. An old traveler would sometimes put out his head to suggest that we were in a new road, but Ben's answer was ready: "We always goes round here, a Wednesday," checked the remonstrance.

Little impression as these endeavors made on Mr. Jones, Ben was, at last, overcome by them. Every descent added to our load at least one glass of brandy, not much affected by the few drops of water, which, "for the looks of the thing," as he said, he scornfully dashed at it. The frequency of his libations would have been a statistic to the Washingtonians, if Washingtonians there had been in those days. He afterwards informed me, that he meant to get drunk, and leave me to do as I pleased with the stage, as he knew that his "bosses" would sooner pardon that, than any apparently intentional neglect of duty. I somewhat suspect that Ben was, at all times, easy of conviction, as to the propriety of taking another glass; but, if it was really his purpose to get eminently fuddled, seldom have human plans met with so perfect a success. After fortune had saved us from many an imminent danger, sleep "wrapped him about like a cloak," and I assumed his office, with a determination to carry out his plans that might have been an example to Mr. Tyler.

Our delays had consumed some hours, and it was now quite dark. I knew that Mr. Jones could see nothing from his position, and I made up my mind that he should go to Plymouth. Once, only, he gave signs of vigilance, by putting out his head and bidding the driver stop at Colonel Russell's. "Indeed will I, quo' Findlay."

From my rides and walks with Kate, I knew every inch of the road for miles. In a Christian spirit, I drove slowly and steadily, in order that Mr. Jones might be able to indulge any inclination he might feel for repose. It was eight o'clock when we reached the house. Through the bare branches of the elms,

I could see the lighted windows, and especially I noticed one candle burning above the hall, where it had doubtless been placed at sunset, to marshal Mr. Jones the way that he was not going, with my permission. After some tugging I aroused Ben's hands to their accustomed office, and whispering, "Go ahead," in his drowsy ear, I jumped to the ground.

The blood rushed to my heart with a thrill of delight, as I heard the horses' hoofs clatter over the frozen road. The prize was before me, and considering the situation of my rival's neck, the odds were scarcely against me. I hastened to the house and into the room where I saw the lights. I had thought to speak quickly and to the purpose, but Kate, who had doubtless risen to welcome her other lover, met me at the door, and her look changed so suddenly to cold, surprised anger, that my heart fell and my hopes fled in an instant. I could not utter a word—not a stammer came to my relief.

Through piles of silks and laces, and garments known and unknown, I discerned Mrs. Russell. Her favor I had early won by a new recipe for jam, and she had the grace to offer me a seat and inquire about my health. On my replying that I was much fatigued by my stage ride, she asked:

"Was not Mr. Jones with you, in the stage? We have been expecting him for hours."

A martyr to truth, I answered that he was, but had gone to Plymouth.

I glanced at Kate, who was busily striving to hide a crimson ribbon in white roses. I could see that her hands trembled, and her cheek was thin and pale. Gladly would I have argued that our separation had preyed upon her health, as it had upon mine, but that chilling look of hers forbade. At length I ventured to ask if she was well.

"Yes, sir, thank you."

Her pets all in good condition?

"All well, sir, thank you."

Nothing but the requisite monosyllables.

After an awkward silence, I came nearer to my point, by asking,

"May I hope that Miss Russell has forgiven my petulance?"

For a moment, she fixed upon me her brown eyes, as if to measure how much my words meant, then quietly looked down and held her peace.

My courage, that had ebbed so quickly, began to flow again.

"May I speak a word with you in private, Kate?" I said.

Her mother rose. The good old lady evidently meditated a sally through the outward adornments, behind which she was as closely beleaguered, as a garrison behind General Pillow's intrenchments.

"Sit still, ma," said Kate, and then, with a demure voice, but a twinkle of exquisite womanly malice in her eye:

"I have so much to think of now, that you must excuse me. Perhaps tomorrow or the next day, I shall be more capable of holding council with you."

This was too much—I was angry myself now, and I rose to go. As I opened the door, the same voice saluted me that had bid me stop at the colonel's. I felt the absurdity of going off so manifestly shorn, and looking again at Kate, I saw a tear nestling in her eyelid.

Clearing two dresses at a jump, I kissed her as of old, and whispered, "I love you dearly, Kate—will you forgive me?"

For a moment, she hid her face upon my breast; then turned it towards mine—"and our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips."

Mr. Jones, who had entered the room in time to be a spectator of this pleasing scene, made a desperate attempt at a look of lofty scorn—an attempt which would, doubtless, have been more successful, had the ice been stronger, or the water shallower, of the brook into which Ben had upset him, and then departed to his ledger and his money-making.

Frank attired me in his Broadway garments. The wedding was not deferred, and Kate and I have not quarreled since.

My tale has its moral: a man should go early to his own wedding.

## INDUCTIVE THEORY OF CIVILIZATION.

## THE SOCIAL SYSTEM AND ITS MODERN REFORMERS.

*Is it not ominous in all countries,  
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?*

*Hudibras.*

Undoubtedly. And with no less, but perhaps more reason, at the dawn of science, than in the darkness of superstition; in the days of hauruspical, than of humanitarian croaking. It should not be dissembled, therefore, that what is called *social reform* is becoming the great subject of interest, as well as declamation, especially in our age, and day, and country. Attention indeed it must have engaged, more or less explicitly, in all times, in virtue of the contact, almost universal, of the social system, both with practical life by its immediate consequences, and with speculative inquiry by its organical principles. Hitherto, however, it has confined itself, in the former of these aspects, to merely remedial and expeditiary purposes, and in the latter has been little better, from Pythagoras or Plato downwards, than a species of intellectual exertion, characterized accordingly (after one of the most notable of those ingenious essays) by the jeering designation of Utopianism.

Not that these systems have had no other foundation than fancy, as is vulgarly supposed. On the contrary, fidelity to fact was their fundamental fault; or rather it was their necessity, the necessity of their situation, of their day and its place on the scale of human development. Accordingly, they are empirical essentially, every one, from the Republic of Plato to the Phalanx of Fourier; only they are effectually so less and less as extending experience has gained a wider range of induction, and approximated to the position of scientific conception. And here we have a simple and the sole means, not only of explaining the errors of these systems, now so palpable and almost puerile, but of also reconciling the commission of oversights so gross with the possession of intellects so gigantic: a contrast which we should wonder (were they much in the habit of reflecting) how those philosophers can settle with themselves who, amongst us, are in the flippant habit of triumphing

over such "absurdities," with something of the little insolence of Esop's wren popping forth from the plumage of the exhausted eagle. Thus Aristotle, for example, the first of the political philosophers of antiquity and the father of the best of the modern, we find unable even to conceive the existence of a state—a *free state*—not based on the institution of slavery. Such an ingredient would on the contrary be deemed fatal, in the republic of Sidney or of Harrington. To Hobbes both such states were no better than chimeras, and a single despot the sole security for social existence. Next comes Rousseau, who, instead of having all slaves with Hobbes, would have all sovereigns, or at least fractional parts of the sovereign unit. Further still, the Communists of our own day, can see no salvation for society, short of abolishing not only all servitude, even the voluntary, but all subordination, even the domestic! So too, were an American Plato to imagine a new Atlantis, we may be sure he would not bethink him of expelling the poets from the *city*—if indeed he would deem *ours* of importance enough to rank, with the pickpockets and *pave-nymphs*, amongst the "dangerous classes" of society. Yet, erroneous or even absurd as these several systems appear—most of them progressively absurd if you will—history, sufficiently known, would prove them to have emanated from the special facts, to have reflected the social situation, of their respective periods. And that they could not do otherwise, will be evident, we think, to demonstration in the sequel. In fact the human mind, even in the wildest of its visions, cannot wander indefinitely from the reality of things; such a condition of intellectual vagrancy would have effectually precluded all coherence, and all community, of opinion in the world. Its utmost flight perhaps consists in generalizing from a simpler order of phenomena, and this of course is limited by the degree of complexity of the new subject. So that in the matter of society,

which is the most complicate of all, the prevalence of theorizing should be regarded as indicative not merely of a social want, but also of the imminence, and perhaps the extent, of the requisite political remedy. And the significance, it may be added, will in each of these respects be multiplied proportionally as the theories themselves come to coincide with the practical objects of the contemporary agitation. For this is a convergence which belongs but to the advent of science.

We should beware then of disregarding theories; thus necessarily more or less correspondent, in even their most fantastic forms, with living, moving realities. But if the cant against speculation is not yet quite obsolete in politics—a prejudice ignorantly contracted from the infant, the Utopian efforts alluded to, which were but the poetical phase, so to speak, through which social philosophy has had to pass, like every other, before reaching the historical and scientific—if theories, we say, are still to be set aside by a sneer, let us turn to the realities themselves, let us observe them as they have taken consistency and shape progressively in the Practical order of reform. For they it is, beyond doubt, that have furnished the facts and even the evidence, which the philosopher comes, periodically, to sum up, as it were, and perhaps round with an occasional generalization, into a system. If then we look back to the history of social or popular agitation, it will be found, as above remarked, to have commenced with questions of a merely practical and material nature, and to have ascended but by the gradation of ages to conceptions of any really organical compass. The reform cry principally was Agrarian, Financial, Commercial, Constitutional in fine; which appears to have been the order, as well as the extent, of the progression down to our own times. Now, however, the watchword is *Social* reform. It is no more merely measures concerning person or property; no longer modification even fundamental of particular institutions. Nothing less is proposed distinctly than the reconstruction of the social system itself. Spirit of the age—march of intellect—progress of civilization—reorganization in short of society, are phrases becoming familiar to even the multitude of our day; though assuredly they would have been incomprehensible to a philosopher of antiquity, as they have

been unknown even to one so late and great as Bacon. Much of this may, no doubt, be attributed to the propagation of the press, propensae, we know, to the mystical in language, which gives the appearance of learning to those who mean seriously, and to those who affect to banter, the self-importance of superior sagacity. Still, when it is considered that the clamor, either for blame or praise, is almost universal from the highest organs to the lowest—which are commonly indeed but echoes—from the philosophical romance of Europe to the scannell reed of our country newspapers, there can be no rational doubt of a certain general sympathy with this extraordinary spirit. And the significance would moreover seem augmented by the comparative absence of the ordinary provocations, in a country like ours, as yet less ripe in misery, as well as mind, for excitement. But more than phrases, forms too, imported in all their paraphernalia of plan, are actually applied, we see, no less seriously than systematically, to the reorganization aforesaid.

Now what does all this import? It may well be allowed that the public have no very distinct meaning. Even the active propagators of the *movement* (to borrow their favorite phrase) are, perhaps, most of them, not greatly better informed in the premises. But does this establish the nullity of the fact; according to the vulgar logic, that who fails to assign a reason can have none? And should it not rather admonish of danger from such unconscious ignorance? For our part, we are not only convinced that this great social phenomenon must have a commensurate significance, as every effect must have an adequate cause; but should, moreover, deem this circumstance of unassignableness symptomatic, on the contrary, of more than ordinary magnitude or importance. All ideas—truth or illusion—seem to be naturally vague in proportion as they are large or new; whence perhaps the grandiloquence habitual to poetic diction and to juvenile composition. Definiteness of design is oftener, because easier, the cold quality of what is old or unimportant; and precision, whether of conception or expression, belongs but to a subject, or to an intellect, already clarified by analysis, or cooled by age.

There is, indeed, amongst us, an affectation of "common sense"—that *caput mortuum* of mind—which disposes of all



such manifestations as a species of moral mania or epidemic, and, moreover, produced (through some remnant of witchcraft, we suppose) by the ambition of knaves or the fanaticism of fools. These, it were sufficient to remark, are not characters historically famous for having operated, and especially originated, great social or intellectual movements. It is a task for which the enthusiasm of genius and virtue combined has been always found too feeble, unless favored by the spontaneous concurrence of one of those periodical predispositions, observed in the public, to become dupes or disciples. No more misleading error has resulted from the utterly unphilosophical spirit in which history has hitherto been written, than this over-estimating the influence of individual will, whether through power or persuasion, upon the general current of human opinions and affairs. Supposing that human volitions are determined arbitrarily, and seeing how easily, in most men, they are in fact divertible to this or that particular purpose, it is apt to be thought that the career of a nation, or of the race, might, by the interposition of a single man, have taken any of a thousand different courses. Which is as if, perceiving how freely we may displace a handful of the waters, one were to imagine himself or another capable not only, with the royal barbarian, of checking the flow, but even of changing the channel, of the ocean. Those men even who are commonly held to have altered the face and the destinies of the world—a Cæsar, a Mahomet, a Napoleon—have been, in truth, but ripples on the surface of the stream, symptoms or rather symbols of its course, only because slaves to the current. If you would see them reduced to their proper powers, contemplate the one as muleteer, the other in the hands of the pirates, and the third, after having pledged his sword for a dinner, strolling along the Seine to drown himself. You will after better discern that the force, which they merely represented, belonged really to the state of transition of their respective civilizations, political, religious, social.

May it not, then, be some under-current of this nature which gives the agitation in question, too, that growing efficiency which the very persons who thus labor to vilify its origin, are forced to recognize, in warning us that it will end with subverting the social system? But whatever be the cause of the matter, its

consequence is thus admitted, and this is surely of a kind to demand a serious consideration of its character and its claims. To this end it is best, preliminarily, to present a succinct analysis of the positions respectively of the friends and the adversaries of the tendency. If not from their doctrines, we may derive information from their errors.

With the destructive features imputed to Socialism the reader, no doubt, is sufficiently familiar—of course, we mean for the present purpose. We shall merely, then, seek to give saliency to its fundamental principle; noting hereafter a few consequences, whereby the better to estimate its logical consistency with the aggregate system of human ideas and institutions. The same shall be our procedure with the antagonist doctrine. The condition of all innovation, all reform, is change. The reason for change can be but one of two: that it is a good in itself, or that it is the necessary means of an effectual amelioration. The Reformer the most visionary must put his justification (for justification he owes) upon either of these grounds. If he pleads the latter, he puts himself upon the circumstances of the case. But this he rarely dares, for it would be admitting in part the position of his conservative foe. The other, then, that is to say, change absolutely, must be the actuating motive. Moreover, what is evidently so imperfect, he vaguely thinks must profit at all events by alteration. In short, he adopts the thing in principle: for such is the import of his habitual denunciation of the past as but a long waste of error, imposture and crime, from which it would be desirable to cut completely loose, and to separate, were it possible, by a species of social quarantine, the hopes and the destinies of the future.

The Opponent of Reform, on the other hand, who would keep all things fixed as in a frost, can have no other reason than either, simply, because they exist, or because they are the best, on the whole, which can be had in the circumstances. But he is quite as careful as the Reformer of intrusting himself to the circumstances. And not only for the reciprocal reason, that this must terminate the antagonism of principle by reducing it to a question of fact, well known to be one of the worst ailments of political controversy. The Anti-reformer, moreover, has perhaps still a stronger instinct of his general incapacity to enter the large field of

relative and rational investigation. Thus shrinking, both alike, from the intermediate ground, where their positions mostly meet in a common and practicable plane, they intrench themselves aloft, at vituperation distance, in the easy absoluteness of the contradictory extremes.

Convergencies, indeed, of this nature there occasionally are in practice; and this is what dissembles the absurdity of the abstract positions as just exhibited. But in general they are compulsory effects of the course of things, which we have before alluded to, and shall after explain at large. And were it otherwise, were these accommodations to circumstance really voluntary, they would so far be inconsistent with the respective *credos*. An admission, in fact, so naively betrayed in the protestations, with which these compromises are habitually accompanied, that they are *concessions* to the "obstinate bigotry," or to the "deplorable radicalism, of the times."

Such are the characteristic principles of the adverse sects of our political or social teachers: *Innovation for the chance of improvement; Establishment for the accident of existence*. Now a word of the consequences. Of the former maxim, the strict incompatibility with the existence of the social state is evident enough; most people can tolerably appreciate the fanaticism of anarchy. But has not fanaticism, like the ancient Janus, a face towards the past as well as the future? That absolute, abusive conservatism is in fact a tendency similarly fatal, though demonstrably certain, we think, is not equally obvious. The effect is here disguised by two very plausible illusions: the one supposing it more *natural* that what actually is should continue to be, than that something should commence which as yet is not; the other conceiving it *prudent* to prefer the known and tried to the unknown and the unimagined—man remaining always child enough to dread the dark. The mere statement exposes sufficiently the fallacy of these sentiments, though they lead thousands of your most respectable people (politicians especially) by the ears, through life. Not only, then, is the mischief of Conservative bigotry as real, but—however paradoxical—the danger appears more imminent. For, besides by the prejudices just noted, which are incident more or less to the mass of mankind, innovation is farther repressed spontaneously by the inertia, at once moral and physical, of our

nature, which is to be overcome but by a positive, and necessarily a powerful, force; as is attested by the extreme endurances both of nations and individuals. And, in fact, history, we think, would tell of more states having expired by the atrophy of despotism than by the ague of democracy.

In support of this policy, we are frequently reminded of the sentiment of Burke, that "there is a presumption in favor of establishment." But, with unaffected deference to his great authority, the maxim is fallacious; like most others of an abstract nature when applied without due restriction to practical and especially political affairs. It disregards the element of *time*, or rather it computes it, but in its own favor; whereas the fact is essentially otherwise. Such presumption, no doubt, there does exist at the moment of adopting an institution; but it is because the fact is decisive evidence of superior suitability to the actual situation both of sentiments and circumstances. Now with reasons so constantly fluctuating as these, the dependent presumption must be supposed soon to pass away; according to another maxim far more ancient, and no less authoritative than Burke's: *cessat ratio, cessatur et ipsa lex*. It passes, then, to the opposite side. A doctrine, for the rest, which also might, we doubt not, claim the sanction of the same profound writer. For he was, be it remembered, charged with radicalism in his earlier career, as well as with royalism at the later period when the sentiment in question was written, and when the conservative element of his thoughtful nature became, according to a common observation, predominant with his closing years. The truth, however, seems to be that he was at no time either the one or the other exclusively. No statesman, no philosopher of his day, perhaps even of ours, has been more sensible, in fact, to the equal mischievousness of both the spirits. None did more to inculcate the necessity of viewing all political questions relatively, of having constant regard to the special circumstances of the case. But this perception of the course of things—instinctively signalized in the *golden mean* of the ancients—was in Burke, too, rather the constitutional, than the cultivated, wisdom of genius. His political philosophy is throughout empirical—which made it, indeed, the fitter for British con-

sumption, and accounts, accordingly, for its eminent success at the same time *there*, and *there only*\*. An empiricism however so comprehensive as to be very far, it seems, in advance of his country, as of course of ours. But unguided by principles sufficiently fundamental, he was led by this very maxim to follow too widely the oscillations of circumstances. Hence the apparent inconsistency imputed by each of the factions in turn, who, high and dry on the stepping-stones of their little partisan formulas, sought to grapple him to either side. And in fine, the self-contradiction, were it real, would so far annul his authority for the sanction of either tenet; but being substantially rational, is the heavy condemnation of both.

We may then conclude the Ultra-conservative doctrine to be no better than the Radical: indeed it would seem in theory to be the less conformable to a world where all is, and subsists, perhaps, by change. From the logical consequences of the principles severally, which happily are impossible, let us now glance to the practical effects of their contention, upon the Morality and Intellect of the community they unhappily divide and distract. In the first place they oblige—and are but too faithful to the logical obligation—to hold and to denounce each other's votaries, reciprocally, as either hypocrites or dupes. This for the present generation, supposed to be governed through opinion, that is to say by fraud. As to the past—reputed to be the reign of force—it is represented by the one side as a lengthened lazaret-house of slavery and superstition, of tyranny and priestcraft; while the other must contemplate the race as devoted, on the contrary, since the fall of Adam, to progressive degeneration into profligacy in morals, infidelity in religion, and democracy in politics. Are we to wonder then at the intellectual anarchy almost universal, the dispersive incoherence of doctrines not only moral and religious, but at last even industrial, which are carrying dissolution into those social bonds the last perhaps to sever—the material interests? Should we not rather expect to find the spirit of “uncharitableness,” reign supreme? And so we do in fact, if it be the opposite of the *charity* of the Gospel—that word, so un-

fathomably full of political import, and which, with its equally profound comment or criterion of application: Do unto others as you would be done unto, epitomizes the social system in all its scientific perfection both of theory and practice!

In fine, from denying either sense or sincerity to one another, they end with discarding their own; which in fact they have reason to discredit, seeing how constantly they have been contravened by the course of social affairs, describing from the first a species of diagonal between them. For we speak of course of these two doctrines as they have divided political speculation from its infancy, and not especially of the parties before us, except as they seem to present the malady we examine, in its state of crisis. A symptom of such state is this general hollowiness and hypocrisy, and as its polemical correlative, exaggeration and abuse. Another is the intolerance of individual dissent from maxims which the parties have probably themselves not the least faith in. This is an exigence profoundly reasonable. For the less men believe or know (which comes to the same) of the substance, the more faithful can they be to the forms; which makes the present the great age of parties of all sorts. Whereas men of any thought can hardly escape the brand of apostasy and inconsistency, except at the sacrifice of truth. And this odious ban upon honesty and inquiry, this extinction of the rational lights of society beneath the little bushel of party, we conceive to be one of the severest afflictions it has suffered from the spirit in question. This was the inconsistency for which we have seen Burke pronounced a renegade from his principles (meaning of course *theirs*), by both the contemporary factions. And how full of melancholy instruction, to see this great man laboring to defend himself, with the weapons of their own petty warfare, against the double line of barking curs, as in his “Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs!” Why should I blush—was the frequent exclamation of O’Connell to the like imputations that beset him through life—“why should I blush to own that I am capable of profiting by experience, that I grow wiser with years?” Surely the blush ought to belong to the objector, if such could have,

\* As writer, Burke is scarce known on the Continent. As orator even, Thiers dares to speak of him as an intemperate declaimer!

ordinarily, reflection enough to excite it! But was it really only thus that O'Connell too had still the knowledge to justify his obedience to the most fundamental law of society? Or did the practiced advocate understand his tribunal too well not to employ a vulgar saw rather than a philosophical demonstration? So with Webster, and every other man truly great who has been long enough in public life. Because great men reflect spontaneously the aggregate of the situation with its inconsistencies of circumstance and view, that is to say its misapprehended consistency. It is only the small who make your nicely consistent partisans; who are radical or conservative, Whig or Democrat, to order, without respect to circumstance or season, and who never had ideas enough of their own fabric to furnish the second term of an inconsistency. Yet, being the large majority, especially among the politicians, they have succeeded in perverting into a reproach what the true principles of social philosophy would, on the contrary, vindicate as the evidence of greatness and a title to glory. So preposterous have been, without its light, the judgments even of history, upon men and institutions! What else in fact than this radical distortion or obfuscation of the general mind and morals could (if we reflect upon it) have reduced, or long reconciled, a civilized community, in the determination of their gravest interests, to the habitual computation of reason by the head, like cattle!

This is surely not the normal or a permanent state of society. Nor can the doctrines just described avail, we see, to guide us. From the dawn of their conflict they have proclaimed the established *form* and the proposed reform to be final, as they do now. But there is, moreover, a formidable objection which none of their theories ever attempt to resolve, though it seems to compromise not only the reality of the social science which they dogmatize upon, but even the existence of truth itself. Are we to hold, as the Reformers teach, (and as would seem in fact to follow from the preceding exposition,) that the human race have been abandoned the sport of all imposture and oppression, down at least to the

present enlightened age; offered up a species of holocaust for the coming social millennium? Or can we receive the adverse system of a primitive perfection and a progressive degradation—which is but the same notion, merely inverted in characteristic conformity (remark) with the antagonism of the points of view? Can either of these be adopted, we say, even in the least of their degrees, consistently with the belief in a Providence—save indeed of malevolence and cruelty? The suppositions, for our part, we think humbly to be impious in religion, we know certainly to be absurd in philosophy. The latter, however, has the merit of superior consistency of theory, as it has no doubt the sanction of inspired truth in theology. But the effects of original sin are not we believe recognized in temporal matters; and in truth, however obvious its connection with damnation, it would not be easy to trace democracy among its penitential consequences. Any system of social speculation proceeding in principle upon such a conception of the past or the future of mankind, can evidently have no pretensions to philosophy or science. Any which should offer, on the contrary, a complete harmony with both, whether viewed in the order of natural religion or of natural reason, would present the most conclusive proof of its scientific genuineness.

Here is then a grand negative indication, as well as test, to the inquiry. There is also a positive one equally fundamental. Society, an aggregate of certain relations among organized beings, must itself be, *à fortiori*, a system, an organism—its parts therefore all concordant, and its movements concurrent, and any apparent conflict between them but the mode of operating the machine. For such is the mechanical principle of all animal action or locomotion, the same, no doubt, in the body social as the body physical. Might not this be but the regular function of the two parties we have been characterizing; and whose contention should thus turn out to have been analogous exactly (to borrow Hudibras's happy simile\*) to the legs in locomotion, similar in utility of result, though equally unconscious of the destination

\* For as, in running, every pace  
Is but between two legs a race,  
In which both do their uttermost

Precisely such will be the happy termination of the social antagonism too, if there be faith in science.

To get before and win the post;  
Yet when they're at their race's ends,  
They're still as kind and constant friends.



of the traveler? They would thus be necessary instruments, not, as they are ordinarily reputed, necessary evils: an explanation admirably within the requisites of the philosophical condition just stated. The evil would in this view have always proceeded from mistaking them for the *head*, whose authority they naturally usurp alternately.

Now this simple and quaint illustration seems to suggest the true solution of what is termed, in the magniloquent language of your reformers, the great problem of the age, but which is in truth the problem of all ages—a solution satisfactorily accounting for the social fermentation and general anarchy of opinion peculiar to our day—supplying a gauge whereby directly to disarm the theoretical vagaries proposed to rescue us from this chaos, but which can only serve to perpetuate and to propagate the mischief—designating the organical destination of society, pointing out the true mode of extricating it from the present disorder, and reconciling the history of its errors and sufferings with the established principles of truth and justice—a solution in fine which serves to vindicate, not only the ways of God to man, a task already performed by philosopher as by poet; but, what is much more needed and new, because hitherto more difficult, the ways of man to man, of sect to sect, of nation to nation, and above all, of age to age. If our conception of the social system be correct, one or two principles would suffice to work the magic of all this explication. To develop these principles, to state the social problem, with (if space permit) the method appropriate to its practical solution, is the immediate purpose of the remaining pages.

There are, as intimated precedently, two general heads of inquiry, to one or other of which every question respecting the social system is ultimately resolvable. What are the conditions, the normal mode of its existence? What is the end or the leading tendency of its action or operation?—these are always, under whatever variety of form or of fraction, effectually the objects of all speculative politics and of all popular agitation. And they exhaust, it may be remarked, the subjects of debate; omitting but the question of existence, which in this case can never, it is obvious, arise, and, at all events, would be a matter for evidence, not for analysis.

The scientific reality of this division of the subject may be demonstrated by general reasoning. And this, besides preparing at once a basis and a test of the subsequent historical evidence, offers the advantage of aiding the reader's adequate conception of a matter in its nature the most complex, and the most confused perhaps in its actual condition, that can task the grasp of the human mind. We will be therefore pardoned being indispensably abstract, or what would be termed transcendental; though it will not, we trust, be exactly after the manner of the Transcendentalists. It is an axiom of that inductive philosophy which is the boast of modern times and the scientific hope of the future, that every subject of speculation may be considered in either of two aspects: first, as it is in itself or in respect to the relations between the constituent parts or elements; secondly, with reference to its relations towards other objects, or towards itself at other times and in different circumstances. In less explicit but more familiar phrase, the one relates to the laws of co-existence, of harmony; the other to the laws of successive existence, of sequential modification. The one asks, what *is* it? the other, what *does* it? We have said that this is applicable to any subject, the unorganized as well as organic. Objection may, however, be made as to the former: we know but little, it may be said, of the relations between the parts of inert matter. It were sufficient perhaps to reply that this division, now old, and essentially empirical, has long been shifting its demarcation with the advancement of science and the improvement of methods. For example, the inorganic side at first comprised chemistry and mineralogy—both which would in great part now belong to the organic order. This tendency then would perhaps be philosophical warrant enough for the complete extension of the axiom. But we have proof of fact, and founded upon the absolutely universal relation of gravity, in Dalton's celebrated Law of Definite Proportions.

But however it be with the inorganical, so called, this great duality of view has never been questioned in respect to organized existences, at the head of which stands our subject in the characteristic complexity of the class. We might then have dispensed with noticing this distinction at all. But it involves a question of theoretical logic, fundamental in its bearing on the sciences

generally, and especially the social, and to which we attribute the puerile confusion that still continues to disgrace the writings of British philosophers on these subjects. For this reason it was well to signalize it at its source, with the design, if possible, of saying a word of it when we should come to sketch the method of our social problem. Let us now see how the axiom in this, its full generality, is borne out by the history and language of the corresponding sciences.

Throughout the entire encyclopedic series then, this duplicity of aspect is recognized spontaneously, is distinctly denominated, even constitutes independent sciences in the more concrete or complex subjects. And not only so in the fundamental sections, but even down almost to the minutest of our two minute subdivisions—so indefeasible is the principle! For instance, mathematics generally, conversant about the simplest of all phenomena, divides itself into relations of number and relations of quantity; so these again, the former into arithmetic and algebra, the other into geometry and mechanics—which are each subdivided further into descriptive and analytic, &c. Here, it is to be remarked, the departments are no longer independent; and even the separation is disappearing, save in name, with the progress of theory; an infallible assurance of the like amicable issue to their conflict in the social system too, under the same conditions of scientific maturity. As might be expected, the sciences called “physical” present the phenomenon still more palpably, as in chemistry—descriptive and analytic; in botany, zoology, &c.—classification and natural history, and more specifically anatomy and physiology, running down through the several subordinate divisions. Even in the subjects of mind or metaphysics—though scarce advanced as yet sufficiently for even the primary correlation to be generally recognized—yet the partition exists in effect and full form. Thus language, or the general subject of signs, presents this double department in grammar and logic. In jurisprudence likewise, the *political* is divided into the provinces of constitution and of legislation; the *civil* into codification and interpretation in a larger sense of the term. In short, we find the subject of Faith itself set distinctively above if not against

all human science and reason, yet bow all unconsciously to the universal condition of mental conception; for such is the nature of the well-known distinction of theology, into moral and dogmatic. Literature, in fine, reflects it in its two great forms of descriptive and dramatic; the relative predominance of which it is that constitutes the various species of composition.\*

This grand binary law then is universal absolutely thus far. It pervades, we see, the whole group of the “physical” systems, and even those termed the mental and moral, as far at least as they have assumed any consistency of shape. Why not be equally applicable to the social phenomena, with only a like reservation of development? Nay, why not *à fortiori* to this system, which is a complication, or species of congeries, of all the others? This, indeed, is a simple deduction from a truth now become popularly trite in principle—the strict universality of the laws of nature. But the inference would be directly realized by the positive criterion we have applied to the other subjects, the spontaneous and decisive attestation of language. It is to be remarked that to all, the terms *organization* and *function* respectively are applicable in the scientific sense, as well as to biology; to which it remains technically appropriate only because the subjects of animal life are those in which the dualism in question exhibits itself the most characteristically, and therefore was earliest established philosophically: whence, by a law of logic, and which is instinctively followed by language, the division, and after it, the denomination, have been reflected back upon the anterior sciences, where the partition already existed, though in the concrete condition, with its specific diversity of crude forms and accidental designations. In the same way, these general terms might no doubt be extended forward to the social science, composing the subsequent sections of the scale. But are there any already in the special vocabulary of this subject, bearing analogy to the compound and correlative notion of state and change, structure and property, organ and function? Have we not their equivalents, exact and expressive—though still in a degree of imprecision corresponding to the infancy of the science—in the

\* It is a curious confirmation of the text, that the two earliest poets on record furnish a most characteristic type—Homer, in the Iliad especially, of the dramatic, and Hesiod, of the other, in the “Days and Works.”

terms become of late the respective rallying cries of the combatants above described—we mean, of course, ORDER and PROGRESS?

Here then we have a fundamental bipartition of all the theories past, present and even possible, of society, as indeed of all subjects whatever; established upon the facts, and certified by the phraseology of each, the social in fine, inclusive. We might accumulate the proof by a demonstration from the still more elementary source of the mind itself; of which the necessary and sole procedure is correspondently twofold—by *composition* and *decomposition* alternately.

This would alone be sufficient to persons duly prepared and constituted to receive conviction from abstract reasoning. But the historical induction will not be found, we fear, too explicit for the general reader, and perhaps the state of the subject. It may, moreover, serve collaterally to shed along the chaos of Encyclopedias, Atlases, Porphyrian trees, &c. &c., which infests our age of *scientific* quackery, a line of simple, comprehensive, and perhaps new light, into the true philosophy and the philosophic co-ordination of the aggregate system of human knowledge. However, it seems now clear that our theories respecting society, partial as well as total, *must* all relate to one or the other of these correlative aspects of the subject. Whence then arises their immemorial strife and antagonism; since of any object the whole of the phenomena, the aggregate of its laws, that is to say, its *science*, must not be merely self-consistent, but intimately correlative? Apparently, because our socialist theories, and the political systems they would supplant, have been, neither of them, political or social science. Nor is it possible that they should ever become so, both, until their rivalry ceases, and they be merged in the *scientific* sage, (perhaps the future senator of society;) even as their lineal predecessors, the mountebank and the alchemist, have both disappeared into the modern chemist.

For the same reason the degree of vehemence of the conflict should measure their natural divergence, and might thus lead to the conclusion that they are now farther wrong than ever. But this would be directly contrary to the main principle of our problem, which we are now prepared to develop, and upon which we have engaged to construct a universal scale for the specific estimation,

both absolute and comparative, of the whole historical succession of these systems, not only as to their scientific perfection, but also their practical value.

For these are things widely and importantly different. The one is relative to a particular situation; the other, independent of all. The one consists in the harmony of the percipient mind, with the aggregate of the facts conceived, however partial; the other, in the most comprehensive view of the whole. Thus we see, a system founded upon the former may be perfect in point of utility, though utterly without science. For the same reason may it not be *true* also? The denial of this involves the monstrous presumption above noted, of condemning the past of mankind as but a succession of degrading errors and oppressive cruelties. This nonsense, which however is the common sentiment on the subject, even among those who have too much good sense to avow it, is avoided by explaining that *truth* is *not science*—though science must be true—but simply the general *opinion*; as is accordingly well indicated in its old Saxon etymology. It is this puerile habit of making the present the criterion in our judgments respecting the past, which is the “error” indeed. It is also sometimes the occasion of real “cruelty.” For example, we ourselves employ it to justify slavery, on the plea that the victims must be “better off” in a civilized community than in the wilds of Africa; also to palliate the massacre, and probably the plunder, of the Mexicans, on the ground that they must be utterly miserable without the “blessings” of our exemplary religious and social institutions! In fine, to borrow a mathematical illustration, truth is an equation with a double variable. The terms, or functions, both change, but in such an order as to leave the relation, in general, the same. In this relation consists the real “eternity” of truth, so much and ignorantly chanted, as also the quality of political or social utility, and the condition of human happiness. If we suppose the terms too, by this joint operation of their laws, to pass finally to the same side, the equation is solved, and takes the stability which characterizes the *sort* of truth we call science. Now, these terms are the Human mind and the External world. The variation takes place in each by a single and peculiar law, at first opposite, convergent progressively, coincident ultimately; the one a law of

progress, the other of order—thus spontaneously furnishing a last confirmation of the universality of our scientific dualism. To constitute these two fundamental laws, and determine their relative operation, so as to explain the present condition and the past career, intellectual and social, of mankind, is what we mean by the *Inductive Theory of Civilization*.

In a passage pregnant of meditation upon the force and the feebleness of the human intellect, Lord Bacon, in one of his sublime aphorisms, observes: *Omnes perceptiones, tam sensus, quam mentis, sunt ex analogia hominis, non ex analogia universi, &c.* That this propensity of man to conceive all things in analogy to himself, has been (as Bacon goes on to specify) a principal cause of his speculative errors, was, perhaps, the grandest generalization of that day. But that such was not the normal or final state of things, it was not given to the age, or even the intellect, of Bacon to comprehend; and this, although, led by his philosophic instinct, he was at the moment systematizing the basis of the opposite point of view, the mundane type of conception. He did not see that both were equally natural to different epochs, alike necessary provisionally. Still less could he have perceived that without due regard to this element of time—termed however by himself so profoundly the “greatest of innovators”—the latter of the types is not less illusory than the personal. And to this double unconsciousness might be traced, we think, directly, the necessary imperfection of Bacon’s logical system, and the less excusable errors both of method and doctrine—the empiricism and materialism—which continue to infect his followers, especially British, to this day. In this great benefactor of mankind, himself, the oversight was, we repeat, psychologically unavoidable. Time had not yet innovated enough to reveal the observation. Short as it is ago, the main motion of humanity was not sufficiently considerable to show that it was a planet and not a fixed star. Hitherto philosophers had occupied themselves with taking its parallax. Not dreaming the existence of an orbit, they could not have explored its laws.

This was reserved for a philosopher of our own day; the full equal perhaps of Bacon, even with all allowance for the immense advantage of the interval of time: we scarcely need name *M. Auguste Comte*. Not, however, the discovery of a motion of progression, long before announced by the illustrious Vico, and which Comte has merely modified, from Vico’s notion of a circle, into a species of cycloid (as we conceive him)—that is, a combination, it is worth remarking, of the double motion—rotatory and revolutionary—which maintains the order of our world itself, and presumably of the universe. What we owe the French philosopher, is the laws by which the evolution takes place. According to this eminent thinker, then, man, impelled by necessity as by nature to *know*, begins with apprehending the phenomena around him after the type of his self-consciousness, whether of sensation or volition; which he, accordingly, transfers at first to the physical objects themselves thus literally animated, and, after, impersonates into certain presiding agents then supposed to produce the corresponding changes; and in all their diversity, by simply proportioning the *degree* of power to the magnitude of the effects. These imaginary beings would in this way become numerous\* ultimately, however limited the range of objects of principal interest, in that infantine state. But the phenomena proceeding, with experience and mental exercise, to disclose various traits of resemblance amongst them, a new divinity or fetch was necessarily superadded to take charge of the class or group; the natural effect of which was to supplant the inferior agents and diminish the actual number successively until it should terminate, for example, in a dozen of *dii majores*, secondary themselves to Jove. For along with this spontaneous generalization of *objects* by uniformities of *Resemblance*, proceeded a correlative generalization of *effects* by uniformities of *Recurrence*; and as the former diminished the *number* of divinities, so the effect of the latter was to discredit their *power*. Both the tendencies, however, would manifestly be dissembled until the progression came to unity. But when the supreme of these powers

\* As late as Varro, the Roman alone could be recollected to the number of thirty thousand. The Greek quota was about the same, according to Hesiod, (Theog. ;) whom Varro probably in part follows. A number exceeding the entire vocabulary of our English idiom—thus leading one to think seriously on the idea of Vico: That the appellations of these popular gods were the origin of the vocabularies of all languages.



was observed to be disregarded by the uniformities alluded to—which are no other than the laws of nature—this primitive resource of man for her interpretation (as Bacon would say) was evidently exhausted. Finding no analogy to it in himself, he can only conceive the resistance negatively, and under the character of *inflexibility*. Yet the very negation his concrete imagination is under the necessity of immediately personifying, and so makes it a sort of ambiguous existence, half person, half power. This is the idea and the origin of Fate—to which old Homer, so characteristically, subordinates the gods as well as men.\*

Now this idea of inflexibility, which it was important to specify the generation of, is the germ of a new order of conception. It gives man a principle of explication out of himself; a point of reference fixed in the reality of external things. It supplies the *πῶς ἔγωγε* which Archimides sighed for; not however, like him, to move the physical world mechanically, but from which to effect, and upon which to reconstruct, an *intellectual* transformation of it, according to the model no longer of his little fragmental self, but upon the broad basis of that universe of which he is but an important atom. Such is, philosophically, the point of view of Science, as the former was of Faith—respectively the *analogia Hominis* and *analogia Universi* of Bacon.

But between these extremes, or rather coincident with, as correlative to, the gradual decline of the one and the progression of the other, there is a third system of conception or causation, which our author distinguishes as an aspect of the evolution, and denominates the *metaphysical*. This is, however, no principle. Its idea is negative, like the destiny whence it took rise. Phenomena seen to contravene the will of the gods came to be attributed to *something* in the objects—a nature, an essence, a cause. This expedient ran a round of generalization, necessarily analogous to the preceding, through species, genera, "universals," &c., determining in the collective cause or essence termed "Nature." This is simply to modify (as our author expresses it) the "Divinities" of the former period in to "Entities" equally chimerical, but calculated, from their character, still more indefinite and vague, to pass around

the mind, as upon a succession of pulleys, to the final conception of Scientific Laws.

Such is the great principle of the intellectual development of mankind, in its threefold aspect. Some of our readers will find it difficult to credit it, from this necessarily slight indication, and because really difficult of conception, from our present point of view—especially the first period. Even of this, however, there are surviving examples in abundance, to mention here but the mythologies and languages of all the countries and savage tribes of the globe. Indeed, to any one capable of reflection, the thing must appear absolutely necessary, in the natural order of the law of which alone we speak: for where was there another possible principle of explication? The whole law is already received unanimously by the leading minds of Europe, and is daily applied with admirable effect to the exploration of antiquity and the reformation of history. Even in England—concrete England, still lingering by half its intellect, in the penumbra of this primitive period—the theory has been lately employed, and with eminent success, by Grote, in his excellent *History of Greece*. In fine, the evolution may be observed in the individual, as well as the species, and upon the same principle; the difference being, that in the one it is extended through centuries, as in the other through only months or days. Each may remark or remember it in himself, who has really undergone it, that is, to any considerable degree; especially if he be of those who are deemed to be self-educated.

The period of "Entities" is much more familiar to us, as it is also more important to the purpose of this exposition. It is for the most part the present position of the most enlightened part of the human race; the immense majority of which still wallows in the superstitions of the preceding section. Accordingly, though our philosophers cannot now see an enraged hamadryad in the tossing arms of an oak, yet nothing seems more easy to them than to see what is called *cause*—a thing, in reality, not a whit more visible, or rational, while much less intelligible, than the dryad! This notion of cause or entity is in fact the staple of our actual philosophy; especially in the mental and political depart-

\* It is affirmed much later, in the celebrated reply of the Delphic oracle to the reproach of Cræsus, the Lydian king.

ments, where, in consequence of their superior complexity, the conception of a general law has not yet obtained a footing, except in borrowed name. The advantage of this third and final form of conception, and the assurance of its finality, consist in a certain point of view wherein man is objectivized, so to say, to himself, and enabled to submit the logical laws of the intellect itself to the universal criterion of evidence. In this way are suppressed forever those providential, but now obsolete, expedients for its spiritual development—both the infantine vagaries of imagination and his riper illusions of metaphysical self-inspection. But the mention of superior complexity reminds us to pass hastily from this great law of the Mind, which is the progressive principle of Civilization, to the consideration of its complementary element, the law of Order in the constitution of the External world.

The relative complexity of a phenomenon or subject, may be simply shown by a familiar example. A stone has gravity, with the other properties called primary. A piece of spar has, in addition, a degree of organization. To both these attributes, a plant adds vascularity, &c. To all these are superadded, in the animal, sensation, locomotion. In man, in fine, the aggregate whole is farther complicated by the moral, and still farther by the intellectual faculties. Hence man is said to be the most complex subject of this series. He contains the distinctive qualities of all the others—weight, organization, irritability, &c. He is, therefore, subject to the compound effects of their several laws; which must, of course, all be considered and computed in the appreciation (strictly speaking) of the least phenomenon of the individual series! But the social system is more complex still, incalculably; not only in virtue of the evident numerical multiplication, but principally because of the progressive tendency of the most abstract attributes of the individual—the intellectual—to predominate in the phenomena of society. Now, an effect or property is more or less complex or simple, according to the natural place of its subject in such a scale. The same consideration determines it to be more or less general or special; also, more or less abstract or concrete; for they are all strictly coincident in this sense. The latter pair, especially, is indeed employed differently in popular use,

and even in English books of philosophy, too generally popular in point of precision. But it is a vicious, however natural, application of the term "abstract," to designate, not the separation of the quality from its subject, so much as the effort of the mind in making it; thus leading to measure the abstractness of the conception by the energy of the intellect, instead of by the nature of the subject.

Now here arises, from this simple statement, the philosophic principle of encyclopedic classification. The striking test of its genuineness is, that it combines the double advantage of exhibiting at once the scale of *Knowledge* and the scale of *Power*; the order in which alone we can come to know the laws of nature, and in which alone we can turn them to our use. What we mean by the gradation of power will be clear by recurring to our example of gravitation; which, as it is the simplest, so is it the most fundamental law of physical nature. Now for this reason, it has a direct influence upon all other objects and effects, without their affecting it, in the least degree essentially. Thus it may effect even the destruction of organization, of life, and of course intellection, &c., along our scale. But these can, none of them, nor all together, suspend it for a moment. They can only modify it, and in successively diminishing degrees.

The reflecting reader will perceive at a glance the immense advantages of such a scale, (and which are so many evidences of its philosophical soundness) to the practical respect in question. In the examination of facts, not only natural but also judicial, it supplies a ready approximation, by at once eliminating all ascription to a more complex class of a phenomenon manifestly contravening a more simple. Thus, in the judicial application, had there been an inkling of science in the days of witchcraft (to take a plain example,) the subversion of the law of relative gravity could not have become a principle of evidence, a proof of innocence; nor hundreds of human beings have been tortured for irresistibly obeying it—'hanged,' as the philosophic wit expresses it, "for not being drowned." So, a glimmering of the inevitable subordination in the constitution of things must have prevented the disgraceful credit given in our own day, and country especially, even by dabblers in philosophy, to those mesmeric and other mounte-

banks, who still pretend to work miracles, not only in the as yet misty recesses of mind by what they term "moral suasion," but in annihilating the laws of matter itself and space by dint of a dark eye! Nothing, in fine, can be more characteristic of this mental confusion in the last degree, than the fact that, amongst us, whoever would be taken for philosophers are sure to own to you that, for their part, they are not prepared to think "anything impossible to modern science." Very assuredly, however, they are rather to be taken for blockheads.

The aspect of Knowledge is not less evident or instructive. From its nature, the mind, in its acquisitions, must always proceed from the more to the less simple, from unity to plurality, and whether the unit be really such, or only relatively to the percipient, be an element or a system. Such is the course we find it to have taken spontaneously in the species. The law of gravitation, first observed among the most fundamentally *controlling*, was also, and for the same reason, one of the earliest to be practically *known*: whence the shrewd remark of Adam Smith, (in instinctive anticipation of Comte's theory,) that men never bethought them of inventing a god to account for the fall of heavy bodies. So, with the priority of the mathematical sciences, because of this superior simplicity or generality. This admirable generality is the result of the coincidence which we contend for as the condition of all science, between man and the external world, in one and the same point of view. Men have never imagined the dignity of human nature compromised by recognizing their community with brute matter, in the laws of number, figure or motion. The same admitted throughout as in the constitution of the following scale, supplies that entire homogeneity, in default of which have necessarily failed the thousand classifications of this kind, Bacon's inclusive, with the later improvements of d'Alembert, Bentham and others. They either gave the tree two trunks, or made mind the sole one, thus setting the pyramid upon its apex. They built upon causes, "entities, &c." Whereas—by regarding but effects, facts, and conceiving each ascending accession of complexity, not as a new property, not as something *sui generis* stuck into the subject, but simply as a modification or result of the preceding laws,—we obtain a co-ordination of all phenomena, we erect a pyramid more

enduringly assuredly than that of Cheops, because founded upon the real laws of things, and good for what it explains, beyond the vicissitudes of time and theory.

And as this we have said was the order followed instinctively, or rather necessarily, by the march of science, so does the old partition of mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms offer a remarkable coincidence with the tri-section which may now be proposed, more authoritatively, of the field of knowledge, into Mathematics, Physics, and Sociology—as the science of Society is termed by Comte, of whom this is substantially the division. These departments—conversant respectively with the phenomena of motion and figure; of structure and change, whether transient or continued; and of mind, individual and social—are subdivided each into a fundamental pair of sciences, to which again all others whatever may be severally subordinated: the first into Astronomy and Geometry; the second, into Chemistry and Physiology; the third, into Mental Philosophy (as we vaguely term it) and Social Science. We should mention that Comte classes mental science as a branch of physiology. But, if only to spare the lingering prejudice against this speculative amalgamation, we should rather rank the phenomena of mind, as far as *distinctively mental*, with those of society; by which, in fact, they are always more or less influenced inevitably.

We have thus explained not only what is meant scientifically by complexity and simplicity in a subject, but also the law of order which reigns in this respect among all the subjects of the universe; after having previously sketched the law of evolution of the mind. The reader is then in possession (however imperfect necessarily) of both the factors which have produced every system of opinion and the whole series of operation, from the dawn of the intelligence up to the present not only, but on to the end of its career, in that mysterious perfection we are told it is destined to attain. The same means would of course explain them historically, even down to the minutest, could man but command the necessary documents now, or the inconceivable power of abstraction, to prosecute such an exploration beyond a few of the more fundamental or prominent of the manifestations. On the principal of those systems the student would do well

to make the trial,—bearing in mind the criteria of the two principles in the successive aspects: of the one, divinities, entities, laws; of the other, the relative complexity of the subject. The examples would be conveniently found in any of the histories of philosophy, German or French. Or, for the English reader, Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences* may serve: it is sufficiently intelligent statistically, we believe, though worthless or worse for any philosophical use.

For us, who have here to do but with the social systems, our remaining verifications will better view the conflicting elements in their characters, specifically social, of Order and Progress. And then, instead of Comte's, our characteristics would be: That the tendency of mankind is, with respect to order, in the first period, to *maintain* it; in the second, to *make* it; in the third, to *find* it: and with reference to progress, in the first, to *practice* it; in the second, to *preach* it; in the third, to *understand* and enjoy it. And to familiarize the thing farther, we may add, of this triple aspect of the species, that it exactly corresponds, in effect as in principle, with the successive predominancy in the individual, of the Appetites, the Affections and the Intellect.

Intelligently to trace this strife in the career of society, as well as to multiply the means of verification, the reader should here recall the division of it prepared at the outset, into Speculative and Practical. Though necessarily correspondent (as we intended) not only in object but means, yet the correspondence is variable, in point of time and proportion of intensity, so widely, that whereas at first it was the latter of these, popular *agitation*, that led the slow way to *controversy*, the case is come now, we see, to be already reversed. Without this precaution, our application might still perplex, though the principle of the variation has been indirectly indicated, viz., that reforms have moved upon the realities of the physical world; systems upon the idealities of the human mind. The one a point nearly fixed, the other revolving "at airy distance:" which accounts very obviously for the ultimate

transposition of the point of view. With this observation, essential to the due adjustment of their mutual bearings, we shall choose, our space being spent, the more short and solid traject; discussing the current of theory, with, however, a general indication of its historical correspondence to the threefold phase of the law of mental development.

The speculative faculty, it seems evident, would, during the first period, occupy itself with systems of Order alone—having no possible notion even of Progress. It would seek, not to explain, but to authorize whatever happened to exist. Such theories would be theologues. In fact, it would be impious, were it not impossible, to speculate not merely *against*, but even *aside* from the *will* of Apollo, Minerva,\* or Jove; to which all phenomena, the social especially, were then directly attributed, as they still were indirectly, in a more advanced but analogous system, to the *ministry* of the angel Gabriel or the *intercession* of the Virgin: an advance which exposed, we see, a *medius terminus*, the occasion, accordingly, of many a hard-fought field.† There could, in short, arise no dispute where each phenomenon had its causative divinity at hand, where every event was special providence, even the "fall of a sparrow."

Not that the spirit of Progress had not been awake and moving during those ages of slumbering infancy, which still roll on for seven-eighths of mankind. But it would long be latent, among the populace, slave and then serf, where its manifestations, under the name of turbulence, passion, sin, &c., would be regarded a pest, to be quelled by physical tyranny, after theology had failed. It would be but after tyranny had at length to yield, that the remonstrant tone of *theory* would be condescended to: for the spirit of domination—unlike the old man in Esop, who would bring the urchin from the apple tree—never tries the milder virtue of grass, until after words and stones have proved successively insufficient. Having at last obtained the ascendant, Progress would set itself, on the contrary, to demolish as indiscriminately; naturally, however erroneously, ascribing all

\* Apparently deemed no impiety in our day, in the sense at least of the Roman proverb—*invita Minerva*.

† Does the reader care to know (among other things) why the heathens were distracted with none of the theological controversy of the Christians, a contrast which Voltaire so ignorantly makes a reproach to the latter? Let him meditate the text. It will, perhaps, at the same time, suggest to him the reason why there is so much *political* wrangling under the constitutional monarchies of England and France, while there is so little under the Pachalic administration of Turkey and Algiers.



its suffering to the established state of things. To the divine authority alleged against it, under various modifications of disguise and delegation, it would come to oppose a something in the things themselves, a virtue by which that power might now be resisted in detail, as already in the gross, by reacting in its primary and pessimist character. As to the type of this something or *quiddity*, we have ventured to differ from the discoverer of the law; who (if we remember) is not quite explicit upon the origin of his Entities. We think it was supplied by the most energetic of the moral faculties now largely developed, the Will, and which man must have been led to transfer to the exterior world, precisely as he before did *life*, the corresponding principle in his earlier animal development. This is the fundamental reason of the analytic and finally anarchical character of this period. The will is essentially negative, dissentious. Content and credulity never will. This source of the reformatory spirit seems also best to show, both why it has commenced with the dawn of social suffering, and gone on irrepressibly with the progressive predominance of the moral over the material in man; until after dissolving the fabric of the previous civilization, it will as certainly expire itself amid the ruins it shall have made—of skepticism in the intellectual, and anarchy in the political order. It must die, not alone because it has nothing in it organizative—though pretending (as we have characterized it) to make an order of its own; but especially because it destroys the very foundations of the primitive system; secondly, because necessarily laid in nature. But whatever the source, such are the effects and character of the Progressive Spirit, which makes our second period. Its providential purpose is, to furnish the grand Analysis of the universe, as the former period did the Synthesis; both indispensable to introduce the third and final state, wherein “entities”—whether under the name of essences, causes, or *rights*—shall in their turn give way to laws: even as the type, itself proposed—so long in the enjoyment of what has been termed its “vagabond,” more decently its democratic, independence—is coming at last, we see, quite characteristically, to take the yoke of *motive*, and thus effectually to fall into the ranks of Universal causation.

Upon the social condition of the Inductive period we shall not dwell in advance,

though here perhaps prophesy were pardonable. The reader may infer it generally from the actual state of those simpler sciences, not long since as quack-ridden as the social is at present. We are no longer, for instance, under the necessity of supposing legions of angels to wheel the heavenly bodies around our globe, to give us light by day and entertainment by night, (pyrotechny not being then known.) No; nor even so much as the entity of the *vis viva*. Nor does any one now set up his “right of conscience” against the heliocentric theory, &c. What! (exclaims some sturdy republican,) would you insinuate that the “rights of man” and the “sovereignty of the people” shall pass away like the Onion-worship of ancient Egypt and the Innate ideas of Descartes? We have told you, sir, we do not pretend to prophesy. We rather invite you to examine whether you have not before you, in a page or two, a philosophical abstract of social man from the earliest record to the present hour. Keep well to our demarkations; and to enable you the better, we plant a few lights additional along the dreary way. Mark that the principle of government, the *sanction*, was, in the first of those periods, *Force*, (divine or human,) administered by the military and the priestly class; in the second, *Right*, (divine or human,) administered by the legislative and executive bodies of our actual systems; in the third period, *Duty*, (to laws merely natural,) administered or expounded, we do not choose to guess by whom: only it will evidently be neither by priests or politicians—unless they greatly change. Corresponding admirably, you see, with the successive predominance in the species as the individual, of Sensation, Volition, intelligence or Reason.

From this, the speculative basis of society, let us now glance rapidly over the Positive and real. This must have been either *man* or *matter*, or *both*. Might not these alternatives have been severally coincident with the preceding division? In fact, man, we have seen, began by systematizing the universe after his own image. How should he have done otherwise by the social system? So, when this plan was reversed, upon the analytic or metaphysical mode of conception, society should have rested upon the external world—upon *property*, strictly speaking, as formerly upon *person*, to speak our present language. We

have seen it equally necessary that from the conflict of the two principles, which have presented themselves throughout these pages under such a variety of aspects, society should finally settle down upon both person and property conjointly and correlatively. Should history be found to confirm these deductions too, never, we dare affirm, has philosophical theory been established by so copious and compact an accumulation of evidence. Let us look to history. That is, reader, look *you* to it! for (be it mentioned as some claim to needed indulgence) there is not a history, or anything so instructive, to his knowledge, within several miles of the writer.

We recollect, however, that it presents us society reposing during the primitive aspects, upon the *personal* basis of a military and a slave class; helots and heraclides or descendants of the gods; plebs and quirites or bearers of arms. So the world over, as well as Greece and Rome. War, in fact, offered the only object at once sufficiently simple and exciting to aggregate the nomad tribes of the early world into any general concert of action. The prisoners at first were either devoured or massacred. With the dawn of agriculture, however, it would be perceived that they might be disposed of more productively. Hence slavery, of which the origin we see was merciful, and itself, moreover, the cradle of industry. Nothing in fact, short of the alternative of death, (a motive often found insufficient,) could ever have reduced the roving savage to habits of steady toil. In like manner, subordination could be taught the conquerors only by the rigor of military discipline. Demonstrably then, as well as historically, the soldier and the slave are the founders of society, by their mutual action and reaction; the heroes subduing the surrounding savages to the wholesome yoke of obedience, the slaves subsisting the heroes in the exclusive pursuit of this "mission," while at the same time, and by the fact, training themselves and the gradual accessions to their class, in the arts of productive labor. Here is a combination bearing the stamp of providence and truth. Yet—by one of those illusions of chronological perspective (so to term it) which we have been exposing in every page of this article—both

the institutions are daily denounced to infamy, by persons of course as ignorant of their having once been a necessity and a blessing, as they are incapable, because of their ignorance, to show how they have come to be now a curse as well as a crime! However, so really was man the social basis, that as such he became property; and so effectually property, that he passed through its commercial conditions. Thus, among several other Romans, Crassus is known to have let his multitudes of slaves, educated of all trades and professions for the purpose, to hire, as he would, and did probably, his money. And, by a higher refinement, was it not Xenophon who proposed the establishment of a bank—yes, a *bank*, at Athens, of which the capital should be slaves?

As to Land, it would then be but an accessory, a tool, to the laborer. Nor could it possibly be conceived as *property* until long later than man and the other animals; probably because its utility was not directly or visibly the result of *force*, and that from its mass and immobility, the possession (control) of it would appear obscure and uncertain.\* This peculiarity of land, gives us the philosophic reason why territorial property during this period remained fundamentally common, that is, rested really, not as since fictitiously, in the state. Hence the spectacle of the entire population, under this phase of humanity, clinging to the soil for its sustenance, as to the dugs of a huge cow. A consequence of both is the universal distribution of the land, and the agrarian disturbances that forced and followed it; and which are supposed to have been peculiar to ancient Greece and Rome, only because we have few other recorded accounts of the corresponding stages of civilization. But the thing has been universal, because it is necessary. It should be found in Mexico and Peru,† for instance, before their conquest, where the corresponding institutions, military, religious and servile, were duly found established. It should not, of course, be found among our Northern Indians, who had not ripened as yet to either of these correlative classes, and were still deep in the social infancy of democratic government and devouring their prisoners. The final effect of this competition would be

\* Both Homer and Hesiod, speaking of the Greek laws of *succession* to property, make no mention of *Land*; which was still, and long after, held in common, and not considered as *property*.

† This conjecture is striking supported by Mr. Prescott's late History of Peru.—ED.

to enhance the consideration attached to land, which would thus become insensibly the principal basis of the social economy. The "eminent domain" would pass from the state into the hands of a despot who held by the grace of "God and his sword;" a title doubtless characteristic of his lineal predecessors, of the polytheistic regime. From this source the distribution would proceed anew, in the inverse order, by progressive subdivision. Land would here be the principal, because it was really a means of governing men through their *wants*, after they had outgrown a little their *weakness*, of mind and of body successively. Men would then be a mere appendage—*adstricti glebæ*. Here is the famous feudal system: and which is no more peculiar to modern Europe, we repeat, than old age or any of the other climacterics of humanity.

Now, it is evident from the foregoing statement, among a multitude of important consequences, that the earliest field upon which the Reform spirit embodied itself, must have been *agrarianism*. One would think it should be emancipation rather, especially, according to our conception, that man had been for a long time prior the principal article of property. But some twenty or thirty centuries of self-meditation were requisite still, we see, to reveal to him the precious abstraction of the "Rights of Man;" which, however, all unconscious, as the toad of its "jewel," he has been carrying about with him, it seems, all the while. The next subject of agitation appears, and ought, to have been *financial*. The usurers oppressed; as there was little or no currency, there being no commerce.\* And no commerce could arise as long as the *direct* produce of the earth would be found at all sufficient. We now think the idea of commerce a simple thing. But Adam Smith was too profound to find it so, when he defined man, an animal that makes exchanges. And who, therefore, could have made no exchanges until much beyond the mere animal. From the concrete to the abstract is, in fact, his uniform course in the *practical* order, though exactly the reverse, we have seen, in the *theo-*

*retical*—a most important observation, which we had expected to develop in the sequel, but must now adjourn. The primary materials being thus prepared, the human mind would now be susceptible of proceeding to the productive *modifications* of them. These were only of two kinds—by change of *place*, and change of *form*, or Commerce and Manufacture. It is needless to urge that these were, successively, the ensuing theatres of "Reform," in its numberless encounters with capital, monopoly, and machinery. Some of the latest of its feats are still before us, in the triumph of free-trade, and the abolishment of the New York bar!

It is to be remarked that throughout this long series the *present* grievance was always deemed the sole cause of human misery. After man with his economic conditions, and matter with its modifications, had thus been tried, and suffering still returned, like the rock of Sisyphus, it then remained to ascribe it to the form itself of the government. Hence the Constitutional revolutions of the last and present century; for any ancient agitations, of a character really organical, were aristocratic. But we speak of the people, the *practical* reformers, and the real anarchists of all times. Certain countries† having tried this too, having unmade and remade constitutions, and finding the *amari aliquid* of humanity still arise, the progressive spirit betakes it to assail the very elements of all society. Here it becomes *retrogressive*. Hitherto it was useful in eliminating piece-meal both the material basis, animate and inanimate, upon which society had been unavoidably laid, and then the political system, which shared, of course, correspondently, the erroneousness of the foundation. But the spiritual and rectified residue it was utterly unfit to manage; we mean *Intellect* and *Labor*, the twin-hope of social reorganization: intellect to *order*, to direct; labor to *progress*, to execute.

This has been felt instinctively in respect to labor, of whose "organization" so much is chattered, without a notion of

\* This was the main grievance from which Solon came to rescue his countrymen. At that time, in the words of one of the most enlightened as well as elegant of British Historians, "The rich tyrannized over the poor. The rapacity of the creditors knew no bounds. They compelled the insolvent debtors to cultivate their lands like cattle; to perform the service of beasts of burthen, and to transfer to them their sons and daughters, which they exported as slaves to foreign countries."—*Gillie's Hist. Greece*, ch. xiii.

† France and the United States; where Socialism, we see, has arisen and is agitated chiefly.

the organizing correlative. The attempt seems abandoned by political economy. It were instructive, had we space, to note the characteristic fidelity with which this science (so called) has blundered through the principal phases of social illusion. Springing amid the feudal system, it could not well go farther back than the land-basis of society. We accordingly find its founders, (the sect known as the French Economists,) place the source of wealth in land, of which they formed a sort of mystical or fetiche conception. After, came Adam Smith, who, after admirably demolishing them, placed it in land, capital, and labor. Later and still better came Say, who insisted upon labor alone; the others being at least but accessories. Finally, De Stutt de Tracy carried the doctrine to the last term of absoluteness, regarding land as but an implement or machine of manufacture. But in this metaphysical absoluteness we recognize the often admirable chief of the "*Idealogues*." In truth, labor, in this fragmental sense, (that is, muscular action,) is as utterly valueless of itself, as land of itself. The error, up to this hour, lies in not perceiving that it is neither a *property* nor entity of man or of matter; but a correlation of energy (so to say) between them both.

Succeeding the political economists, (by the *nexus* of Sismondi, perhaps,) we have now a sect of hard-featured semi-mystics, with quite as little science and infinitely less sense than the economists, busy as bees at the organization of labor. They begin the round of error not so low as the economists, having no similar check; they mount to the main basis of Man, the only difference being the characteristic advance from his muscular to the moral or "pas-

sional" system. These philosophers propose to organize society by effectually disorganizing its two essential nuclei, the matrimonial union and the family discipline. They propose to organize labor upon the principle of making it "attractive," instead of productive, and which contravenes, in fact, directly the great law of Division, to which labor owes its perfectibility, and society its progress!

Reader, have we kept word with you—all pretentious as it might have seemed? At all events, we are truly tired of huddling you truths and views by the handful; most of them, we believe, were new to you, (our philosophers of course do not read the Magazines,) and upon each of which it would cost us, we assure you, less mental toil to write an article, nay, a volume, separately, than to condense and generalize the whole, with systematic explicitness, in these few pages. Many things, however, have been left untouched. We spoke of discussing the proper *method* of political science. It might also have been desired that our principles were applied with more detail to the principal aspects and institutions political, social, and even æsthetical, under which we actually live; of which they have appeared, we trust, evidently and alluringly susceptible. For instance, the position and the prospects in the career of civilization, of our Constitutional governments, the Representative system, the Liberty of the press, the general doctrine of Rights, the character and duty of our two political Parties, &c. Whether we may not resume these subjects severally (the logical problem of sociologic Method inclusive) in this, or some other shape, it is, we suppose, a matter of no great concern for the present to determine.

O.



## MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS.\*

It is a pleasant circumstance that we have so great a variety of books. For the same kind of reading not only does not suit all readers, but affects the same individual variously at different times, and in diverse places. Our stomachs, like Stephano's, in a slightly altered sense, are "not constant," and hence we are pleased to be "turned about," and to pass from volume to volume, sipping the pure honey of poetry from some, or laboriously lading ourselves with learned wax from others. We can all sympathize with the saying of the great writer of convenient quotations:

"As drives the storm, at any door I knock,  
And house with Montaigne now, or now  
with Locke."

In this couplet the figure was probably suggested by unconscious association of image with the names mentioned; the idea of Montaigne and Locke must have naturally suggested to Pope, as they do to us, an abstract impression of stormy evenings and solid in-door comfort. This may be an accidental fancy on our part, resulting from the circumstances under which we ourselves happened to enjoy those writers; the poet may have only intended a forcible simile. But we cannot allow ourselves to think of poring over the suggestive pages of the glorious old essayist who made the world his father confessor, and has been absolved and received the indulgence of immortality therefor, in pleasant weather, or when the summer is yet smiling around us. No: shut the door; stir the fire; let us have our own old chamber, our gown, chair, desk—the same that for so many years have been companions of our evenings; let the east wind drive a cold rain pattering against the window; let no immediate heavy care or passion weigh upon us; then, if it be a venerable yellow-leaved edition, we can enjoy "old Montaigne," or relish the simply-dressed logic of Locke, (though we prefer Berkeley,) far into the night.

These are good, cheerful, meditative books, that do not take hold of the mind with a strong grasp, yet are not to be taken up or put down at a moment; they are healthy vigorous reading; hence they

are suited to those times when the mind is free and does not need soothing opiates or exhilarating draughts. But when the resolution faints, when we are weary of the world and would gladly be out of it, when we are disappointed in hope or affection, or poverty stares us in the face, (we should beg the reader's pardon for supposing him ever to have been in such unpleasant circumstances,) then we require stronger food. The plain common sense of Locke will not hold us; if we read philosophy, we must embark with our load of woes on no shallow stream; the swelling current of Coleridge, with its eddies and its mystic and sometimes unfathomable depth, will alone sustain us. Instead of placid essays, we must have the fire and strength of the poets; nothing else will lift the burden of personal sorrow, and leave the soul free to recreate itself in other channels of thought than those hated ones which would absorb it. A well-written novel may do this, but it must be also well begun, or we shall throw it away before we get into the story; and after all, there is no story so exciting and refreshing to the jaded spirits as the godlike power of poetry. How ever new and ever attractive are our Shakspeare and Milton! In the saddest moments of life—and most persons in this world experience many such—we have found nothing so reviving as one of those divine plays. The stories of them are always interesting, though the scenery never changes, and as we read, the same landscapes and groups are before us that were fixed in the mind's eye in boyhood; though the words are so familiar that we read ever anticipatively, still there is nothing that will so cheat and disarm the vexations that assail us as the passing through one of those phases of high being. They affect us like pieces of music, great symphonies or choruses, that one may know by heart, and yet that take him out of himself, and "dissolve him into ecstasies" at the hearing.

But there have been times with every one when he often could not bear the contact of these master spirits, when it seemed a task to take them up. Indeed, we think it one of the most striking

\* MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS: A Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs from his uncollected Prose Writings. By LEIGH HUNT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

proofs of the excellence of Shakspeare, that his deep pathos becomes more and more intelligible as we advance in life and experience its usual calamities. In youth it is the wit and the sweet melody of the verse; but a few years pass by, and we find our eyes moistening over passages that did not use to move us. Nay, although in general we have outgrown the taste for the lighter sort of reading, so far as seldom to take up any of the numerous "brilliant publications" of the day for a premeditated *perfection*, (of course it is part of a reviewer's profession to be always running through a vast quantity of them at odd moments,) still, there are times and seasons when a lively essay or a neatly-told tale we feel would suit the appetite of the moment better than anything else. We can still dip into our Tattler, still cull choice morsels from the letters of the Citizen of the World. Boswell lies within convenient reach, and a few pages before sleeping will frequently drive out unquiet thoughts. In short, except in the way of novels, we have no reason yet to complain of a dyspeptic stomach. We can still devour books in season and out of season.

Here, for example, is this new selection from Hunt's delightful essays, which we have been able to discuss with pleasure, without the zest of congruity or accordance with the place or our own feelings, in all the heat and din of the city, and distracted by many anxieties. This does not go against our theory of the appropriateness of certain books to certain conditions internal and external, for we all know that we can, by the force of the will, bring ourselves to be independent of everything: we hope, for our own part, we should have fortitude enough, were it tried, to read a few lines from one or two old favorites, even though we were certain that the next morning we must, like Master Barnardine, "rise and be hanged." If, however, we could have had our way in the present instance, this book of essays and sketches is just one which we should have liked to put into our carpet-bag, when we started on that brief journey to the country which we had serious hopes of being able to make about the first of September. Not for its landscape painting, for there is very little in it. (We have, by the way, a theory also respecting reading of ideal country scenes amidst actual ones: in such circumstances Nature should be left to herself; we could never read Thomson under an apple-tree.)

But we would take it with us for its adaptedness to the temper, and degree, and kind of thinking we should like to attain to in a visit to the country in summer.

Or, if it please the reader better, (to show exactly under what circumstances this book would be most peculiarly appropriate,) and if his imagination admits the possibility of the supposition, let him fancy himself married—newly married—to the most charming, lively young lady he can think of; let him suppose themselves (himself and his wife) living in a beautiful cottage on Staten Island, or anywhere he pleases, near the city, with friends about them; a fixed income, payable in dividends of the bank of New York; a horse, if he wants one—we grant him everything, in short, necessary to make him comfortable and put him in good humor with himself and the universe—then let him some sunshiny morning, after breakfast, when he has nothing else in the blessed world to do, desire to amuse his wife, this said charming, lively young lady, with reading;—*here is the very book he ought to have*. And should there be any of our readers thus pleasantly circumstanced, or even many degrees less happily, they will, if they try it, be obliged to us for the suggestion. It would appear that some of the essays in the collection were written when the author was situated very much as we have recommended the reader to be:—

"There is a flock of pigeons in the neighborhood where we are writing, whom we might suppose to be enjoying a sort of heaven on earth. The place is fit to be their paradise. There is plenty of food for them, the dove-cots are excellent, the scene full of vines in summer-time, and of olives all the year round. It happens, in short, to be the very spot where Boccaccio is said to have laid the scene of his Decameron. He lived there himself. Fiesole is on the height; the Valley of Ladies in the hollow; the brooks are all poetical and celebrated. As we behold this flock of doves careering about the hamlet, and whitening in and out of the green trees, we cannot help fancying that they are the souls of the gentle company in the Decameron, come to enjoy in peace their old neighborhood. We think, as we look at them, that they are now as free from intrusion and scandal as they are innocent; and that no falcon will touch them, for the sake of the story they told of him."

A note informs us that the place here described was the village of Maiano, near Florence. How many of the essays were

written there we are not told; they are all in admirable keeping with such scenery. But before presuming to offer a brief general estimate of their character, let us dip into them and extract here and there a paragraph; not choice ones, for in such a variety comparison is impossible, but just enough to remind the reader, who may not have refreshed his memory by these volumes, of the familiar Huntian flavor. The first essay is entitled "Fiction and Matter of Fact." Two sentences will show the author's view:—

"Mechanical knowledge is a great and glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry,—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold."

Alas! it needs all the lively fancy of such men as Hunt, and a more mighty strength than theirs, to keep men from becoming the slaves of their own engines. But it seems to be designed by the providence of Heaven, that for every Watt there shall come a Burns, and that the honest heart and the love of beauty shall ever manifest itself under every variety of pressure, and so man's nature remain ever the same through all his inventions.

This delightfully simple, yet acute and suggestive essay, seems now almost too plain and obvious; fitted rather to direct and improve the taste of young readers than for the matured and cultivated. But we must consider the range and activity of thought and the peculiar level of the style; so near to conversation, so inimitably artistic, so irregular, wayward, capricious, contemplated minutely, yet so true to itself and so full of character in the whole—a kind of Dutch landscape, where one sees so much to enjoy in the details that he almost, but never quite, overlooks the general effect. Besides, the plain truths in essays like this were more novel when they were written than now, and they are such as can never be attractively presented too often. Such as the following characteristic testimony, for instance, it always affords one pleasure to read:—

"There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations. To be sensible of the truth

of only one of these, is to know truth but by halves. Milton said, that he "dared be known to think Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." \* \* \* But it is not necessary to be great, in order to possess a reasonable variety of perception. That nobody may despair of being able to indulge the two passions together, I can answer for them by my own experience. I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's Essays to that of the Arabian Nights, and vice versa; and I think, the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow." The roads are found to approach nearer, in proportion as we advance upon either; and they both terminate in the same prospect."

And he adds, in the note referred to by the asterisk:—

"It has done so. This Essay was written in the year 1824; and within the last few years I have had the pleasure of reading (besides poets) three different histories of Philosophy, histories of Rome and England, some of the philosophy of Hume himself, much of Abraham Tucker's, all the novels of Fielding and Smollett, (including *Gil Blas*,) Mr. Lane's *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, a heap of English Memoirs, and the whole of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe."

We have not the means of knowing the poet's age precisely; a portrait at the beginning of the book represents him as he was at thirty-six, a period which he says "corresponds with the greater part of the volume;" if he was thirty-six in 1824, he must now be verging upon three-score; but his having written an "Ode for the Spring of 1814," makes it probable that he is older. The evidence of so long a life is certainly of some value. But Hunt is an enthusiast in reading, and will probably continue as omnivorous as ever, should he live to be *Methuselah secundus*. His love of books is so genuine it is catching, and hence the tendency of his essays is to kindle a taste in others for the elegancies and refinements of literature. How pleasant it is, for example, to hear him describing what he entitles "A Novel Party," i. e. one made up of the characters of English fiction. It is but fooling to be sure, but then "the fool has an excellent breast," and it is evident has moved in good society. He knows all our old acquaintances, and it does one good even to hear their names, in these degenerate days:—

"But I anticipate the order of the arrivals. The Primroses were followed by

Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Miss Western, and my Lady Bellaston. Then came Miss Monimia, (I forget her name,) who married out of the old Manor House; then Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, (I believe I should rather say Bramble,) with old Matthew himself, and Mrs. Lismahago; and then a whole world of Aunt Selbys, and Grandmamma Selbys, and Miss Howes, and Mr. Harlowes, though I observed neither Clarissa nor Lovelace. I made some inquiries about them afterwards, which the reader shall hear.

"Enter Mr. John Bunclie, escorting five ladies, whom he had been taking to an evening lecture. Tom Gollogher was behind them, very merry.

"Then came my Lord and Lady Orville, (Evelina,) Mr. and Mrs. Delville, (Cecilia,) Camilla, (I forget her surname,) with a large party of Maudleberts, Clarendels, Arlberys, Orkbornes, Marglands, and Dubsters, not omitting the eternal Mrs. Mitten. Mrs. Booby and husband came last, accompanied by my Lady Booby, Mr. Joseph Andrews and bride, and the Rev. Mr. Adams, for whom Mrs. B. made a sort of apology, by informing us that there was no necessity to make any—Mr. Adams being an honor to the cloth. Fanny seated herself by Sophia Western (that was) with whom I found she was intimate; and a lovelier pair of blooming, unaffected creatures, whose good-nature stood them instead of wit, I never beheld. But I must discuss the beauties of the ladies by-and-by."

We have only room for a few sentences, but the reader will guess from these what a delightful sketch it is. Surely, a writer who has written so many things like this ought to be pardoned for some errors of opinion and a little harmless affectation. He has kept his temper very well through the world, and there is little in all the purely literary essays he has published that does not discover a kind purpose as well as a lively fancy. He might say, in the words of his own Abou Ben Adhem,

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

One of the best and most characteristic pieces in this collection is the account of a visit to the Zoological Gardens. It is exquisitely playful, thoughtful, descriptive, elegant—a medley of our author's best qualities as an essayist, presented to us in an undress. We must extract a few passages to show its variety. Near the beginning the writer is meditative:—

"We have life enough, daily, round about us—amazing, if we did but think of

it; but our indifference is part of our health. The blood spins in us too quickly to let us think too much. This sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, reminds us of the wonderful and ever-renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. Men in cities hardly look as much!—and horses dragging hackney coaches are not happy specimens. But the horse in the new carriage is one, if we considered it. The leaves and flowers in the nursery gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life. The sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks at us from a distance of millions of miles, out of the depths of millions of ages. But the sun is a visitor as good-natured as it is great, and therefore we do not think too much even of the sunbeam. This bounding creature in its cage is not a common sight; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon us."

He presently gives us a few anecdotes of the bear:—

"In one of Molière's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts, is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in his arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate; and, among others, flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him, at last, his Royal Highness. The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind legs, looking the man with horrible indifference in the face, and dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes; and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth) the first words he utters respecting his Royal Highness are, 'Shoot him.'

"Not without its drollery, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions. Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, who was getting, boy-like, on his shoulders. 'Be quiet,' said he; 'get down.' The unknown did not get down; and the man, looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror.

"'Oh, mate!' exclaimed the carpenter, 'it's a bear!' Think what the man must have felt, when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders. No tragedy, however, ensued."



Next, a morsel of description, rivaling, for vividness of effect, a work of some famous painter of wild beasts. The sentence of comparisons is peculiarly *Huntish* :—

"The white bear in these Gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. A Roman tyrant kept a bear as one of his executioners, and called it 'Innocence.' We could imagine it to have had just such a face. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you; only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would sup milk or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him, like the man in Molière. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the Bear in Piccadilly, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of Nessus, or to your own great coat, (to ask it to be not so heavy,) or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language."

A page or two on, after some delicious drawings of elephants and giraffes, he becomes metaphysical :—

"The sight of new creatures like these throws one upon conjectures as to the reasons why nature calls them into existence. The conjectures are not very likely to discover anything; but nature allows their indulgence. All one can suppose is, that, besides helping to keep down the mutual superfluity of animal or vegetable life, and enabling the great conditions of death and reproduction to be fulfilled, their own portion of life is a variety of the pleasurable, which could exist only under that particular form."

His love of books breaks out so naturally :—

"We forgot to mention the porcupine. It is very curious, and realizes a dream, yet not the most romantic part of it. The real porcupine is not so good a thing as it is in an old book; for it *doesn't shoot*. Oh, books! you are truly a world by yourselves, and a 'real world' too, as the poet has called you, for you make us feel; and what can any reality do more? Heaven made you, as it did the other world. Books were contemplated by Providence, as well as other matters of fact."

Nothing can be finer than his apes and eagles; the pictures, however, should be transferred entire, which would exceed our limits :—

"But the monkeys—what a curious interest *they* create,—half-amusing, half-painful! The reflection forced upon one's vanity is inevitable—'They are very like men.' Oh, *quam simillima turpissima bestia nobis!*

Oh, how like us is that most vile of brutes!

"The way in which they receive a nut in their *hands*, compose themselves with a sort of bustling *nonchalance* to crack it, and then look about for more with that little, withered, winking, half-human face, is startling. \* \* \*

"It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and, most of all, such as are accustomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded *now* seems that grand and stormy depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hen-coop. And see, poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row*!—quiet, impaired, *scrubby*; almost motionless! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer?"

We might go on thus culling extracts from the good things in this essay, but only the whole piece itself can give the full idea of its diversity. The same might be said of almost any other in the collection: each sentence is a *bonbon*, and each whole is therefore a heap of delicious sweetmeats of all conceivable flavors. Or each essay might be better compared to a string of variously colored beads, of which the number should be so great and the contrasts so striking, that it would not be possible to decide which portion of the string was brightest in general effect. Not that there should be no connection in each string, but the beads should follow each other in harmonious contrasts, and the effect of the whole should depend, not on their color, but on the direction the string was taking. The illustration presents to us a perfect picture of Hunt's manner in these essays. He takes a subject, it hardly matters what, generally one pertaining to literary history, such as "The Life of Mad. De Sévigné," "Pepys' Diary," "Cowley and Thomson," "Suckling and Ben Jon-

son," or more frequently one suited to his mind, such as those we have quoted from, "The Month of May," "Beds and Bed-rooms," "Female Beauty," and strings thereon a thousand dainty fancies and little subtleties, whose only connection is that they have a general tendency in one direction. His thoughts fly over like the migration of swallows; when we look at them at any particular moment, they seem darting up and down, hither and thither, each without respect to the motions of his fellows; yet if we regard them awhile, we see that the whole company of little arrowy air-piercers tends constantly towards the south. This makes these essays rather brilliant conversations than regular compositions; and more attractive for that very peculiarity which, in less sparkling writers, would be an unpardonable defect. We can open them anywhere, read as long as we please, and lay the book aside.

Yet they are not without substance; though light and palatable, they are nourishing. They bring us in contact with a mind of singular acuteness and delicacy, and with a cheerful temper and a kind heart. Whatever may have been Hunt's (we should prefix the Mr., but it is a greater courtesy to a British poet to leave it off,) errors of opinion, or his faults of character in his intercourse of life, we find no traces of them in these essays. We can forget his politics, and we have no opinion respecting the justice of Moore's epigram. From those who were acquainted with him many years ago, we have heard that he was a fop; we only know that, excepting a little affectation, which as one reads on appears nature, he is not so in his writings. But it is possible that his foppiness is only of that sort he has described in the very piece from which we have already culled so much variety:—

"You may call every man who dresses well a coxcomb—but it is possible he is not so. He may do it for the same reason that he dresses his room well with pictures, or loves to see his wife well-dressed. He may be such an admirer of the beautiful in all things, that he cannot omit a sense of it even in his own attire. Raphael is understood to have been an elegant dresser; and it has been conjectured from a sonnet of Shakspeare's (No. 146) that he was one. Yet who could suppose Shakspeare a coxcomb? much less *proud*! He had too much to be proud of in petty

eyes, to be so in his own—standing, as he did, a wise and kind atom, but still an atom, in the midst of the overwhelming magnificence of nature and the mysteries of worlds."

We have heard, too, that he was insufferably conceited—an obtrusive talker. This is a defect of manners, but it may not necessarily arise from a man's having too high an opinion of himself, or too low a one of his company; it may grow out of a habit of conversing with his own mind, which he may have been forced into by original modesty; or it may be born with him and be a constitutional mal-organization. Every one's experience can furnish instances of warm-hearted men who make a rule of always taking up the conversation and carrying it off, without saying so much as "by your leave, sir." It is possible Hunt may be one of this sort. If he had been really conceited, he would have written inflated sentences. True, there is an *egoism* manifested in his writing, as there is and must be in all writings of the kind. None of the best authors in this way have been persons whose hearts were clouded over by such dark purposes as render aspiring men unable to look into *their* hearts, and careless of being true to them. From Montaigne down to Elia, and now to Hunt, the most popular essays have always been full of character: who, for instance, is more individually before the reader than Addison or Goldsmith? It is impossible for a writer to address the affections and sympathies of his readers without in some way unbosoming his own; and a reader who knows him only through his writings cannot but judge of him as he appears on his printed pages: he is behind a lattice-work of lines, and talks with us through the bars.

In this sense Hunt is a most agreeable acquaintance. His delicacy of apprehension, his resolute persistence in enjoying rationally the bright side of life, his epicurism in matters of taste and fancy, may have rendered him less pleasant to his actual cotemporaries; but as these qualities appear in these essays, they do not affect the reader at all disagreeably. He is a cheerful companion—not one for all times and moods, but for our seasons of relaxation and enjoyment. He has done much through a long literary life to amuse and refine the youth of his native land and ours, and he deserves in his old

\* Observe the characteristic transition from coxcombry to Shakspeare.

age the warm sympathy of the public that is growing up around him.

We should have been glad to have written of his merits as a poet as well as essayist, but our limits have obliged us to confine our remarks to the particular matter in hand. We are glad that the

Harpers have found it for their interest to republish volumes so admirably suited to foster the love of elegance, and encourage a taste for studying our English literature and philosophy.

G. W. P.

September, 1847.

### M A Y.

CHEEKS, warmly tinged ;  
Eyes, darkly fringed,  
    Flashing liquid light ;  
Hair in tendril curls ;  
Lips, half hiding pearls,  
    Charm me to-night.  
Fire me with thy glances,  
    Lay thy cheek to mine :  
Thrill me with thy kisses,  
    Let those locks of thine,  
    In their careless twine,  
    O'er me play :—  
Love me, May !

In a spirit-dance  
The snow-flakes glance,  
    Trembling and pale ;  
While the wintry furies  
Play their wild bravuras,  
    Riding the gale.  
List ! the sleeted branches  
Groan with every gust,  
Shaking down in anger  
Clouds of pearly dust.  
Can our love and trust  
Be blown away ?  
Never, May !

Spring soon will come  
And bring their bloom  
    To bursting flowers ;—  
Many a silver beam  
Crescent moons will stream  
On dewy bowers.  
Shall they light a sweeter,  
Wildlier-happy, scene,  
Than where, mute with passion,  
On this breast you lean  
Bathed with moonlight sheen,—  
And I pray,  
    " Love me, May ? "

ELLESMERE.

## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

## CHAPTER XXX.

CONTINUATION OF EGERIA'S ADVENTURES, RELATED BY HERSELF.

ONE day while sitting at the window of my lodgings, in conversation with several gay persons, I noticed some one watching us from between the curtains of the house opposite, and to escape observation, withdrew further into the room. Presently a face appeared at the window, which I knew at once to be the Captain's, though there had been an evident attempt on the part of that respectable character to vary his appearance, so that none who had known him a month previously, should be able to recognize him then. From that day for a week or after, I saw no more of him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, until going one evening to draw the curtains, when several persons were with me, and the room lighted by a chandelier, I saw what seemed to be the figures of Madame and the Englishman, entering the archway of the opposite house. They were followed by a porter, bearing a heavy trunk upon his back, and at the same moment, a cabriolet drove away from the entrance.

I was now assured that our enemies were posted over against us; and felt soon satisfied that they had done so with some evil design. Observing them through the following week, I saw that they went out only at dusk, and took particular care to avoid observation. The face of Madame, very much disguised, appeared occasionally at the window, and in one instance I saw the Englishman walking up and down the street about daybreak, casting an occasional glance toward the windows of my bedroom.

Expecting mischief, I proposed to Clementine that we should change our lodgings, describing to him, at the same time, what I had observed. At first he refused; but soon after, at my repeated solicitations, he consented.

It was not long after this change, that I observed among the crowds of persons who moved before the windows of our new lodgings the figures of the three companions; Madame having assumed

the dress of a Parisian widow, and the Captain that of a Prussian officer. On passing, they invariably looked up, and sometimes even stood in consultation a little way down the street.

I was now thoroughly alarmed, and thinking it hopeless in Paris to escape the presence of these tormentors, where if anything should happen to my friend I should be left destitute and without a protector, I urged him, with every argument in my power, to return home; stating always such reasons as concerned myself only, though my anxiety for his safety was at least as great as for my own.

At length, having learned some particulars touching the Englishman and his companions, which he did not choose to communicate to me, he consented to our secret departure. We left Paris early in the morning, without taking leave of any person, or letting our intentions be known, and sailed from Cherbourg on the evening of the next day.

The sickness and solitude of a month's tempestuous voyage, had entirely expelled from my imagination all fears of the Englishman and his accomplices; and as we approached the city of our birth, a delicious satisfaction, a feeling of security and boundless hope, took possession of our souls.

My friend had intimated to me his desire that we should be soon united; and on my consenting to his wish, and naming a period not far distant, he purchased a beautiful villa near the city, began to recollect old friendships, and prepared himself in every way to resume the place which belonged to him in society. Three months passed away in these preparations; the day appointed was near at hand; I had received the congratulations of many who seemed proud of my acquaintance for the sake of him to whom I was engaged; when an event happened which had nearly put a fatal period to our hopes.

Being one evening in a narrow street,



on the outskirts of the city, I perceived myself in the neighborhood of the house from which I had been abducted by the Englishman and his accomplices. Seized by an injudicious curiosity, though the place was solitary, and of bad repute, I advanced to the house, and looked up at the windows of the first story. They were open, and the faces of my three enemies appeared, in consultation as usual. They started on observing me, and spoke to each other. Conscious of my own imprudence, I hurried away, but in an instant the door of the house flew open, and two persons approaching me from behind, I was instantly enveloped in a large cloak, which they threw over my head, and carried, notwithstanding all the resistance I could make, into the house. They dragged me into the back parlor, and to silence my violent outcries, Madame appeared with a huge knife in her hand, and with a face expressing resolution and the most horrible passions, threatened if I made the least noise to bury it in my throat.

No sooner was this piece of wickedness accomplished, than the Englishman began to apologize for the violence he had done me. He bade the others leave the room, which they did to my regret; for taking the opportunity of the occasion, he attempted such testimonies of affection as filled me with disgust and terror. I repulsed him, as you may well believe, with the utmost scorn and violence of which I was mistress, exhibiting a degree of rage and desperation which fairly terrified him. "I shall be compelled, my lady," said he, in a tone betwixt shame and rage, "to use other means, if fair will not do." Then recollecting himself, he turned and begged my pardon upon his knees, complaining bitterly of my coldness and cruelty, asserting the worthiness of his own intentions, and promising, in case I would not accede to his wishes after three hours' reflection, to carry me to my home in his own carriage. After this he retreated, and locked the door behind him.

Finding myself alone in the room, I looked about me to find means of escape. The windows overlooking the yard were nailed fast and guarded with strong bars. Beyond, were gardens and commons; no house appeared within sound of my voice. Seeing a negro woman in the yard below, I called and offered her money if she would go and bring in the watch, for it was about dusk of evening. She only

laughed, and said, "it was none of her business." I saw that I had fallen into a place from which escape, except by miracle, was impossible; and revolving the matter in my mind, I resolved to counterfeit composure and pretend a degree of acquiescence.

No sooner were the three hours elapsed, than my persecutor made his appearance. He again begged to know whether I would favor his suit. I replied quietly that I expected the fulfilment of his promise, upon which he bade me follow him, and going to the door, we got into a carriage and drove off. It was now pretty late in the evening, and the lamps were lighted in the streets. After riding some distance in silence, I observed that the driver selected of preference the by-streets and narrow lanes, and the suspicion crossed my mind that our direction was not that which would have led us to my lodgings. I besought the Englishman to keep his word with me as a gentleman, and drive instantly to my lodgings; but finding him obstinately resolved against it, I attempted to leap out of the carriage. He took his seat beside me, and being possessed of great strength, easily prevented me from accomplishing this design, and when I attempted to cry out he held his hand over my mouth, with such force I was nearly stifled.

At length, turning short into a narrow lane, the vehicle stopped, and I was taken out by the Englishman and the driver, and put into a stage coach, in which I found Madame and the Captain. My persecutor got in after, and the coach drove off.

We traveled through the greater part of the night in a silence interrupted only by the snores of Madame and the Captain, who occupied the front seat. Occasionally they waked up and solaced themselves with a bottle which Madame carried in her pocket, on which occasions, though the night was dark, I could not avoid seeing the little endearments which passed between them, and which satisfied me that whatever modesty they might use towards others, they thought it by no means necessary to be scrupulous before myself and my companion. Indeed, he on his part would have willingly made one of the party could he have brought me to his way of thinking.

Imagine the despair which possessed me, when I perceived by the first light of the morning that we had entered a wild and mountainous region, thinly in-

habited. A thousand times I blamed the foolish curiosity which had put me in the power of these wretches. I thought of the agony my friend would suffer at my loss; but soon the reflection that my safety depended entirely upon my own prudence and ingenuity, brought me to a reasonably calm condition of mind, and by sunrise I had so far recovered my natural resolution, as to pretend to admire the rugged scenery of the valleys through which we passed.

My companion informed me that all attempts to escape, or to interest strangers in my favor, would be idle, for that the driver of the coach was persuaded that I was insane, and that the object of the journey was to conduct me to a private asylum; that he was instructed to communicate this to the people of the taverns at which we should stop; and that if I offered any violence, or cried out, or attempted to escape, all would assist in restraining me.

Notwithstanding all his threats, solicitations and assurances, I seized the first opportunity, at the tavern where we stopped for breakfast, to interest the wife of the landlord in my behalf; but she only looked upon me with a countenance of mingled pity and horror, and I perceived that no representations of mine would produce the least effect. Shut out by this wicked contrivance from all sympathy with strangers, I was again thrown back upon my own resources.

I immediately began inventing a thousand schemes of escape, and after plotting in my head the whole day, and the succeeding night, I fell upon an expedient. Pretending on a sudden to repent of my obstinacy, and childish neglect of so worthy a person, I forced a gay and pleasant behavior, which gave my companion a world of satisfaction. As I had an assured mastery over his heart, which my long absence and anxiety had only heightened, I easily led his vanity to believe that he had actually a place in my regard. He again offered some tenderesses, which I endured with the best grace possible, though the touch of his hand inspired me with a disgust and terror which it was difficult to conceal. Madame, however, was not to be deceived, and watched my conduct so carefully, I was in constant fear of her discovering the cheat, and accordingly exerted every art of deception and complaisance. Recalling the days we had spent together in France, I seemed to regret with tears

the unkindness which my faithful lover had suffered at my hands. I reminded him of the proverbial inconstancy of the sex, and assured him, though conscience rose against the lie, that his superior courage and generosity demanded admiration; that I was not so utterly ungrateful as he imagined; with other fictions, all calculated to satisfy his pride, and put his suspicions at rest.

This plan so far succeeded, that on the fourth day of our journey, my companions neglected their usual precaution of forewarning the people of the tavern where we stopped at night. My lover handed me from the coach with an air of gallantry which was observed by the people of the village, and by the coachman, who remarked with a grin, that Miss seemed to be much benefited by the fresh air of the mountains.

Taking careful note of these symptoms, I concluded that now was the proper time for an effort at escape; but, on considering my resources, I found that I had not money enough about me to procure the proper assistance. This consideration drove me to another expedient. Observing a smart young countryman in the inn yard, I took an opportunity to slip a piece of money into his hand, and asked him whether he had horses at his command. He replied that he had charge of post-horses, and could supply a pair, and relays to the city, if they were wanted. Here was a fortunate accident. I immediately put a letter into his hand, which I had written in the night with a pencil, and giving him all the money I had about me, and a gold pencil case, bade him ride night and day to the city, not stopping till he had delivered it to the person to whom it was directed. This was no other than Clementine, whom, by this stratagem, I thought to inform of the particulars of our route. In the conversations of the day previous I had learned the direction we were going, and nothing then remained but, by every possible contrivance, to delay our progress.

I found the young postman very apt, and eager to serve me. He even swore he would go to the world's end for me; and mounting a swift horse without a word to any person, he galloped away like mad, in the direction of the city.

You may imagine my heart beat violently with joy, as I saw the dust of his horses' hoofs at a great distance on the road; but on turning to enter the house

I met Madame who inquired, with a penetrating look, the reason of my evident agitation. For an instant fear held me mute, and her suspicions were effectually roused. She hastened to the keeper of the tavern and related the usual history, requesting him to be ready with his assistance, in case I attempted to escape. The inn-keeper, an unusually timid person, seemed to be in fear of me, when informed of my condition, and went about whispering with his children and servants, as though possessed of some horrible secret. They crowded into the room to gaze at me, and my sorrow was not lessened by perceiving that I was regarded even by the children with a look of unmitigated horror, so effectual had been the representations of Madame and her ingenious friend the Captain.

While this observation increased my sorrows, an incident occurred which had no less effect upon my fears. The tavern keeper soon discovered the unwarrantable absence of his postman, and on learning that he had been seen galloping toward the city as if running for a wager, concluded he had committed a robbery, and had gone off with horse and booty. The fellow made a great noise on this discovery, and raised the whole village to ride after the postman, who, he was ready to swear, though he had not made the least search or inquiry to know the truth, had gone off with all the valuables in the house. Every one believed him but Madame, who, observing my agitation at the disturbance, which I found it impossible to conceal, instantly informed the Englishman of her suspicions, and advised that they should change their intentions and proceed immediately by a different route.

Her representation had the effect intended, and without an hour's delay we were hurried off through the forest by a by-road, and after a variety of intricate turns, and crossing several fields, came upon a highway which led off the north-west, in a direction the opposite of that which I had described in the letter.

During the following day of our journey, the Englishman maintained a sullen silence, which was far from disagreeable to me, who desired nothing but the company of my own thoughts. My affairs had become desperate, and I lost all hope, or rather seemed to lose it, for indeed I never ceased an instant from revolving plans for my escape. All seemed to be defeated by my utter want of means; and

finding myself not a little fatigued and weakened by anxiety, I resolved to feign sickness, and refused all nourishment. This, however, did not retard our progress; for Madame as usual saw through the design, and only urged on the faster. But the road was uneven, and what with the delay of our crossings and several times losing our direction, we did not get that day more than twenty miles from the tavern which we left in the morning.

Toward evening the sky was overcast, and the country grew dark about us. The rain began to fall, with lightning and continued thunder. Ascending a steep and narrow road against the driving storm, the coach struck against a projecting rock and broke one of its wheels. We could neither advance nor recede. The darkness increased. The horses became restive, broke away with the shaft and traces, and the driver running after them, in a moment both were out of sight and hearing. I blessed Heaven for the accident, and hope revived in my breast. My companions, on the other hand, were made completely miserable by their mishap; and I confess to you, I had so little kindness for the Englishman, it gave me a gratification, which was difficult to hide, to see him drenched with rain and shuddering with cold; especially as by that accident, his thoughts were turned wholly upon himself, which was always the case with him if he suffered the slightest bodily inconvenience. But the most remarkable features of the group were Madame and the Captain, who, from a great deal of insolent exultation, were suddenly visited with extreme fear, occasioned by the incessant lightning, every flash of which seemed to pierce through their guilty souls.

Notwithstanding my own wretched predicament, I could not resist being amused by the conduct of these worthies. The Captain, wrapped in a great watch coat, with his hands stuffed in his pockets, discovered so unseamanlike a face, I could not but believe his maritime professions to be wholly theoretical. He shuddered at every flash, and muttered a horrible mixture of curses and prayers betwixt his teeth; swore he had never met such a storm in his life, that the devil himself certainly lived in these mountains. His fears made him restless, and he would frequently leap out of the carriage into the road, which ran floods of water, and after running here and

there in the rain, he would get in again ; at each expedition soaking a larger quantity of water into his clothes, which made his teeth chatter and broke up his incessant curses into a blasphemous sputtering. Madame, on her part, did not suffer less. The coach leaned very much forward, so that her seat was converted into a kind of couch. She lay back in a hysterical condition, making repeated applications to her favorite bottle, and sustaining a dialogue with herself, the very counterpart of the Captain's. She cursed the rain, then herself, then each of the party by turns ; varying the matter with an occasional scream, when the thunder burst heavily over us. She and her maritime friend would then revile and reproach each other in choice terms ; until a sudden fit of tenderness brought about a reconciliation and a transfer of the bottle to the Captain, who did not fail on his part to do it justice. This would be followed by another storm, heightened by the confusion of the elements ; so that, what with the demons without letting down their horrible pleasure, and the demons within brewing their ridiculous frenzy, all was fury and confusion.

It was no trifling consolation to me, to have made this discovery of the weakness of my enemies, and gave me an additional strength of resolution to escape their power. In place of fear, the most sovereign contempt succeeded ; and I seemed now only to be contending with an annoyance, though previously I seemed to myself the victim of an irresistible fate.

About midnight the storm abated, and the moon shone out in full splendor. We were lying in a deep hollow, worked away by the torrents of rain, and before us, for the space of a hundred yards, the road was entirely carried away, and nothing left but an impassable heap of stones. I got out of the coach, where I had sat quite dry and comfortable, and walked, attended by the Englishman, to the top of the hill. In any other mood I should have been struck with the magnificence and beauty of the scenery, for we were in a deep valley among wooded mountains ; but now my thoughts were wholly occupied with the hopes of escape. While the nature of our situation among almost impassable forests, rendered my own escape hopeless for the time, at the same time it increased the chances of our being found by Clementine, this being the only pass-

able road of the region, and having no connection with any other for a distance of several days' journey. We had been advancing towards the frontier, by unusual routes, and had now come upon an extensive region of forest, which separated two countries. These particulars were freely communicated by my companion, who now made no secret of his intention of taking me with him to a region where we should be in no danger of disturbance from pursuers.

This communication depressed my spirits to that degree, my informant could not help observing it ; but he abided by the instructions of Madame, who had advised him to enter into no explanations, and by no means to allow his heart to get the better of his wit, which it was sure to do "if he permitted me to draw him into serious conversation.

On returning to the coach, we found all things ready for our departure. The driver had returned with the horses ; and with the assistance of a blacksmith, whom he had brought with him, he had mended the broken wheel. More dead than alive, I suffered myself to be lifted into the vehicle, and falling back in the seat, gave myself up to an agony of despair. Meanwhile the rest of the party walked up hill afoot to enjoy the air of the morning, which had begun to dawn. The coach proceeded slowly, owing to the inequalities of the broken road ; and before many minutes I perceived that it was stuck so fast between two rocks, that all the force of the horses, assisted by the driver and blacksmith, each taking hold upon a wheel, were insufficient to move it forward. The party meanwhile had disappeared over the hill, and the coachman ran forward to bring them back to his assistance. The blacksmith went aside into the wood to look for a lever to raise the wheel, and, for a moment, seeing the coast clear, I resolved upon escaping into the wood. The reflections that passed through my mind at the instant, were of the most appalling kind : I remembered all the stories I had ever heard of miserable fugitives lost in trackless forests, starved gradually, or devoured by wolves, which I knew abounded in these parts. In the moment of agony I observed that Madame had left her reticule upon the seat. It might perhaps contain means enough to convey me to the city. I seized it and found nothing within but a handkerchief and



two flat bottles, both of which seemed to contain a strong liquor. Without stopping an instant to consider, and feeling myself about to faint in the uncertainty of the moment, I put one of the bottles to my lips and took a mouthful: it was bitter, but revived my spirits instantly. I knew that Madame was in the habit of using drinks of a bitter and disagreeable taste. Putting the bottle in my pocket, I opened the door of the coach, and seeing no one near, got out and ran quickly to the road-side. Seeing a path, I followed it for a few moments with flying steps. It led to the foot of a low precipice, up which I climbed, and reaching the summit, sat down on the root of a tree. By a most fortunate coincidence, I found myself in the midst of a cloud of snow-white blossoms, which agreed with the color of my dress, while at the same time I was able to see from the height all that passed in the road. My strength now began to give out entirely, and finding a gradual weakness creeping over me, I gave way to it and lay perfectly still, observing what would happen when my absence was discovered.

After a little time the driver returned with the Englishman, and just behind them Madame and the Captain. The distance was such that I could distinctly hear their voices, and now and then distinguish a word. The party came toward the coach, talking and laughing very loud. Madame presently saw her reticule lying in the road, where I had dropped it in my haste. She took it up, and opened it with a look of evident surprise, and finding the bottle gone, uttered an exclamation which I distinctly heard. They ran to the coach, and looking in, exclaimed again, and stood awhile looking at each other. Presently Madame laughed, and showing the remaining bottle to the Englishman, said something which threw him into the greatest consternation. He ran here and there looking about him, and calling my name in piteous accents. He sent each one of the party in a different direction to search for me, bidding the blacksmith stay by the coach. Presently they were all dispersed—some here, some there; and soon the blacksmith caught the infection, and left his post. The whole party were now fairly out of sight, though I heard their voices calling at various distances all about me; when, turning my eyes in the opposite direction, I saw a horseman galloping up the road.

Behind him followed another, whom, from his wild way of riding, I knew to be my friend the post-boy. The forward horseman was mounted on a strong, shaggy horse, covered with dust, blood, and foam; and by the long locks of the rider, I recognized my friend. He reined up his horse at the coach, and looked about him in evident surprise at hearing the voices call my name. With a violent exertion I got upon my feet, though they seemed to cling to the earth; and falling rather than running along the briary path, I gained the road. The recognition was brief—instantaneous. I will not attempt to describe the mingled joy and terror that oppressed me; suffice it to say, that his conduct on the occasion wanted neither in gallantry or prudence, for after the first words of explanation, in which I conjured him to carry me instantly to a place of safety, he without farther parley placed me before him on the horse, and in good time we were out of sight of our dear friends of the coach, who may have continued their search an age for aught I know. On reaching the tavern to which he made it his first duty to convey me, Clementine would have gone instantly in pursuit of the abductors. But my condition would not suffer him; for now the poison which I swallowed from the bottle began to overpower me, and resisted every remedy. By noon-time I had sunk into a stupor, and lost all consciousness. And here my story ends. To you, Frank, said the fair narrator, turning to her brother, I owe my rescue from the danger of being buried alive.

When the lady had concluded her narrative, one of the party, who listened with a particular interest, said to Clementine, "It now remains for you, sir, to satisfy us in one particular, which is very material to the completeness of the adventure. We wish to know by what supernatural means you accomplished your journey from the city to the place where you found the lady, in the short space of two days and a night. We know that a swift horseman could not have passed over that distance in less time than four days."

Clementine replied, "That on the day of her abduction, he had followed Egeria, expecting to meet her on her return home; that he knew she had gone into a remote part of the city, and had wandered up and down the street by which he thought she might return, until it was dusk;

that on the coming on of evening, he passed by the very same house from which she had just been taken; and seeing the house servant closing the door, and locking it on the outside, he inquired of her whether her mistress had returned from Europe. The woman, thereupon, after looking up and down the street, as if to observe whether any person saw them, replied by communicating all the particulars of the lady's abduction, out of revenge, as it appeared, for the loss of her wages, which her mistress had forgotten to pay before she left the house; and believing that she would not return, her interest did not require any farther concealment of the plot. She could not furnish information as to their direction, but referred him to the coachman who took the lady into the country in company with the Englishman. Clementine immediately found the driver of the carriage, and from him discovered the direction of the fugitives. Guided by this timely information, he set out on horseback without an instant's delay, and by a fortunate accident met the postman at an inn where both had stopped to change horses—both making the same inquiries, and telling the same story. They rode night and day, and arrived at a fortunate moment.

The curiosity of all parties being thus fully satisfied, there ensued a lively conversation among the guests, touching the nature of the adventure which had just

been related, some affirming it to be of a purely romantic character, others denying that it had the least quality of romance. I for my part, supported by Steiner, inclined to the opinion of these latter; but we were in danger of being overwhelmed by a majority of voices, had not my supporter, not without an approving nod from the lady herself, taken up the argument in the following manner:—

"In romantic adventure," said our critic, "I imagine it is necessary that the events should turn wholly upon a series of fortunate and unfortunate causes, over which the principal characters exert no control, but by which they are swayed and hurried hither and thither, floating upon the billows of accident and impulse. The world appears to them a turbulent dream, of sorrow, joy, and passion; they are, subject to their passion, and make no wise endeavor to resist the influences that impel them. But in the story which we have just heard, as in the whole life and character of Egeria, I observe only the conflict of character with circumstance; and though the circumstances of her life seem singular, she has met and overcome them in an epical spirit, and by no means in a romantic one."

Here observing that no person present, except the lady and myself, was attending to him, Steiner suddenly dropped the topic, and proposed to relate a dream. The company were immediately attentive, and he began as follows.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DREAM.

THE dream which I am about to relate to you, happened to me many years ago at Leghorn, where I was living in the employ of an Italian merchant, whose trade was chiefly in rags, of which he annually sent several ship-loads to foreign nations. The name of this merchant was Goffredi: he was reputed rich, and known to be excessively avaricious. Signor Goffredi boasted a noble descent; but though his blood was aristocratic, his disposition was plebeian, nor did he take the least pleasure in deeds of charity, or in those courtesies and civilities which diffuse cheerfulness through society. He lived chiefly in his counting-room, surrounded with bales of rags piled up to the ceiling, and was seldom elsewhere to be seen, unless one of his ships lay at

the wharf; when he would stand all day upon the dock, counting his bales, and watching against thieves; and if he saw a miserable rag-picker pulling a loose rag from one of them, he would raise as loud an outcry, and curse the poor wretch as fiercely, as though he had just robbed him of some precious jewel. This merchant had a daughter named Bertha, a young lady of singular beauty and rare talents, and in every particular as perfect a contrast with her father as it is possible to conceive. She made it the duty of her life to serve, and make others happy; but she bore herself in a serious and elevated manner, and seemed rather to do her kindnesses through a secret and lofty pride, well becoming a princess, but not at all agreeable to the drones and vixens

of the neighborhood, who circulated reports to her disadvantage, and often abused her so successfully as to waken the suspicions even of her confessor. Indeed I have observed, and do firmly believe, that it is impossible for the least grain of pride, however elegant and princely it may be, to keep a lodgment in the human breast, without exposing its subjects to the observations of all the malicious and sharp-sighted critics whom they meet: let them strive never so industriously to hide it, the secret insolence will tincture all their conduct, and affect the tone of their voice: the very beggars will discover it, and appeal to it. Beware then, ye proud ones, lest your assumed humility prove too short a garment behind to hide your nakedness.

You may imagine that Bertha's beauty made a deep impression upon me, and I confess to you I was perfectly enamored; a disposition which she soon discovered, though we seldom saw each other, yet which seemed to have no other effect than to produce in her a more serious and reserved demeanor.

My employment through the day confined me to the counting-room, but in the evening I could go where I pleased, and seldom failed to pass by the mansion where she lived with the miser her father; and when decency or the slightest pretence permitted, I would present myself with a bouquet of flowers, or some other trifling present, such as my ill-furnished purse would allow.

It happened, however, that for several months I could never find her alone, for either the old miser himself was present, or some one of the neighboring gossips, or relations visiting from a distance; and this continued so long, I was driven to invent some project to see her in private, and set about contriving means to introduce myself into the garden about noon-tide, when it was her custom to walk alone.

To assist this design, I found a coadjutor in a cunning nurse-maid named Juletta, who, observing me often at the house, and conceiving a liking for my purse or my person, or both, thought she might serve her own ends, and not much offend her mistress, if by her contrivance I should be secretly let into the garden. As it happened by the merest coincidence, Juletta sought an opportunity and broke her mind to me, just as I was about to do the same thing to herself; and accordingly on a feast day, an hour before the time

appointed, I came to the gate of the garden and found it ajar. Entering quickly, I closed and locked it on the inside, with the least possible noise, and finding a convenient place, concealed myself in a clump of currant bushes, so near the arbor where Bertha was accustomed to sit, that I could easily overhear all that might be said by two persons conversing there in a tone moderately loud.

Anxiety for the result, and the effects of two nights' watching, conspired with the influences of the place, to induce an irresistible drowsiness. Having placed myself in an easy position, I was soon overcome by the aroma of the flowers, and lulled by the sound of bees humming in the blossoms, and the murmur of a fountain near by, into a light slumber. The sun stood at the meridian, the day was hot, the shade under which I lay of the most delicious coolness; and by a most gradual and insensible transition, I passed from the real into the imaginary world. I seemed to arise, and going out by the gate of the garden, it shut itself after me. Instead of filthy streets and brick walls, I saw about me a magnificent park, varied with hill and champaign, with copses and flowery thickets. Trees loaded with rich blossoms and aromatic fruitage, waved in the warm and spicy wind. An air of luxury and languor breathed over the landscape. The streams glided dreamily through the meadows, the birds slept upon the branches, or fluttered lazily about the blossoms. I walked forward, until reaching the summit of a mound, the bend of a river turning about a long tongue of green meadow edged with yellow sand, invited to its shore. On the edge of the river, passing slowly over the sand, appeared the figure of a cavalier, seemingly absorbed in contemplation. I approached and saluted him. His aspect was grave, but haughty and repulsive. Nevertheless, he replied courteously to my remarks. "The region," said he, "is indeed beautiful, but unworthy of the Lady Bertha, who is its mistress." By this remark I was moved to a sudden jealousy. "Sir," said I, "are you an admirer of that lady, that you are so ready with her praises?" The cavalier cast upon me a look of contempt, and made no reply. We walked on to the edge of the meadows. The stranger assumed a bantering tone. "Pray," said he, "observe the beauty of these fish." I replied, that I saw no fish. "Do you not observe," said he, "the flashes of

gold and silver which they throw up?" answered in the negative. "Not see the flashes of gold and silver?" cried the cavalier, contemptuously, emphasizing the names of those precious metals; "I thought that your eye would have caught them sooner than mine. In truth, master clerk, the lady whose name I will not desecrate again in such a conversation, is more to you than a gold and silver trout, which you wish to catch." Incensed at the unmerited insult, and the haughty laugh which followed it, I drew my rapier and struck the stranger with the blade. Turning quickly, he drew on his side, and after a brief but violent fence, I thrust him through the shoulder. He fell upon the grass with a light sound, like a bundle of cloth thrown down, and his face seemed to shrivel in a remarkable manner; but what surprised me most was, that no blood followed the wound. Tearing open his vest, I found a stuffing of rags underneath it; a farther examination discovered more rags; and presently, to my utter amazement, I discovered that the body of the cavalier was composed entirely of rags—that I had, in fact, been conversing and fighting with a mere stuffed man of rags.

After meditating awhile on this phenomenon, I kicked the bundle into the river, and taking only the sword, returned along the meadow, with a mind full of wonder and inquiry.

In the distance appeared the walls of a city, over which towered the defences of an immense castle. The walls of it extended on either hand as far as the eye could reach. Outside of these stood a multitude of palaces, in the midst of magnificent gardens. It was evening as I approached the nearest of these palaces. A thousand lamps gleamed in the shrubbery, and among the trees of the garden; and in the midst appeared a great hall blazing with light, and crowded, as one could see through the windows, with an assemblage of gaily-dressed ladies and cavaliers.

The light from the windows, and from the lamps that hung in the shrubbery, made everything clearly visible, as I approached the stairs that led up to the hall. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, if it was only to meet a human face, that might break the disagreeable feeling of my strange adventure, I ascended the steps, carrying the sword in my left hand, and passing through a crowd of servitors, advanced into the hall. Six

chandeliers, in two rows, suspended from the gilt and frescoed roof, gave a light like noon-day. Between the columns of alternate white and green marble, festoons of flowers were suspended, and pyramids flaming with the most brilliant blossoms rose in several places nearly to the roof. It was a civic feast of flowers, and persons of all conditions, in robes of office, or the gayest dresses, were mingled in dances, or sat in groups, or walked under the arcades, engaged in agreeable converse. The floor of black marble, polished like a mirror, reflected the lights and colors, so that in passing, one seemed to be treading on clear ice.

Seeing no acquaintances in the throng, I moved about almost unobserved for a time. I had forgotten to lay by the sword, and still carried it in my left hand. Passing among a party of cavaliers who stood jesting together about a wine table, one of them noticed the sword, and seemed very much disturbed at the sight of it.

"Sir," said he, approaching and bowing respectfully, "if you have any commands from the Duke, I am ready to execute them."

The remark excited instant attention, and a whisper ran through the hall: a crowd of ladies and cavaliers came about us, standing however at a respectful distance.

"Pray, sir," said I, addressing the gentleman in turn, and showing the rapier, "can you tell me whose sword this is which I carry in my hand?"

"That," said he, "is the sword of his Highness; did he not send you hither?"

After considering a moment, I replied:

"Tell me, if you please, of what substance his Highness's body is composed?"

This remark produced a stare of surprise, followed by a general laugh. This person, said several, is mad, and has stolen his Highness's sword; and instantly two or three, and among them the first who had spoken, advanced to lay hands upon me. I drew the weapon, and stepping backward to one of the pyramids of flowers, stood upon the defensive. The ladies screamed and cried treason; the cavaliers drew their weapons, and my questioner attacked me very briskly. After one or two lunges, I ran him through the body, and down he dropped upon the floor, making a sound like a bundle of cloth. Suspecting instantly the truth, I stepped forward, and snatching a knife from the table, while the others



looked on in amaze, I ripped up his waistcoat, and drew out a heap of rags. You see, said I, gentlemen, this creature is a mere rag-bag, and no man at all; and with that, kicking away the carcass, I stood back again upon the defensive, and begged a parley. Meanwhile, there was a general uproar; some ran here and some there; the ladies hurried about, pale and agitated; the cavaliers and citizens gathered around me in a dense crowd, standing with weapons drawn: all seemed to be intimidated, all hesitating. Presently three stepped forward at once, and presented their points; but observing that these were of the same kind, and seemed to have no force, I beat down their weapons, and advancing seized and ripped them up with the knife—some in front, some in the rear. All proved to be rag-men, and fell upon the floor like dolls. Being now in the humor for this sort of butchery, and thinking I could distinguish the rag-men, I advanced upon the crowd, which stood horror-struck and paralyzed with the scene, and selecting here one and there another, I gave each a slash or two, and saw them fall with the slightest wound. Citizens, said I, addressing those who seemed to be real, you are deceived in these creatures: let every man pull out his knife, and try his neighbor. At the word, their eyes seemed to be opened. The real people fell upon the

false, and made a general havoc. The floor was presently strewn with rag carcasses of both sexes; and when the massacre was complete, the whole party gave a shout so loud I was suddenly awakened, and found myself in Bertha's garden. Vexed and mortified beyond measure at having fallen asleep in such a situation, and on the eve of such an adventure, I crept away from my hiding-place, and was about to leap over the wall of the garden, when I heard a pleasant voice calling from the arbor. It was Bertha's, and at the same instant she came out and beckoned to me, just as I had gained the top of the wall. I descended, and approached her more in the condition of a criminal than of a lover. She met me with a laugh.

"I was unwilling," said she, "to disturb your slumbers, you uttered so many amusing things. Pray, what connection have I in your thoughts with rag-men and his Highness the Duke?"

To satisfy her curiosity, and to profit by the agreeable opportunity, I drew her to the arbor, and there related my extraordinary dream. At the conclusion, she complimented my ingenuity; and though she confessed that it was the most surprising fiction she had ever heard, she would by no means be persuaded that it was anything but an invention of the moment.

#### LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS.

This work treats of an interesting subject, in an interesting way. The history of the holders of the British great seal is not only a history of a long line of distinguished individuals, but it is also, as the author has himself remarked, the history of the British Constitution as well as of British jurisprudence.

Few persons in this country—except lawyers and, of course, reviewers—have any clear idea how the Court of Chancery originated. In early times all power was in reality, as it now is in theory, deposited with the King. To him, therefore, all looked for justice, as to its fountain. To him complaints were made, and from him the redress or the punishment proceeded. Since he

was *parens patriæ*, the distribution of order among his unruly children was a task not at all easy. In fact, it was too much for him, and he was compelled to select from among the most knowing and best behaved, to assist him. Seated with these in his great hall, (*Aula Regis*,) he administered such justice as the ignorance and barbarism of the age could afford. But as civilization advances, the knowledge of rights always increases, and the sensibility to wrongs grows more tender; and, of course, the administration of justice becomes more laborious. So his Majesty found it. He accordingly broke up the *Aula Regis*, and organized his assistants into three separate tribunals, each for the redress of

particular kinds of grievances. To one of these he sent the most common inquiries; all mere money demands between subject and subject, and all questions of property not growing directly out of torts. This was naturally called the Court of *Common Pleas*. Another had cognizance of all cases affecting the public revenue—thence named the Court of *Exchequer*. And to the third was given jurisdiction of trespasses and crimes. In this his Majesty, at first, condescended still occasionally to sit, and therefore it was styled the King's Bench. These names, and this theoretical partition of duties, are still in a measure preserved.

But in all this we find no mention of Chancery or of the Lord Chancellor. In truth, both were of an exceedingly humble origin. Like other persons of business, the King found it worth his while to keep a clerk. It was the duty of this functionary to reduce into proper form such documents as the royal exigencies made it necessary for the sovereign to execute. This was the first duty, but there was another. For many centuries, the august predecessors of Queen Victoria were unskillful in the higher departments of literature and science. It is indeed not without concern that we feel compelled to state, that the illustrious founders of that "power, which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts—whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," couldn't read, and, *à fortiori*, couldn't write. But necessity is the parent of invention, and the royal signature was affixed by means of a peculiarly graven stamp. As the King was more eminent than other persons, so his seal was larger than other seals, and was therefore called, by way of distinction, the *GREAT* seal, and the *KEEPER* of it was the aforesaid clerk, who, to the sore perplexity alike of etymologists and antiquarians, was styled the *CHANCELLOR*.

In those remote times none, save the clergy, could write—hence the Chancellor was always of the sacred order. Moreover, auricular confession being then a duty incumbent no less upon monarchs than upon subjects, and the clerk being always at hand in discharging his office, it became *handier* for the King to confess to him than to any other. Hence the

Chancellor naturally became (and so he has always been styled) the keeper also of the King's conscience—generally a hard sort of conscience to keep, which, we presume, in charity to those ghostly fathers, was the reason why it was generally kept so poorly.

Still, it is to be observed that, in all these various duties, there was nothing judicial. How this important function came to be superadded to the other three—of writing down legibly the royal will, guarding the royal seal, and keeping tenderly the royal conscience—a few words will explain. Although, as we have just stated, the business of administering justice was divided among three courts, yet those tribunals had no authority to take cognizance in any particular case, until thereunto especially authorized by the King. Consequently, the suitors went to the fountain, as they had always done before, though they were compelled afterwards to travel the stream a considerable way down before they could completely slake their thirst. If, on application, the King considered the case worthy of inquiry, he directed his clerk to address to the appropriate tribunal a note, naming the parties, and briefly describing the complaint, with instructions to do in the premises what should appear to be right. These notes (*brevia* writs, from being *WRITTEN*) were, of course, authenticated by the royal signature, that is, by the great seal. The court to which they were sent, immediately on receiving them, acquired jurisdiction of the cause, and, after having duly summoned, or caused to be brought in, the defendant, proceeded with the inquiry.

The issuing of these original writs, by which actions were commenced, though it was not strictly a judicial act, nevertheless brought the clerk or Chancellor into close contact with judicial proceedings. He grew familiar with them, and with the extent and limits of the jurisdiction enjoyed by the courts already established. After a while the King relieved his royal shoulders of the whole burden of these original complaints, and transferred it upon those of the keeper of his seal and conscience. This, however, extended only to the cases of ordinary occurrence, in which the form of the writ was settled by the ordinary precedents. But when extraordinary cases arose, as they were sure to do among an advancing people, then the King, from having given

up the business, would not, and the Chancellor, for want of authorized forms, could not act. In all such cases, therefore, there was a denial of justice. The grievance, for a while, patiently endured. At length, on the petition of the Parliament, which then, and for centuries after, possessed no power but that of importunity and advice, the King graciously directed the clerk to frame new writs for new cases, provided they were confined to the same general principle (*in consimili casu*) as the old. Under this general power, every grievance which the organization of the courts, as already established, could redress, was provided for.

But some cases there were, which those courts were utterly unable to manage. These were fraud, accident, mistake and trusts—all giving rise to questions of conscience, and therefore not unfit for the cognizance of those whose profession it was to enlighten, guide, and purify all consciences, from the King's downward. To the Chancellor, therefore, these cases not inappropriately fell. Accordingly, in the complaints addressed to him, there were always two allegations: that for the grievance stated there was no *adequate redress* in the other courts, and that the defendant's conduct was contrary good *conscience*. The defendant was summoned under a penalty (*sub poena*, and thence the name of the writ) to appear and abide what should be decreed. When he came in, the Chancellor went to work right ecclesiastically, and compelled a cleansing of the conscience by confession under oath. Contumacy in executing the decree was contempt, and punished by imprisonment. If there was danger that the defendant might escape beyond seas, to a sheriff command was given that he should not depart, (*ne exeat*, thence the name of another writ;) and the command was obeyed by seizing and putting him snugly within some safe four walls. If, at the time of presenting the complaint, he was still doing or threatening the wrong, a command (*injunction*) went forth enjoining him to desist; and, on disobedience, the same snug four walls awaited him, to say nothing of fines and penalties.

This high jurisdiction, in process of time, was extended not only to cases where the ordinary courts could not grant redress at all, but also to those in which the redress they granted, was not quite so full or satisfactory as might

have been desired. Thus matters of account, foreclosure of mortgages, specific performance of engagements, partition of lands, infringements of copy-rights or patents, divorces for cruelty or infidelity—these and an infinity of others were, as each Chancellor went on enlarging upon the jurisdiction of his predecessor, drawn within the pale of Chancery. In fine, we see that the meek ecclesiastic, whose humble duty it was to write out the King's behests, to keep the stamp that represented his royal, unlettered fingers, to hear him tell over his sins, and to give him ghostly advice, has become a personage of no inconsiderable importance—in fact, bearing no slight resemblance to Lord Thurlow or Lord Eldon.

Perhaps, however, nothing eventually added so much to his importance as his custody of the great seal. An impression from this mysterious bauble, indicated the most solemn acts of majesty. It was absolutely conclusive upon all men, nay, even upon the King himself, though affixed without his authority. It was open to no question, and to be countervailed by no proof. This was the mystic emblem by which the royal lands were conveyed, and royal franchises granted—by which statutes were authenticated, by which criminals were pardoned from all crimes they had then committed, or should thereafter commit. To counterfeit the King's seal was an offence equal to that of compassing the King's death; and the offender was subjected to all the pains and penalties of high treason. "The great seal," says Mr. Hallam, "in the eyes of English lawyers, has a sort of mysterious efficacy, and passes for the depositary of royal authority in a higher degree than the person of the King." The Parliament were sufficiently firm and sufficiently cool in marshaling armies against Charles; but they found it an occasion of trepidation and paleness, when they commanded a new great seal to be engraved, in place of that which he carried away with him, in his flight from London. And James II., when he fled for life towards the Continent, thought to confound his enemies, and to render impossible the lawful administration of the kingdom, by casting his great seal into the Thames.

Yet this wonderful instrument of authority, with all the power which the lawful or unlawful use of it could be-

stow, was always intrusted to the Chancellor. In the earliest times, however, the magnitude of this trust seems not to have rendered the depositary so marvelous in English eyes, as, in the lapse of years, he became. But it made the possessor the confidant of the King's most secret plans, the sharer of his most important counsels, and the sole authenticator of his most solemn acts. And it was not in the nature of things, that a dignity so exalted should long remain without its due share of reverence. Accordingly, in Parliament the Chancellor was to preside over the House of Lords; and on all occasions of state, to have precedence over all the peerage, and stand next to royalty itself. And in point of expectation, of show and parade, of wonder-making and wonder-seeing, the installation of a Chancellor became an event second only to that of the installation of a King.

Of course, to win this lofty eminence, was the aim of the highest ambition. No mere subject could ascend higher—nor was there much need; for, in more than one reign, the Chancellor was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself.

Now, it is the history of every individual, great or small, who has held this exalted station, for the last twelve hundred years, which Lord Campbell has undertaken to furnish. No King, for any considerable time within that period, has been without a keeper of his conscience and seal. Of course, such a work will not only acquaint the reader with this long succession of eminent personages, but will, at the same time, introduce him to the most secret counsels and purposes of the English monarchs, during the only period of English history which it is of much use to know. While he is ostensibly gathering up the anecdotes and the little events, which by themselves make up the biography of each successive individual, he is really, though perhaps unconsciously, tracing the course and watching the growth of a nation. He will see how petty aims and schemes, having no object beyond mere personal ends, have yet, in the course of centuries, shaped and moulded a kingdom, from one of the most despotic and barbarous that sprang from the ruins of the Roman Empire, into one that now stands among the great European family, the first in wealth, the first in power,

and beyond all comparison, the first in freedom.

On some other occasion, perhaps, we may attempt to trace out the manner in which such results proceeded from such causes. But now we shall probably best discharge our duty by confining our attention to the author and his work.

That Lord Campbell has not entirely failed in the manner of treating his subject, may be inferred from the fact that the edition, of which a copy lies before us, has already had an extensive sale in this country, and is, moreover, itself a reprint from a second English edition, the first having appeared only about a year ago. In the fullness of delight at his success, the author in the preface exclaims: "I may truly say, that within a few weeks of its publication, it 'was on every table, almost on every toilette.' Though founded on historical records, and having solid instruction for its object, it has been as generally read as popular works of fiction, aiming at nothing beyond amusement."

No doubt those who read these volumes for the faults they can find, instead of the entertainment and instruction they can derive, will not spend their labor wholly in vain. In the midst of what is nearly always just in opinion, candid in judgment and felicitous in expression, there occasionally occurs a phrase less dignified than would have suited the pen of Gibbon, or a figure that would have "made Quintillian stare and gasp." Such things, however, are of rare occurrence. He has an easy, quiet, racy style, that always keeps alive the reader's interest. He loves anecdote, and he loves fun; and between the anecdote and the fun, many of the earlier pages, which, owing to the obscurity of the personages and the scantiness of the materials, would have been about as interesting as Ingersoll's History of the Late War, have grown into what is really delightful reading. Whatever might naturally have been expected from the stiffness of professional habits, Lord Campbell is, aside from the interest which belongs to his subject, a most entertaining as well as instructive writer. Not only is he, every inch of him, a lawyer, but he is also, to the extent of an equal number of inches, a man of the world. He has seen much, reflected much, read much, and really entered into the spirit of what he has read. His classical learning, al-



though it would not be likely to have put Porson or Parr out of countenance, is certainly highly respectable; while his acquaintance with the English literature, in all its departments and in every stage of its growth, is, considering the number of other acquaintances which in the course of his life he has been compelled to form, very extraordinary. He is, moreover, imbued, through and through, with his subject, while his enthusiasm about it raises his own blood to a temperature that does not allow that of his reader to grow chilly. Although he never wanders from his subject, still he manages, by throwing in a Latin or an English verse here, an anecdote there, and a jibe yonder, sometimes declaiming, sometimes chatting, always narrating—and when other arts of style or even materials were likely to fail, then bringing up, as a last resort, something good and nice about himself—to carry the reader over the period of a thousand years occupied by these volumes, not only unwearied, but perfectly delighted with his journey.

As we have already intimated, and as the extract from his preface given above goes to show, Lord Campbell has no objection upon occasion to say a good thing about himself. Still, his vanity, if it amount to that, is never offensive. It is undoubtedly owing to a virtuous degree of self-respect, that he touches his hat so often and so gracefully to himself. It is, however, certain that in his mind there is a most intimate relation between the general idea of great men, and the particular idea of Lord Campbell. Consequently, any person at all curious about his history, may easily obtain a pretty full account of him from these volumes. Among other interesting particulars, he could ascertain that the author is of Scotch extraction, and a descendant of that respectable clan of whom it was long ago said that they were "coming"—that he took his bachelor's degree in Aberdeen—that he studied law in Gray's, Lincoln's, or some other equally learned Inn of Court—that he contrived to sustain a purse, miserably lean and unsubstantial, by contributions to the periodical press—that when called to the bar, he betook himself to the Oxford circuit—that for want of enough cases of his own, he reported those of others—that for this purpose he took notes—that once in a while he had the good luck to obtain a brief, and then for payment he took notes

of another kind—that at one time he successfully defended a criminal who, in the ardor of his gratitude, relieved his counsel from the inconvenience of a pocket-book, whereupon the grave judge who held the circuit instituted the judicial inquiry, "whether Brother Campbell thought nobody had a right to take notes but himself?"—that he afterwards acquired a most lucrative practice, became the leader on his circuit, was elected to Parliament, was made first Solicitor and then Attorney General, and in the fullness of time was translated to that heaven of English adoration, the House of Peers—that he subsequently held a commission addressed by her Majesty, then a lovely girl in her teens, "to our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor John, Baron Campbell, our Chancellor of that part of our United Kingdom called Ireland,"—that his name was not to be illustrated by long official career—that on leaving his office in the great political revolution of 1841, he had abundant leisure, and reveled for a while in the resumption of his classical studies, and in the miscellaneous perusal of ancient authors—that his aspiration after literary fame, checked in a measure by the worldly-mindedness of professional engagements, had what, without any religious allusion, may be called a revival—that he amused himself with revising for the press a selection of his "speeches at the bar and in the House of Commons," which are often quoted in these volumes, among cotemporaneous authorities, for events happening five or eight hundred years ago—and finally, that he resolved to undertake the *Lives of the Chancellors, first of England, and then of Ireland*, dedicating so much of the work as is already completed to a son, who, like most sons of other people, has been the object of much rejoicing, of some solicitude, and of unbounded hope.

Such, and so qualified for his work, is Lord Campbell.

Ethelbert, the first Christian Saxon King, A.D. 605, had for his Chancellor AUGMENTUS, who received petitions and supplications addressed to the sovereign, and made out writs and mandates as *Custos Legis*. He accompanied Augustine in his holy mission from Rome, and assisted in drawing up a code of laws, which is said to have materially softened and improved many of the customs which had prevailed while the Scandinavian divinities were still worshipped in England.

Such is the honorable mention which history makes of the first English Chancellor whom it names. With whom the long line commenced, must now remain forever unknown. But as there were heroes before Agamemnon, so undoubtedly there were Lord Chancellors before Augmentus. Of the three who succeeded him, nothing authentic or legendary is known beyond their names.

After these comes Swithin. He possessed all the learning of his age, was a devoted friend of the church, procured a law for the universal and compulsory payment of tithes, and first established in England, for the benefit of the Pope, the famous contribution called "Peter's Pence." He was Chancellor under two sovereigns, the latter of whom was the Great Alfred, whose education he had superintended, whose virtues he encouraged, and whose counsels he always guided. He died in 802, having directed his body to be buried, not in the cathedral, but in the church-yard, among the poor. About fifty years afterwards, he was canonized, and became a saint of much celebrity, particularly for his influence on the weather; according to a rule, that as the 15th of July is fair or foul, it will be fair or foul for forty days thereafter. The author adds, with professional gravity:—

"Most of Lord Chancellor Swithin's decisions have perished, but I find one case reported which was brought judicially before him, and in which he gave specific relief. An old woman came to complain to him that the eggs in her basket which she was carrying to market had all been wantonly broken. *'Is ante se adductæ mulierculæ, annis et pannis squalidæ querelam auscultat, damnum suspirat, misericordia mentis cunctantem miraculum excitat, statimque porrecto crucis signo, fracturam omnium ovorum consolidat.'*"—Wm. of Malm. 242.

The Ex-chancellor of Ireland suggests that this may have been an excess of jurisdiction, intimating that the remedy was at common law by an action of trespass. Still, with submission, it may be doubted whether that remedy would have been completely adequate, inasmuch as the damages recovered after a protracted litigation might not have prevented the old lady's customers from being disappointed of their breakfast. At all events, the point taken by Lord Campbell does not appear to have been suggested at the hearing. It is certainly to be regretted

that the reporter, though generally so accurate, should have said nothing about the final disposition of the costs, whether they went to the plaintiff or—to the court.

Lord Chancellor Turketel had a different method of administering justice. When King Athelstan had to fight for his crown against five confederated nations, Norwegians, Danes, Scots, Irish and Britons, the keeper of the royal conscience, himself a grandson of the Great Alfred, unfurled his banner over the citizens of London, and at the famous battle of Brunenburgh, charged with the headlong fury of Murat, right upon the hostile line, hewed his way into the midst of the Scots, killed the son of the King, and compelled Constantine himself to hunt after safety in flight. It is gratifying that the keen professional eye of our noble and learned author, detects no irregularity in this practice.

Little is known of the Chancellors before the Norman conquest, and less of their official duties. As yet English monarchs had not adopted the seal. This, among other Norman fashions, was introduced by Edward the Confessor. Before 1043, public documents were generally verified by the signature of the Chancellor, or by the King affixing to them the sign of the cross, as a sort of oath to the truth of the attestation he made. This mode of signature, still retained among the ignorant, has lost the solemn allusion it was originally intended to convey. A large state seal was now made upon the mode which has been followed ever since. It bore the representation of the King in his imperial robes, sitting on his throne, holding a sceptre in his right hand and a sword in his left, with the inscription, "*Sigillum Edwardi Anglorum Basilei.*" Such was the origin and the form of the bauble, the custody of which marks the most eminent trust of the most eminent person near the English throne.

Among all the lives in these volumes, or any volumes, none are better written or possess a deeper or more touching interest than that of Thomas à Becket, the Chancellor, Archbishop, Martyr and Saint; a proficient in philosophy and divinity, in all military exercises and all polite acquisitions—the handsomest and most accomplished man in the kingdom—his reasonings subtle, his elocution polished, his gaiety facetious, winning the heart—proud and ceremonious on most occasions with the great, but affable,

gentle and liberal towards inferiors—ambitious of popularity, and knowing that the condescensions of greatness have still greater influence than its power—the first who gave the office of Chancellor the pre-eminence and splendor it has since possessed—perfect in the dialect and accomplishments of the dominant Normans, but too noble-minded to be ashamed of his Saxon origin, proclaiming his lineage and professing himself a protector of the rights and liberties of all his countrymen—a steadfast patriot, yet a gay and fastidious courtier, a skilful diplomatist, a wise counsellor and an upright judge. Such was his character before his elevation to the Primacy.

A graphic passage from a life of him written by Fitzstephen, his secretary, will show his manners and those of the time:—

“The Chancellor’s house and table were open to all of every degree about the court who wished to partake of his hospitality, and who were, or appeared to be, respectable. He hardly ever sat down to dinner without earls and barons whom he had invited. He ordered the rooms in which he entertained company to be daily covered during winter with clean straw and hay, and in summer with clean rushes and boughs, for the gentlefolks to lie down upon, who, on account of their numbers, could not be accommodated at the tables, so that their fine clothes might not be soiled by a dirty floor. His house was splendidly furnished with gold and silver vessels, and was plentifully supplied with the most costly meats and wines.

“The prime nobility of England and the neighboring kingdoms sent their sons to be servants of the Chancellor. He gave these young men handsome entertainment and a liberal education, and when he had seen them duly admitted into the order of knighthood, he returned them back to their fathers and relations. Some he retained near his own person. The King himself intrusted his own son, the heir apparent of the kingdom, to be brought up by him, and the Chancellor maintained the prince with all suitable honor, together with many sons of the nobility of the same age, and all their train, instructors, and servants.

“When he was going beyond sea, he had a fleet of six or more vessels to his own use; and he carried over, free of expense, all who wished to cross at the same time. When he was landed, he recompensed the masters of his ships and the sailors to their hearts’ content. Hardly a day passed in which he did not give away magnificent presents, such as horses, hawks, apparel, gold or silver furniture, or sums of money.

He was an example of the sacred proverb—*Some bountifully give away what belongs to them, and still always abound; while others seize what does not belong to them, and are always in want.* So gracefully did the Chancellor confer his gifts, that he was reckoned the charm and delight of the whole Latin world.

“The Chancellor was in high favor with the King, the clergy, the army, and the people, on account of his eminent virtues, his greatness of mind, and his good deeds, which seemed to spring spontaneously from his heart. Serious business being finished, the King and he consorted as young comrades of the same station, whether in the palace, in church, in private society, or in excursions on horseback.

“One cold, wintry day, they were riding together through the streets of London, when they observed an old beggar-man coming towards them, wearing a worn-out, tattered garment. Said the King to the Chancellor, ‘Do you see that man?’—Chancellor. ‘I see him.’—King. ‘How poor! how wretched! how naked he is! Would it not be a great charity to give him a thick, warm cloak?’—Chancellor. ‘Great indeed; and you, as King, ought to have a disposition and eye for such things.’—Meanwhile the beggar comes up, the King stops, and the Chancellor along with him. The King, in a mild tone, addresses the beggar, and asks him, ‘if he would like to have a good cloak?’ The beggar, not knowing who they were, thought it was all a joke. *The King to the Chancellor.* ‘You indeed shall have the grace of this great charity,’ and putting his hands on a very fine new cloak of scarlet and ermine, which the Chancellor then wore, he struggled to pull it off, while the Chancellor did his best to retain it. A great scuffle and tumult arising, the rich men and knights who formed their train, in astonishment, hastened to find out what sudden cause of contest had sprung up, but could gain no information—both the contending parties were eagerly engaged with their hands, and seemed as if about to tumble to the ground. After a certain resistance, the Chancellor allowed the King to be victorious, to pull off his cloak, and to give it to the beggar. The King then told the whole story to his attendants, who were all convulsed with laughter. There was no want of offers from them of cloaks and coats to the Chancellor. The old beggar-man walked off with the Chancellor’s valuable cloak, enriched beyond his hopes, rejoicing and giving thanks to God.”

But when he became Archbishop of Canterbury, never was transformation so wonderful. He became, in every respect, an altered man, an humble and squalid penitent, wearing hair-cloth next his skin,

drinking water, living upon roots, frequently inflicting stripes on his own naked back—daily on bended knees washing the feet of thirteen beggars, wandering alone in his cloister, shedding many tears for his past sins, praying and reading the Scriptures—planting himself like a rock against the encroachments of the King on the Church—steadfast for a time, then yielding and swearing to support “the Constitutions of Clarendon”—then seized with remorse for his weakness, casting off his Archi-episcopal functions till forgiven by the Pope—at length breaking outright with the King, tried for high treason, convicted, but saved by his orders from death—his lands and goods confiscated, flying from assassins, wandering under the borrowed name of “Brother Christian” and in the guise of a pilgrim—at length escaping across the Channel, his servants and dependants all banished—after long years of vicissitude, wheedled by the false King to return, marching back to Canterbury in a triumphal procession, received there with bouquets of unexampled splendor, his cathedral hung with silks and precious vestments,—while walking up to take possession once more of its throne, the peals of the organ drowned by the sound of trumpets, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the delighted multitude—thence progressing to London, the metropolis emptied of its inhabitants, the clergy, the laity, men and women of all ranks and ages pouring forth to meet him, and celebrating with hymns his triumphal entrance—thence ordered, by government, back through solitary and uninhabited paths to Canterbury, sure now of his impending fate, telling his people that one of their Archbishops had been a martyr, and that they now might have another—soon beset in his cathedral by ruffians probably spirited on by Henry, slightly wounded by a blow aimed at his head, but warded off by his faithful cross-bearer, whose arm was broken by its force, saying as the blood trickled down his face, and as he joined his hands and bowed his head, “In the name of Christ and for the defence of his Church, I am ready to die,”—refusing to be removed from the altar where he stood, urging his assailants to execute their intentions or their orders, uttering his last words, “To God who gave it, I humbly commend my spirit”—brought quickly to his knee by a second stroke, that little prayer yet hardly spoken, prostrated at the foot of the altar by a third, where receiving many blows from

each of the conspirators, his brains were strewed on the pavement. “Thus,” says Lord Campbell, of whose words we have been making liberal use, “Thus perished, in the fifty-third year of his age, the man, who, of all English Chancellors since the foundation of the monarchy, was of the loftiest ambition, of the greatest firmness of purpose, and the most capable of making every sacrifice to a sense of duty, or for the acquisition of renown.”

Lord Chancellor de Gray, like many who preceded him and many who followed him, used his office to aid him in climbing into a bishopric. The Chapter, however, long refused to elect him Archbishop of York, because he was “*minus sufficiens in literatura*.” His election being at length carried, all his labor had almost proved fruitless because the Pope refused consecration on the ground of his “*crassa ignorantia*.” But when he had made his Holiness a present of £10,000, his ignorance grew less thick, and his literature more sufficient, and he was worthily set apart for the Archi-episcopal function.

Lord Campbell throws no light upon the question, how far the loquacity of certain Chancellors may have been influenced by an incident which we are about to mention. It is, however, well worth attention from the curious about professional idiosyncrasies. Henry III., in the prospect of his going to Gascony in 1233, intrusted the custody of the Great Seal to Queen Eleanor, who was left in the full exercise of her authority as Lady Chancellor. She sat as judge in the *Aula Regia*, beginning her sittings on the morrow of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. These sittings, says the author, were interrupted by the *accouchement* of the Judge. All modern solicitude about the event, is kindly relieved by the information that she had a favorable recovery, and being churched, resumed her place in the *Aula Regia*.

Richard de Bury gained little celebrity as Chancellor; having held the office only from the 28th September, 1334, to 5th June, 1335. Lord Campbell says, “I am rather surprised that a ‘De Bury Club’ has not yet been established by Philobiblists, as he was undoubtedly the founder of the order in England.” His library was said to “contain more volumes than those of all the Bishops in England put together.” In his latter days, he wrote “*Philobiblion*,” in praise of books. From this we select some characteristic extracts:—



"While we performed the duties of Chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III., it was reported not only that we had a longing desire of books, and especially of old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than money. Wherefore, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of New-Years' gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels." (Oh, shade of Lord Bacon!) "Then the cabinets of monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets were unclasped, and astonished volumes, which had slumbered for ages in their sepulchres, were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, however, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power,—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.

"Without doubt, many who perceived us to be contented with gifts of this kind, studied to contribute those things freely to our use. We took care, however, to conduct the business of such so favorably, that the profit might accrue to them." (See the two-fold purity of the Ermine united to the Lawn!)

"Moreover, we could have amassed cups of gold and silver, excellent horses or no mean sums of money, but indeed we wished for books, not bags; we delighted more in folios than florins, and preferred paltry pamphlets to pampered palfreys.

"In addition to this, we were charged with frequent embassies of the said Prince, of everlasting memory, and were sent first to the Roman Chair, then to the Court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, carrying about with us, however, that fondness for books, which many waters could not extinguish. O, blessed God of gods in Zion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the

earthquake of Athenian peripatetics, pacing up and down; there the promonotories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics."

Lord Chancellor De Bury died in 1345, full of years and honors, but was buried without much parade or distinction, before the altar in his own cathedral of Durham. "The exalted situation," adds Lord Campbell, "he occupied in the opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the fourteenth century, sheds brighter lustre on his memory, than it could have derived from funeral processions, or from monuments and epitaphs."

Hitherto all the successors of Augmentus have been selected from the clergy; but now, in 1340, came Sir Robert Bouchier, knight, and a distinguished soldier; who was the next year succeeded by Sir Robert Parnynge, "the first regularly bred common lawyer, who was ever appointed to the office of Chancellor in England."

We must not omit to mention John Searle, in the reign of Henry IV., of whom Lord Campbell says that he may enjoy the celebrity of being the most inconsiderable man who ever held the office of Chancellor in England.

It was the practice of the clerical Chancellors to open Parliament by a sermon. This discourse then occupied the place now filled by the speech from the throne. We have a specimen in the life of Lord Chancellor John Stafford, Bishop of Bath and Wells:—

"In 1435, the King sitting in his chair in the Painted Chamber, the Chancellor delivered a most violent invective against the defection of the Duke of Burgundy, his text being "*Soliciti sitis servare unitatem spiritus in vinculo pacis.*" This performance is plain, forcible and eloquent. But he probably piqued himself much more on his speech the next year, from the words *Corona Regni in manu Dei*: 'On which he demonstrated that three sorts of men are crowned, viz. all Christians, in their baptism, in token whereof they are anointed; all clerks in their orders, in token whereof they are shaven; and all kings in their coronation, who in token thereof wear a crown of gold set about with flowers and precious stones. The erecting and standing of the flowers in the upper part of the crown denoteth the King's pre-eminency over his subjects, which ought to be garnished with four cardinal virtues; that is to say, in the fore-part ought to be wisdom, adorned with three precious

stones, viz. memory of things past, circumspection of things present, and prudence in things to come. On the right hand ought to be fortitude—accompanied with courage in attempting, patience in suffering, and perseverance in well-meaning. On the left side ought to be justice distributing her arms three ways, to the best, mean, and lowest. On the hinder part ought to be temperance, with her trinity, viz. restraint of sensuality in fear, silence in speech, and mortification in will; all which proceeding from God, fully prove that the crown of the King was in the hand of God.”

We now approach a period of history in which the actors are well known. The following sketch of Cardinal Wolsey not only shows the character of that ambitious prelate, but throws no dim light upon the state of English jurisprudence in the reign of Henry VIII. :—

“His body was immediately laid in a coffin, dressed in his pontificals, with mitre, crosses, ring, and pall; and, lying there all day open, and barefaced, was viewed by the Mayor of Leicester and the surrounding gentry, that there might be no suspicion as to the manner of his death. It was then carried into the Lady Chapel, and watched, with many torches, all night; whilst the monks sung dirges and other devout orisons. At six in the morning mass was celebrated for his soul; and as they committed the body of the proud Cardinal to its last abode, the words were chanted, ‘Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!’ No stone was erected to his memory; and the spot of his interment is unknown.

‘Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogance.’

“I shall not attempt to draw any general character of this eminent man. His good and bad qualities may best be understood from the details of his actions, and are immortalized by the dialogue between Queen Catherine and Griffith, her secretary, which is familiar to every reader.

“But the nature of this work requires that I should more deliberately consider him as a Judge; for, although he held the Great Seal uninterruptedly for a period of fourteen years, and greatly extended its jurisdiction, and permanently influenced our juridical institutions, not only historians, but his own biographers, in describing the politician and the churchman, almost forget that he ever was Lord Chancellor.

“From his conference with Justice Shelley respecting York Place, we know exactly his notions of the powers and duties of the Chancellor as an Equity Judge. When pressed by the legal opinion upon the question, he took the distinction between law and conscience, and said, ‘It is proper to have a respect to conscience before the rigor of the common law, for *laus est facere quod decet non quod licet*. The King ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigor of the law where conscience has the most force;

therefore, in his royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a Chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed to the rigor of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience, because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the Common Law to spare execution and judgment, where conscience hath most effect.’ With such notions he must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish Kadi, who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point, and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over everything which could be a matter of judicial inquiry.

“In consequence, bills and petitions multiplied to an unprecedented degree, and notwithstanding his dispatch there was a great arrear of business. To this grievance he applied a very vigorous remedy, without any application to parliament to appoint Vice-chancellors;—for of his own authority he at once established four new Courts of Equity by commission in the King’s name. One of these was held at Whitehall before his own deputy; another before the King’s almoner, Dr. Stoberby, afterwards Bishop of London; a third at the Treasury Chamber, before certain members of the Council; and a fourth at the Rolls, before Cuthbert Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, who, in consequence of this appointment, used to hear causes there in the afternoon. The Master of the Rolls has continued ever since to sit separately for hearing causes in Chancery. The other three courts fell with their founder.

“Wolsey himself used still to attend pretty regularly in the Court of Chancery during term, and he maintained his equitable jurisdiction with a very high hand, deciding without the assistance of common law judges, and with very little regard to the common law.

“If he was sneered at for his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the Court, he had his revenge by openly complaining that the lawyers who practiced before him were grossly ignorant of the civil law and the principles of general jurisprudence; and he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law. He even furnished an architectural model for the building, which was considered a master-piece, and remained long after his death as a curiosity in the palace at Greenwich. Such an institution is still a desideratum in England; for, with splendid exceptions, it must be admitted that English barristers, though very clever practitioners, are not such able jurists as are to be found in other countries where law is systematically studied as a science.

“On Wolsey’s fall his administration of justice was strictly overhauled; but no complaint was made against him of bribery or corruption, and the charges were merely that he had examined many matters in Chancery after judgment given at common law; that

he had unduly granted injunctions; and that when his injunctions were disregarded by the Judges, he had sent for those venerable magistrates and sharply reprimanded them for their obstinacy. He is celebrated for the vigor with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in his Court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as Chancellor with fidelity and ability—although it was not till a later age that the foundation was laid of that well-defined system of equity now established, which is so well adapted to all the wants of a wealthy and refined society, and, leaving little discretion to the Judge, disposes satisfactorily of all the varying cases within the wide scope of its jurisdiction.

"I am afraid I cannot properly conclude this sketch of the Life of Wolsey without mentioning that 'of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example.' He had a natural son, named Winter, who was promoted to be Dean of Wells, and for whom he procured a grant of 'arms' from the Herald's College. The 38th article of his impeachment shows that he had for his mistress a lady of the name of Lark, by whom he had two other children; there were various amours in which he was suspected of having indulged, and his health had suffered from his dissolute life. But we must not suppose that the scandal arising from such irregularities was such as would be occasioned by them at the present day. A very different standard of morality then prevailed: churchmen, debarred from marriage, were often licensed to keep concubines, and as the Popes themselves were in this respect by no means infallible, the frailties of a Cardinal were not considered any insuperable bar either to secular or spiritual preferment.

"In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to insure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

"The subsequent part of Henry's reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence, the sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitrary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England."

Among all the celebrated men whose lives Lord Campbell has undertaken to record, he finds none about which he lingers with more delight than that of Sir Thomas More. The second and third paragraphs of his life will assign the reasons. After the disgrace of Wolsey,

"Considerable difficulty arose about the appointment of a new Chancellor. Some were for restoring the Great Seal to Ex-chancellor Archbishop Warham; and Erasmus states that he refused it: but there is reason to think that a positive resolution had been before taken

by Henry, and his present advisers, that it should not be again intrusted to any churchman.

"There was an individual designated to the office by the public voice. To give credit to the new administration, there was a strong desire to appoint him, for he was celebrated as a scholar in every part of Europe; he had long practiced with applause as a lawyer; being called to Court, he had gained the highest credit there for his abilities and his manners; and he had been employed in several embassies abroad, which he had conducted with dexterity and success. The difficulty was that he had only the rank of a simple knight; and there had been no instance hitherto of conferring the Great Seal on a layman who was not of noble birth, or had not previously gained reputation by high judicial office. In consequence, there was a struggle in favor of the selection of one of the chiefs of the Common Law Courts at Westminster. But the hope that the person first proposed was the best fitted to manage the still pending negotiation for the divorce, came powerfully in aid of his claims on the score of genius, learning, and virtue; and, on the 25th of October, in a Council held at Greenwich, the King delivered the Great Seal to Sir Thomas More, and constituted him Lord Chancellor of England."

In assigning the difficulties in the way of a proper Life of Lord Bacon, the author thus sketches his character:—

"It will easily be believed that I enter with fear and trembling on the arduous undertaking of attempting to narrate the history, and to delineate the character, of 'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

I must say, that I consider a life of Lord Bacon still a desideratum in English literature. He has often been eulogized and vituperated; there have been admirable expositions of his philosophy and criticisms on his writings; we have very lively sketches of some of his more striking actions; and we are dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune which he experienced. But no writer has yet presented him to us familiarly and naturally, from boyhood to old age—shown us how his character was formed and developed—explained his motives and feelings at the different stages of his eventful career—or made us acquainted with him as if we had lived with him, and had actually seen him taught his alphabet by his mother—patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain wheth-

er the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the Court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favor—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honorable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a Queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new Sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 300 others, to receive the honor of knighthood—trucking to a worthless favorite with the most slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law-officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and Judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by-and-by, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged, out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party

whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendor and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendor of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to 'be stripped of his feathers'—inspired, nevertheless, with all his youthful zeal for science in conducting his last experiment of 'stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,' which succeeded 'excellently well,' but brought him to his grave,—and, as the closing act of a life so checkered, making his will, whereby, conscious of the shame he had incurred among his contemporaries, but impressed with a swelling conviction of what he had achieved for mankind, he bequeathed his 'name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.' "

Lord Commissioner Whitlock, in the time of the Parliamentary Great Seal, thus takes the occasion of a new call of sergeants to the bar, to give the profession some wholesome advice. It is needless to remark that the advice was immediately adopted, and has ever since been followed:—

"For your duty to particular clients you may consider that some are rich; yet with such there must be no endeavor to lengthen causes to continue fees. Some are poor; yet their business must not be neglected if their cause be honest. Some are peaceable; stir them not to strife. Some are contentious; advise them to reconciliation with their adversary. Amongst your clients, and all others, endeavor to gain and preserve that estimation and respect which is just to your degree, and to an honest and discreet person. Among your neighbors in the country, never foment, but pacify contentions. The French proverb is—

'Bonne terre, mauvais chemin;  
Bon avocat, mauvais voisin.'

I hope this will never be turned by any here into English."

The life of Lord Shaftesbury is one of the most graphic in these volumes. We have neither the space nor the ability to give an adequate sketch of this most restless and perhaps most unprincipled of men. Omitting, therefore, all mention of his most stirring career, we come to the following summary which concludes his life:—



"Shaftesbury seems to have been a most delightful companion, and the following anecdote is handed down to us to show his tact in society. While yet a young man, he was invited to dine with Sir John Denham, an aged widower (as was supposed,) at Chelsea, who, when the guests had assembled, said to them that he had made choice of the company on account of their known abilities and particular friendship to him, for their advice in a matter of the greatest moment to him. He had been, he said, a widower for many years, and began to want somebody that might ease him of the trouble of housekeeping, and take some care of him under the growing infirmities of old age; and to that purpose had pitched upon a woman well known to him by the experience of many years, in fine, his housekeeper. A gentleman present, to dissuade him from this step, out of regard to his grown-up children, was beginning a very unflattering description of the object of his choice,—when Shaftesbury begged permission to interrupt the debate by a question to their host,—“whether he was not already married to her?” Sir John, after a little demur, answered, “Yes, truly, I was married to her yesterday.” “Well, then,” exclaimed Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, “there is no more need of our advice; pray let us have the honor to see my lady and wish her joy, and so to dinner.” He afterwards said privately, in returning home, to the gentleman whose speech he had cut short, “the man and the manner gave me a suspicion that having done a foolish thing he was desirous to cover himself with the authority of our advice. I thought it good to be sure before you went any farther, and you see what came of it.” Another instance of his sagacity was his discovery of Miss Hyde’s marriage to the Duke of York, long before it was made public, from the deference with which she was treated by her mother.

“He lived in great splendor, and entertained the King sumptuously at Wimborne, St. Giles’s. Like his principles, he changed his style of cookery. In 1669, when there was a coolness with the French court, he received a visit from Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Tuscany. Regulating his table entirely in the English manner, he declared that ‘he was neither an admirer of the French taste nor friend to French interests, while some with the servile maxims of that country had imbibed its luxury. Others might treat him like a Frenchman; his desire was to entertain him like an Englishman.’ The Prince politely answered, ‘It was the greatest compliment he could make him;’ and on his return to Italy sent him every year presents of wine as a testimony of his regard.

“Complying fully with the Court fash-

ion, he seems to have aimed at distinction in licentiousness as much as in any other pursuit. Even when he was Lord Chancellor, he sought to rival the King by the variety and notoriety of his amours. This is quaintly intimated to us by Roger North ‘Whether out of inclination, custom, or policy, I will not determine, it is certain he was not behindhand with the Court in the modish pleasures of the time. There was a deformed old gentleman, called Sir P. Neale, who, they say, sat for the picture of Sydrophele in Hudibras, and about town was called *the Lord Shaftesbury’s groom*, because he watered his mares in Hyde Park with Rhenish wine and sugar, and not seldom a bait of cheesecakes.”

“Otway most indecently brought his vices on the stage in the character of ANTONIO in *VENICE PRESERVED*,—which, that it might not be mistaken, was thus boastfully announced in the prologue:

‘Here is a traitor too, that’s very old,  
Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold,  
Bloody, revengeful, and, to crown his part,  
Loves ——— with all his heart.’

“But though eager for reputation as a man of gallantry, he modestly yielded the palm to his master. Charles having said to him one day, ‘Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions,’ he coolly replied, ‘Of a subject, sir, I believe I am.’

“Yet he was not altogether negligent of domestic duties. He was thrice married, and behaved to his wives with courtesy. The first, as we have related, was the daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry. By her he had no issue. Nor had he any by his third wife, who survived him,—a daughter of William Lord Spencer of Wormlinton. But by his second wife, the daughter of the Earl of Exeter, he had a son, Anthony, who was not at all remarkable for genius, but who was the father of the third Earl, the pupil of Locke, and the author of “*The Characteristics*.” In the education of this grandson, amidst all his distractions, he took the most unceasing and tender interest.

“Shaftesbury in his person was short and slender, but well made, and when young, strong and active; but from the life he led, he early showed symptoms of premature old age.

‘A fiery soul which working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o’er-inform’d the tenement of clay.’”

We must conclude by some passages from the life of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. Some idea may be formed of the character of this miscreant, from the following scenes which occurred while he was Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench:—

"The Chief Justice having had the satisfaction of pronouncing with his own lips the sentence upon Sydney, of death and mutilation, instead of leaving the task as usual to the senior puisne Judge,—a scene followed which is familiar to every one.—*Sydney*. 'Then, O God! O God! I beseech thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood to the country; let no inquisition be made for it,—but if any,—and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be revenged,—let the weight of it fall only upon those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake.'—*Lord C. J. Jeffreys*. 'I pray God work in you a temper fit to go unto the other world, for I see you are not fit for this.'—*Sydney*. 'My Lord, feel my pulse [holding out his hand,] and see if I am disordered. I bless God I never was in better temper than I now am.'—By order of the Chief Justice, the lieutenant of the Tower immediately removed the prisoner.

"A very few days after, and while this illustrious patriot was still lying under sentence of death, the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys and Mr. Justice Withins, who sat as his brother Judge on the trial, went to a gay city wedding, where the Lord Mayor and other grandees were present. Evelyn, who was of the party, tells us that the Chief and the puisne both 'danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry.' He adds, 'These great men spent the rest of the afternoon until eleven at night in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of Judges, who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sydney.'

"The next exhibition in the Court of King's Bench which particularly pleased Jeffreys and horrified the public, was the condemnation of Sir Thomas Armstrong. It will be recollected that this gentleman was outlawed while beyond the seas, and being sent from Holland within the year, sought, according to his clear right in law, to reverse the outlawry. I have had occasion to reprobate the conduct of Lord Keeper North in refusing him his writ of error, and suffering his execution; but Jeffreys may be considered the executioner. When brought up to the King's Bench bar, Armstrong was attended by his daughter, a most beautiful and interesting young woman, who, when the Chief Justice had illegally overruled the plea, and pronounced judgment of death under the outlawry, exclaimed, 'My Lord, I hope you will not murder my father.'—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. 'Who is this woman? Marshal, take her into custody. Why, how now? Because your relative is attainted for high treason, must you take upon you to tax the Courts of justice for murder when we grant execution according to law? Take her away.'—*Daughter*. 'God Almighty's

judgments light upon you.'—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. 'God Almighty's judgments will light upon those that are guilty of high treason.'—*Daughter*. 'Amen. I pray God.'—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. 'So say I. I thank God I am clamor proof.' [The daughter is committed to prison, and carried off in custody.]—*Sir Thomas Armstrong*. 'I ought to have the benefit of the law, and I demand no more.'—*Chief Justice Jeffreys*. 'That you shall have, by the grace of God. See that execution be done on Friday next, according to law. You shall have the full benefit of the law!!!' Armstrong was hanged, disemboweled, beheaded, and quartered accordingly."

Take another from his "Campaign" on the Western Circuit, to which he chiefly is indebted for his celebrity.

"I desire at once to save my readers from the apprehension that I am about to shock their humane feelings by a detailed statement of the atrocities of this bloody campaign in the West, the character of which is familiar to every Englishman. But, as a specimen of it, I must present a short account of the treatment experienced by Lady Lisle, with whose murder it commenced.

"She was the widow of Major Lisle, who had sat in judgment on Charles I., had been a Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal under Cromwell, and, flying on the restoration, had been assassinated at Lausanne. She remained in England, and was remarkable for her loyalty as well as piety. Jeffreys's malignant spite against her is wholly inexplicable; for he had never had any personal quarrel with her, she did not stand in the way of his promotion, and the circumstance of her being the widow of a regicide cannot account for his vindictiveness. Perhaps, without any personal dislike to the individual, he merely wished to strike terror into the West by his first operation."

"It is said by almost all the contemporary authorities, that thrice did the Jury refuse to find a verdict of *guilty*, and thrice did Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys send them back to reconsider their verdict. In the account of the proceeding in the STATE TRIALS, which has the appearance of having been taken in short-hand, and of being authentic, the repeated sending back of the Jury is not mentioned; but enough appears to stamp eternal infamy on Jeffreys, if there were nothing more extant against him. After a most furious summing up, 'the Jury withdrew, and staying out awhile, the Lord Jeffreys expressed a great deal of impatience, and said he wondered that in so plain a case they would go from the bar, and would have sent for them, with an intimation that, if they did not

come quickly, he would adjourn, and let them lie by it all night; but, after about half an hour's stay, the Jury returned, and the foreman addressed himself to the Court thus: 'My Lord, we have one thing to beg of your Lordship some directions in before we can give our verdict: we have some doubt whether there be sufficient evidence that she knew Hickes to have been in the army.'—*L. C. J.* 'There is as full proof as proof can be; but you are judges of the proof; for my part I thought there was no difficulty in it.'—*Foreman.* 'My Lord, we are in some doubt of it.'—*L. C. J.* 'I cannot help your doubts: was there not proved a discourse of the battle and the army at supper time?'—*Foreman.* 'But, my Lord, we are not satisfied that she had notice that Hickes was in the army.'—*L. C. J.* 'I cannot tell what would satisfy you. Did she not inquire of Dunne whether Hickes had been in the army? and when he told her he did not know, she did not say she would refuse him if he had been there, but ordered him to come by night, by which it is evident she suspected it. . . . But if there were no such proof, the circumstances and management of the thing is as full a proof as can be. I wonder what it is you doubt of.'—*Lady Lisle.* 'My Lord, I hope—'—*L. C. J.* 'You must not speak now.'—The Jury laid their heads together near a quarter of an hour, and then pronounced a verdict of *Guilty*.—*L.*

*C. J.* 'Gentlemen, I did not think I should have had any occasion to speak after your verdict; but, finding some hesitancy and doubt among you, I cannot but say I wonder it should come about; for I think in my conscience the evidence was as full and plain as could be, and if I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty.'

The author not unnaturally concludes the volumes before us with the following allusions to the lives he has already written, and to those which then still awaited his pen:—

"It is consoling to me to think that, after the irksome task of relating the actions of so many men, devoid of political principle, and ready to suggest or to support any measures, however arbitrary or mischievous, for the purpose of procuring their own advancement,—a brighter prospect now opens, and I see rising before me Chancellors distinguished for their virtues as well as for their talents. To preserve the essential distinctions between right and wrong, to consult the best interests of mankind, I am obliged to expose to reprobation such characters as Shaftesbury, Guilford, and Jeffreys; but it will be far more congenial to my feelings to present for applause and imitation a Somers, a Cowper, a King, and a Hardwicke."

#### SONNET TO ———.

SWEET girl, thy nobleness has touched my heart,  
A heart that always yields to that rare grace  
Of womanhood, which all untaught by art,  
Swells in thy form, and mantles in thy face!  
Orphaned in earliest life, 'tis thine to show  
What thy lost mother was; and that she lived,  
Though briefly, not in vain,—for we may know  
The giver, from the gift we have received.  
What gentle spirits o'erwatched those lonely years,  
That thou should'st grow so fair, we may not tell—  
But it may be, that the rich germ did swell  
More bounteously from those sweet, human tears,  
Which fell around its birth, as we do know  
The weeping skies make loveliest flowers to grow!

*Deal, N. J., 1847.*

## OUR RECENT CORN TRADE:

## ITS ORIGIN AND PROBABLE RESULTS.

IN the June number of this work, 'at page 642, under the title of "The European Grain Market," we gave an account of the extreme fluctuation of prices, from 1816 to the commencement of the month of April of this year, and called the attention of those concerned to the great risk that had always attended shipments of grain and bread-stuffs from the United States to Great Britain.

It is now our purpose to lay before our readers, the best statistical account we have been enabled to prepare of our recent trade in flour, wheat, and Indian corn; premising that it is generally taken from official returns from the custom houses; but these not being completed, it may not prove precisely accurate, though it is sufficiently so to give a general account of its nature and extent.

But before doing this, though some of our readers may consider it a work of supererogation, we think it best to place upon record, for future reference, the most ample proof, that this trade has had no connection whatever with any measure of the present Administration; but has arisen wholly from the disease in the potato, and the great failure of the grain crops in England and in some parts of Germany.

We do this, because it is a part of the political tactics of the Locofoco party to arrogate to itself whatever has injured to the benefit of the country; and their party presses have accordingly not hesitated, in open violation of the facts in the case, to attribute our recent large trade in grain and bread-stuffs to the measures of the present Administration.

Particularly have they falsely appealed to the tariff of 1846, as giving a freedom to this trade, which did not exist under the tariff of 1842.

The broad policy laid down by the present Administration, is, that we are to depend upon foreign nations for a very large portion of manufactured goods, for which we are to pay in raw materials. With this view they passed the present tariff, the Secretary of the Treasury avowing that if it did not produce this

effect, the duties must be lowered to what he calls a revenue standard, until such quantities of foreign goods shall be imported as will yield sufficient revenue.

This is the avowed policy of the party in power. They advocate, in the broadest manner, a dependence on foreign markets, for our grain and bread-stuffs; and we now propose to show, from facts transpiring while we write, that no dependence whatever is to be placed upon such a market as a permanent source of prosperity to our farming interest.

That Europe is the great wheat country of the world, and that a continental supply is ever ready to meet any deficiency in England, except in cases like the recent famine, we have fully proved in our June number; and we now appeal to the statistics of our recent and present foreign grain trade, to show that not even the unparalleled state of destitution, under which Europe has recently labored, has been sufficient to sustain, up to this time, remunerating prices, or to offer any prospect of a favorable trade in bread-stuffs for the coming year.

But first, let us forever put at rest the absurd claim of the party in power to any of the good effects of the recent demand abroad for our bread-stuffs.

The tariff of 1846 was passed in August of that year, to take effect in the ensuing December. At the time of its passage the price of flour in the New York market was about five dollars per barrel, and its passage so far interfered with the general trade of the country, as to produce the most gloomy prospects for the future.

It paralyzed the general industry of the country; flour declined in price, and it was very much feared that the immense supply of every species of grain would further reduce its value—that from this cause, the farmers would not be enabled to pay the country store-keepers, who consequently would be largely deficient in their payments to the merchants, and that thence would result great mercantile embarrassments in our Atlantic cities.



The money market had already felt the depression caused by the passage of the new tariff, and money was gradually becoming more and more scarce, when accounts reached us of the general scarcity of grain in England, and throughout a large part of Europe, together with the almost total failure of their potato crop.

The effects of these accounts are too well known to need repetition here; all kinds of grain and bread-stuffs advanced in price, and large shipments were made, at freights which yielded handsome profits to the owners of ships. Foreign exchange began to fall, and soon reached a price which made the importation of specie profitable: accordingly the precious metals flowed in upon us, until, it is stated, upwards of twenty millions of dollars were imported.

All this occurred while the tendency of every measure of the present party in power, so far as trade was concerned, was of precisely an opposite character. The lessening of the duties, by the tariff of 1846, increased importations of foreign manufactures, and would, undoubtedly, have raised the price of foreign exchange; the sub-treasury created an additional demand for specie, and the Mexican war kept up a constant drain of it; so that but for the accidental supply, occasioned by the large shipments of grain and bread-stuffs, it is not easy to form an estimate of the embarrassment which would have resulted from the enactment of the new tariff, the sub-treasury, and of the wicked and unrighteous war, in which the country was involved by the ill-advised measures of the President, not to give them the really unconstitutional character they so richly merit.

This is a plain statement of the facts of the case, and we have no hesitation in reiterating what we declared as our opinion, as early as in the March number of this work; namely, that "had there been an abundant crop of grain in Europe, a full crop of cotton in this country, and no disease of the potato, we should have seen a very different state of things; and something very different from past experience must occur, if this unnatural course of trade shall pass off, and business again find its level, without proving how little the permanent prosperity of a country is promoted by extraordinary prices in a foreign market, creating an unnatural demand for its staple productions."

These remarks have been already ver-

ified to a certain extent, and we have not yet seen the end of the matter. It is not, we think, difficult to form some judgment of what will most probably occur ere very long, should the flattering prospects held out, by last advices from Europe, of abundant crops of grain, and little or no disease in the potato, be realized. Doubtless a much increased quantity of grain has been raised throughout the wheat countries of continental Europe. We know that such is the case in the United States; and if the English harvest shall be abundant, as there is every reason to believe it will be, no man living can tell to what price the coming crop may be reduced.

One fact should be borne in mind, which may not occur to those not conversant in the affairs of trade, and that is, that the immense shipments made from this country, to which we shall presently advert, were made from the crop raised in the United States, without expectation of any extraordinary demand—proving what the writer has often urged, namely, that there requires nothing more than the gradual and regular increase of the crop of this country, to supply any demand that may arise from abroad.

Indeed, there can be little doubt, that the same number of persons employed in agriculture, will produce the coming year a much greater quantity than was grown the past season, and that the policy of the present Administration, of curtailing other pursuits to increase our agricultural population, with a view to a foreign market for their produce, is about as wise as it would be to increase the quantity of coal we now raise from our mines, with a view to ship it to Newcastle.

The grain trade of this year offers so striking a proof of what the advocates of the home industry have always insisted upon, and what the "*soi-disant*" free-traders have always denied, that we cannot forbear, in a few words, to advert to it. We allude to the *balance of trade*. What could have caused the fall in exchange on Europe, and the consequent recent influx of specie into this country, but the temporary balance of trade against England, caused by the large shipments of grain and provisions?

We should really like some unbeliever in the *theory*, as it has been called, of any such thing as a balance of trade, to favor us with his mode of accounting for the large quantity of the precious metals which have found their way across the Atlantic for the last nine or twelve months,

upon any other principle than that of the balance of trade.

But leaving all discussions upon subjects foreign to the one immediately before us, we now ask the attention of our readers to the following statistics of our recent grain trade, showing the immense amount of funds thus furnished over and above any calculations that could have been made, by those in power, when they plunged the country into an unnecessary and expensive war, and when, by the passage of the tariff of 1846, and the Sub-Treasury Act, they adopted measures well calculated to create a moneyed crisis, and to embarrass the whole trade and business of the Union.

Let any man at all acquainted with monetary affairs, enter into a fair and candid examination of these statements, to the accuracy of which, so far as they go, we solemnly pledge ourselves, and we cannot doubt he will come to the conclusion, that had there been plentiful crops in Europe, instead of the famine which has prevailed, the new tariff, the sub-treasury, and the Mexican War, would have plunged this country into a moneyed crisis as severe as that prevailing in England, by last accounts, or as any similar crisis we have ever heretofore experienced.

We would further ask a careful attention to the state of prices for our bread-stuffs and grain in England, as they are well known to have governed, and the immense fall that has taken place in them, with a view of settling the question at issue between the Locofoco party and the Whigs; the former adopting measures to force us into a dependence upon a foreign market, for our raw produce, at the sacrifice of the mechanical and industrial arts, while the latter maintain, with Adam Smith, "that the home market is the best of all markets for the rude produce of the soil."

Let it be distinctly understood that the Whig party, in common with all the friends of the home policy, rejoice as much in good foreign markets for our agricultural products, as they do in the success of manufactures or any other portion of our general industry; and therefore is it always a matter of congratulation with them, when the balance of trade is kept in our favor, as in the late demand for our bread-stuffs. What they contend against, is what the writer fears may, and probably will occur, sooner or later, under Locofoco misrule, namely; that over importations, under the present tariff, will turn the balance against us, and cause a sudden return of specie to Europe for manufactured goods, creating a disturbance of the currency highly injurious to the trading community, when such goods could have been made at home with the greatest advantage to every American interest.

In truth, nothing is more injurious to trade than these sudden importations and exportations of specie; and nothing can prevent them in our case but such a tariff as shall limit our importations to our capacity to pay for them by our usual exportations. Had the tariff of 1842 been in operation, in place of that of 1846, we should have permanently kept in the country the specie gained by our recent grain trade, which, under the present tariff, will most probably soon return to Europe.

Let us now present for the inspection of the reader the following tables: No. 1, showing the exports of Flour, Indian Corn and Meal to all foreign countries, for the year ending Sept. 1, 1847; No. 2, Exports to Great Britain and Ireland from Sept. 1846, to 20th Aug. 1847; No. 3, Comparative view of the Exports of the same to foreign countries, for the last ten years; No. 4, The export prices of Indian Corn, Wheat and Flour, from 1828 to 1847.

TABLE No. 1.

*Exports of Flour, Wheat, Indian Corn and Meal, from the United States to Foreign Countries, for the year ending September 1st, 1847.*

			Estimated Value.
Flour,	4,712,588 bbls.	at \$6,	\$28,275,528
Wheat,	5,144,551 bushels,	1,25,	6,430,689
Indian Corn,	17,551,432 "	,80,	13,641,145
Indian Meal,	1,012,579 bbls.	3,25,	3,291,881
			Total, \$51,639,243

By changing the Flour and Meal into bushels, allowing 5 bushels of Wheat to a barrel of Flour, and 4 bushels of Corn to a barrel of Meal, and adding the same to the Wheat and Indian Corn, we have the following results:

Wheat,	28,701,491 bushels,	equal to 3,587,686 quarters.
Indian Corn,	21,601,748 "	" " 3,700,218 "

TABLE No. 2.

The exports from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland, from September 1st, 1846, to an average time from the various American ports, of about the 20th of August, 1847, were as follows:

			Estimated Value.
Flour, . . . . .	3,099,176	bbls. at \$6,	\$18,595,056
Wheat, . . . . .	3,667,119	bushels, 1,25,	4,583,898
Indian Corn, . . . . .	16,261,591	" .80,	13,009,272
Indian Meal, . . . . .	836,847	bbls. 3,25,	2,719,852
Total to Great Britain and Ireland, . . . . .			\$38,908,078
Total to all other Foreign Countries, . . . . .			12,731,165

Total Exports, \$51,639,243

TABLE No. 3.

Comparative view of the exports from the United States to Foreign Countries of the above articles of Bread-stuffs, for the previous ten years.

Year ending	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bushels.	Indian Corn, bushels.	Indian Meal, bbls.	Total Value.
Sept. 30, 1837,	318,719	17,303	151,276	159,435	\$3,926,109
" 1838	448,161	6,291	172,321	171,843	4,475,815
" 1839	923,151	96,325	162,306	165,672	7,868,877
" 1840	1,897,501	1,720,860	574,279	206,063	12,822,614
" 1841	1,515,817	868,585	535,727	232,284	9,577,938
" 1842	1,283,602	817,958	600,308	209,199	9,254,939
June 30, 1843 (9 mos.)	841,474	311,685	281,749	174,354	4,763,097
" 1844 (12 mos.)	1,438,574	558,917	825,282	247,882	8,304,925
" 1845	1,195,230	389,716	840,184	269,030	6,788,665
" 1846	2,289,476	1,613,795	1,826,068	298,790	15,482,388

Total, 9 yrs. and 9 mos., 12,151,705 6,401,435 5,969,500 2,134,552 \$83,265,367

If we call the above period a term of ten years, which is near enough for a comparison, the annual average of these exports, compared with the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, is as follows:

	Annual Average.	Year ending Sept. 1, 1847.
Flour, (bbls.) . . . . .	1,215,170	4,712,588
Wheat, (bushels.) . . . . .	640,143	5,144,551
Indian Corn, (bushels.) . . . . .	596,950	17,551,432
Indian Meal, (bbls.) . . . . .	213,455	1,012,579

Total value of flour, wheat, corn and meal, \$8,326,536 \$51,639,243

Increase of the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, over the annual average for a period of ten years, \$43,312,707

Increase of the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, over the year ending June 30, 1846, \$36,156,855

TABLE No. 3.

Export prices of Indian Corn, Wheat and Flour, from 1828 to 1847, inclusive.

[All but the last year from "Seaman's Progress of Nations."]

Years.	Indian Corn per bushel.	Wheat per bushel.	Flour per bbl.	Years.	Indian Corn per bushel.	Wheat per bushel.	Flour per bbl.
1828	\$0.48	\$0.75	\$4.90	1835	\$0.78	\$1.07	\$5.60
1829	.53	1.50	6.92	1836	.83	0.10	7.13
1830	.50	1.02	4.96	1837	.97	1.56	9.37
1831	.69	1.28	5.50	1838	.81	1.30	8.04
1832	.61	1.06	5.55	1839	.87	1.48	7.50
1833	.69	.90	5.87	1840	.71	.96	5.34
1834	.67	1.06	5.40	1841	.59	.94	5.15
				1842	.57	1.12	5.68
				1843	.42	.87	4.46
				1844	.49	.89	4.70
				1845	.49	.86	4.45
				1846	.65	1.04	5.95
				1847 (estimated)	.80	1.25	6.00

To show the comparative value of the home market, over that of the foreign market, we present the following calculations on the crops of Indian Corn and Wheat for the year 1846.

The crops of these grains in the United States for 1839, as ascertained by the census taken in 1840, were as follows:

Indian Corn, 377,531,865 bushels.

Wheat, 84,823,272 "

The Commissioner of Patents estimated the crops of 1845, thus:

Indian Corn, 417,899,000 bushels.

Wheat, 106,548,000 "

The crop of Indian Corn in 1843 was estimated by the Commissioner at 494,618,000 bushels. In the absence of any returns for the year 1846, we may safely estimate it at 425,000,000 of bushels—the disposition of which may be stated as follows, it being generally calculated that over one fourth of the crop is annually sold to non-producers, in the markets of the United States, and for export to foreign countries:—

Quantity used on the farms and plantations in the U. S., for food for man and animals, seed, &c.,	bushels.
Sold to non-producers in the U. S.,	300,000,000
Exported to foreign countries,	103,000,000
	22,000,000

Total crop, 425,000,000

It thus appears that about five per cent. only of the crop of Indian Corn has been exported during the past year, while the domestic consumption, by non-producers, is nearly 25 per cent. of the crop.

With regard to the crop of wheat in 1846, we may estimate it at about 112 millions of bushels—the last having been a very abundant year—and over 25 per cent. of the crop has been exported to foreign countries. We make the following calculation of the disposition of the crop of 1846, based on a similar estimate with regard to the crop of 1840, in the Philadelphia Price Current and Commercial List, published in January, 1842:

	Bushels.
Estimated crop in 1846,	112,000,000.
Used for seed, starch, &c.,	8,000,000.
Exported to foreign countries,	28,750,000.
Consumed for human food in the United States,	75,250,000
Total,	112,000,000

We have no data respecting the consumption of wheat by the growers of that grain, similar to that by which we have formed our estimate on Indian corn; but such a calculation is not important, as the superiority of our home market over foreign ones for the consumption of wheat, as well as Indian corn, is sufficiently shown by the above. It is further shown by the great difference between the quantity of produce received at our principal ports, and the exports thereof from the same ports to foreign countries. Thus at Boston the receipts of flour for the year ending Sept. 1, 1847, were 862,523 barrels, while the exports to foreign countries were only 160,565 barrels from the same port; and the receipts of Indian corn at Boston were 2,199,994 bushels—exports to foreign countries, 583,743 bushels.

To these tables, the remarks accompanying them, and the present state of the foreign grain market, we appeal with great confidence fully to show the superior importance of the home market over a foreign one; for though we freely admit the temporary advantage to be derived from large exports, such as those here exhibited, yet when they arise from the distress of our best customers for our great southern staples, there are many deductions to be made from the nominal amount of wealth which they appear to have brought into the country; and especially do we urge that this wealth generally goes into the hands of a few speculators, and is not diffused throughout the industrious classes of our citizens.

Seasons of excessive demand for our products for foreign consumption invariably give rise to a speculative spirit, and unsettle wholesome industry, which is the real wealth of a nation, and is never thus disturbed without great injury to the mass of the people. What the agriculturist most desires is a steady demand for his products at remunerating prices. He can then make his calculations, apportion his expenditures to his receipts, and, by a prudent economy, permanently improve his condition. Whereas, in times of a speculative demand, nothing is certain; wages are suddenly raised; he is induced to till more ground, and, in all probability, as in the present case, by the time his increased crop comes to market, prices greatly recede, so as to leave him with a loss exceeding the profits realized on the pre-



vious one. Another consideration, and a very important one, resulting from an extraordinary rise in price, to supply a foreign demand in bread-stuffs, is, that the whole quantity used throughout the country, commands an equally advanced price; and thus, while a few profit by it, the many are sorely taxed in that essential article. So in the case before us: flour rose from \$4.50 per barrel—to which the abundant crop, and the tariff of 1846, reduced it—as high as \$9; thus doubling the price upon every individual throughout the land; and even among those who speculate in the article for the foreign demand, it inevitably happens that not a few are ruined, when prices recede as they have now receded, nearly, if not quite, one half. These are but a very few of the more prominent disadvantages which result from a speculative trade; but there are many others, not so obvious, such as the extravagant ideas it engenders, drawing off the minds of the people from those industrial pursuits by which alone a permanent prosperity is secured.

We may also always reckon upon one great disadvantage we are sure to experience in a moneyed crisis, that is, when England is under the necessity of making large exports of specie to pay for a foreign supply of grain and bread-stuffs, which invariably reduces the price of our great southern staples, cotton most particularly. Nor can we always be sure that such a crisis will not react upon us, either in the derangement of our own currency, or, as in the present case, in heavy failures.

We feel confident we have not overrated the disadvantages incident to the state of things on which we comment—as a drawback to the advantages which appear in the large amount supposed to be realized in the immense exports shown by our tables.

But admitting that we have gained much money in this trade, is it not obvious that it would be much more profitable, if our tariff were such as to enable us to retain it?

We are among those who do not believe this will be the case, under the present tariff. We cannot shut our eyes to the prospects for the future. The newspapers are constantly boasting of the immense amount of our imports, which are not likely to decrease. Should the present depression in the English money market increase or even continue, British manufactures will fall in price, and our large importations go on, until a balance will be created against us; exchange will consequently rise, for already has it risen from five to nine per cent., and we may look for large exportations of specie. The goods thus increasingly imported will be forced upon our market, to the injury of our home manufactures; and we may in the end find, that what we have considered a most prosperous state of things, may turn out quite the reverse.

We are no croakers, no propheciers of evil, and do not look for any very severe crisis in our affairs. Thanks to the protective policy, we have succeeded in building up, until it has reached a basis not to be overthrown, an internal industry, amounting to some two or three hundred millions of dollars; and this encourages us to believe we stand upon ground so solid, that the improvidence of our present rulers cannot undermine or destroy our present indomitable perseverance and industry.

We are willing to anticipate better things for the future. The recent elections show a conservative feeling to be gaining ground. The schoolmaster has left traces of his labors, which must open the eyes of the people, and teach them what is their true interest. Locofoco philosophy does not flourish in the broad light of education and knowledge. The sophistry of demagogues will not avail to satisfy the country, that it is our true policy to spend countless millions in an unrighteous war, and deny to Congress the right to improve our rivers and harbors, or enact laws to foster and sustain the arts of peace.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE last European news were of the greatest interest. Europe is thrown into a general ferment, and we believe that war will soon begin at some points of the old world. Italy is approaching the crisis of her struggle for independence; Switzerland is threatened with a civil and religious war; while Spain shows herself the scandal of the age. But upon Italy the eyes of the world are chiefly directed. All free spirits sympathize with that nation of martyrs—all are anxious to witness her liberation—to behold her united and independent. After thirty long years of slavery and chains, the voice of Italian emancipation was heard from Rome—from the "city of the soul," calling the Italians to liberty. Faithful to their principles, they answered that they were ready for battle—to drive the barbarians of the north from their fair peninsula. What did Austria, France, and England do, in such a critical moment? Austria used all the most degrading means to subdue the Pope and his people, but all were useless. War is unavoidable. Austria must no longer be mistress of that country: she must withdraw beyond the Alps, and give her last adieu to Italy. France has done little or nothing for Italian liberty. Guizot, with his hypocritical and mysterious policy, endeavors to intervene between Austria and the Pope; he wishes Pius IX. to follow the politics of Gregory XVI., and be reconciled with Austria, the eternal enemy of Italy. England, on the contrary, intervenes as a friend to Italy and the Pope. She eagerly declares herself against the Austrian intervention, and sends a strong navy to protect the coasts of Romagna. The occupation of Ferrara by an Austrian army has excited the just indignation, not only of the Italians, but of many other nations. In France, although the government is opposed to war, and Louis Philippe and his ministry would sacrifice all to keep things where they are, the people are ready to fight for the good cause, as well as to break off the present governmental system. France and Italy have common feelings—have old remembrances that unite them. This is not the year 1831, when the Italians were betrayed by the Citizen King and his *soi-disant* liberal ministers.

Cardinal Ciacchi, the Governor of Ferrara, sent a second protestation to Austria, against the violation of the Roman territory, and advised all the population to leave the city to the enemy, and march off to Bologna. Such a patriotic and noble proclamation reminds us of the old Greeks,

when, attacked and pursued by the barbarians of Asia, they retired into a far country, leaving their native homes, rather than serve as slaves to their enemies. With such a man as Cardinal Ciacchi, the new Pope is sure of being supported in this national struggle, and will have the sympathy of all Italy. Notwithstanding these demonstrations, additional regiments of soldiery have joined the garrison of Ferrara, and Austria seems not to retrocede from her infamous design. On the 15th of August, in the city of Ferrara and neighboring places, the excited population were armed and waiting for an order of the Cardinal to attack the Austrian garrison. It is cheering to see the ardor of the people for enlistment. They say continually that they are ready to fight and die for their country. Never before did Italy offer so great a spectacle of union and nationality. From the Roman papers we learn that the government is disposed to defend to the last the independence of the country. By order of Pius IX., a camp for military exercise and observation met near Forlì. Every day new troops cross the Apennines for Bologna and the Austrian frontiers. The Papal government have thought it best until now to be inactive. The Romans have no hope of help on the side of France; they remember well the infamous treachery of 1831, and know that Louis Philippe will not dare to declare war against any power. At a large meeting of citizens in Rome, the nephew of the present Pope and brother of Cardinal Ferretti, Secretary of State, expressed himself with his habitual freedom and boldness concerning the intentions of the government—"that he is ready to defend his rights, by all possible and necessary means, even to the last drop of his blood." The Pope himself, in a consistory of cardinals, said that he trusted in God and his people to compel the enemy to withdraw. "I shall excommunicate the Austrians," said he, "and if that is not enough, I will go on horseback to the field of battle; I will rouse all Italians and Catholics, and in less than a month two millions of men will be under my banner." "Let it be your endeavor," he added, "to keep the people quiet; tell them to be prudent and faithful,—that I will never yield, and Italy must at length be free and united." This was the language and policy of the great Hildebrand, of Alexander III., and of Julius II., the greatest and most patriotic Popes. On the 18th of August the young national guard assembled at the Villa Bor-

ghese to parade, and Cardinal Ferretti exclaimed that he would feel happy to direct such a troop against the Austrians. In Ferrara a patrol of citizens were attacked by Austrian soldiers, and cruelly butchered. Thus were murdered by Austria the ambassadors of the French Republic at the Congress of Rastad, and in the same manner a great number of Poles were destroyed by the bloody Szeckler, chargé of Prince Metternich, and the terror of Galicia. In every part of Italy there is commotion, and a general insurrection might be excited at any moment. Maria Louisa, the Duke of Lucca, and the King of Naples have joined Austria against the Pope; but all their plots will be useless, as the Italians are united, and weary of despotic governments. The Duke of Lucca fled to Venice, and left the government in the hands of his ministry. In Parma and Piacenza there are daily riots between the people and the soldiers. Such a horrible condition of things must end in a revolution.

The Calabrians are in full insurrection against their king. Many cities of that kingdom are already in the power of the insurgents. A priest is the commander-in-chief, and he refuses to make any amnesty with the government. In Livorno an Austrian plot against the citizens has been discovered. It was to attack the Austrian consul, in order that Austria might have a pretence for interfering in Tuscany. On the 22d of August, a great number of armed citizens met on the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, and asked the Governor to be sent to Ferrara to fight against the Austrians. To sum up all in a word, Italy is a volcano of insurrection, a nation irritated and aroused. The Duke of Tuscany has changed his ministry, selecting wise and liberal men. The King of Naples has left the city for Sicily. He fears an insurrection and the punishment of his crimes. In Lombardy, the country most exposed to Austrian invasion, and now occupied by the troops of the Emperor, there is great anxiety for war, and all the Lombards are in favor of Pius IX. Although the circulation of the Roman papers is prohibited, you see in every house and store the portrait of the new Pope, and in the evening they sing liberal songs to his honor in the streets. If Pius IX. finds enemies in some princes of Italy, he is now assured of the friendship and support of the powerful King of Sardinia. Charles Albert sent a strong and indignant protestation to Austria against the violation of Ferrara. He requires that the Austrian troops should return to their quarters in Lombardy, and give full satisfaction to the Pope and the people. His consul at Milan has been recalled, and there is no doubt that Charles Albert will be the first prince to attack Austria with a strong army. He has offered the Pope the use of his artil-

lery and navy. England follows the same policy. A large squadron left Malta for the Archipelago, to watch the movements of Austria. More than that—we are assured by a private letter that English soldiers have landed at Ancona, and joined the Papal troops. An English ambassador will be sent to Rome, as a counsellor to Pius IX. Thus a Protestant nation has shown herself solicitous to defend the rights of the head of the Catholic Church. What a disgrace for the French nation to be the last in this cause, to be anticipated by England! The King of Sardinia will be able to stand alone against Austria, and his army is better disciplined than the Emperor's. He can raise two hundred thousand men. He himself is an Italian prince, and his army is wholly composed of Italians—all enemies to Austria.

The *Gazetta Piemontese*, the true organ of the Sardinian government, condemns the intervention at Ferrara in the most indignant and hostile expressions. It seems that the King dares Metternich, with the most imperious threats, to keep his barbarians in Ferrara. The Pope lately sent an emissary to France, Signor Lopez, captain of artillery, with a commission to purchase ten thousand muskets and other arms. The number of the volunteers has risen to nearly twelve thousand men. In Romagna great numbers of priests and monks exercise themselves daily in arms, and offer the government their monasteries and revenues to sustain the war. Signor Azeglio, author of many excellent literary works, has left Rome for Bologna, with an order from Pius IX. to raise troops for defence of the frontiers. The language of the Pope is full of patriotic feelings, and indignation against Austria. He knows that he is again the greatest moral power of the world. Sixteen years ago Austria intervened in the Roman States against the population—now she intervenes against the Pope himself. If the Pope declares war against Austria, no one can tell where and when he will stop his holy war. All the petty tyrants of Italy are in danger, as well as the despotic governments of other countries.

By the German papers we see that the prudent and liberal King of Prussia is on the point of making a journey in Italy, and to pay a visit to the greatest man of our day, Pius IX. Certainly such a friendly and respectful visit will procure the Prussian States the liberty of worship, and liberty of worship to the Protestants in Italy. The King of Prussia seems to have placed himself in opposition to Austria, and in favor of the Pope. The Princes of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, have taken the same ground with England and Sardinia, respecting the encroachments of Austria, and have joined in an alliance to resist Austrian aggressions. France will

be compelled to ally herself with these powers; their liberal institutions, the universal enthusiasm of the French people for Italy, the great republican and opposition party, all must force the government to take part with Pius IX.

In Switzerland the Catholic cantons begin to think more seriously about their dangerous situation. The Swiss Diet have decided by the *vorort* that all the officers who belong to the army of the league shall be expelled from the federal army, as against the orders of the Diet and of the federal treaty. A singular event happened to show these people that they are driven into a civil war by the great enemy of their country. All the guns which were distributed to the soldiers of the *Sunderbund* had etched on them the Austrian mark; they were sent into Switzerland by Austria, and bought by the Jesuits. What honor and glory for the Swiss, could they return to their ancient alliance, and unite themselves against the enemies of their land! It would be a greater victory than any that Switzerland ever gained.

In Germany there is nothing new.

In Poland, Metternich has sent to the scaffold three noble Polish young men. They die for liberty! More victims to join the Polish martyrology!! In Galicia, the bloody Szeckler, the assassin in chief of that country, the same one who carried fire and destruction over all Galicia, the *chargé* of Metternich, after a long and secret process—where every one believed that he would have expiated all his crimes with death—was found not guilty, and decorated by the Emperor with a golden medal! It is but just. He served the Emperor, and had to be rewarded; his gold medal will be the sign by which the Polish mothers may point out to their children the murderer of their fathers. Worthy, indeed, to be made a knight of Austria!

The King of Holland finds his crown too heavy for his head, or rather, himself unworthy to be the head of that kingdom. On the 18th of August, early in the morning, he went to La Haye, and had a private conference with his ministers, which lasted three hours. It was to direct the different branches of the administration of the country during his absence. His intention was to create a regency while he remains at a distance from his state; but the Prince of Orange declined the royal offer, and the King will be obliged to trust some one of his ministers with this great and difficult charge.

Spain is in a condition perfectly anarchic. The Queen asks for a divorce. The fatuous King declares that he is not the father of the child born of Queen Isabella. The ministry is changed, Catalonia in insurrection, and the Carlist guerillas rise everywhere. What will be the end of such a disorder and scandal, God knows! Isabella

has been sacrificed by her infamous mother, and by the intrigues of Louis Philippe and Guizot. She married her cousin Ferdinando against her wishes, and it is said that this Prince is an impotent man. All this was known by Philippe and Guizot. By such a human sacrifice France has broken the treaty of Utrecht, and by the marriage of Montpensier, a Prince of the royal family of France, to the sister of the Queen of Spain. Austria may say to Louis Philippe, "You have violated the treaties of Utrecht, I violate those of the Congress of Vienna." Louis Philippe, uniting Queen Isabella to an impotent man, thereby cuts off the succession. He was aware that by old rights of the crown of Spain, the son of the Duke of Montpensier would be the legitimate King of that country. General Narvaez, the faithful minister of Cristina, it is said, has returned to Spain to pronounce the child of the Queen illegitimate. There is no doubt a secret conspiracy against the reputation of the young Queen.

In Portugal, Maria Della Gloria is not yet assured of her throne—her power is doubtful. She has not fulfilled her promise to the Junta and the English ministry. Portugal and Spain will be engaged in a civil war. Foreign intervention will be necessary again, new victims will fall again, more blood be spilled!

In France at present, the execrable policy of Charles X. seems to be imitated—to prosecute the public press, and to charge the people with exorbitant duties. Six newspapers have been stopped in Paris, because they dared to expose the intrigues of the government, and the crimes of its employees. It is a new thing in history that royal ministers, chief officers of the army, princes and dukes, are accused and condemned as robbers, rogues, and assassins! Every day new discoveries of robberies in the administration of the government, teach the people by what men they are governed, and what are the higher agents of Louis Philippe. To complete the series of crimes and intrigues, came out the horrible murder of the Duchess of Praslin, and the robberies and sharpings of Monsieur Delasalle, chief of the cabinet of M. de Martineau Deschenetz, under secretary of state and war. We need add nothing to what the papers have said about the murderer Praslin. In the darkness and solitude of night, a husband, reputed a gentleman, and a noble, assassinates his faithful and amiable wife!

England has been accused of making an alliance with the Pope as the only means to keep Ireland quiet. We wish to think differently of her, and are willing to believe that her intervention in Italy is only to emancipate that country, and complete the good work which she began in 1813. The English press is daily reproaching France with her neutrality toward Austria,



and her scandalous intrigues in the affair of the Spanish marriage. The Morning Advertiser affirms that government proposes to revise the system of monetary circulation for the next year. It is supposed that Sir Robert Peel will support this project; but it is not yet known when this proposition will be carried into effect. The commercial news from England are painful—so many commercial houses have failed. The loss sustained by different banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is supposed to be not less than twelve millions of dollars.

The news received at Marseilles from the East Indies are of the 19th July last, but

with very little interest. The Punjaub-Lahore was quiet, and an insurrection had arisen at the palace of Goulab-Sing, the ancient rajah of Lahore, whom the English had created King of Cachemire.

War continues to desolate Circassia, and the Russians have been severely beaten. Since the battle of Guerquibil in the Daghestan, the Circassians have gathered courage, and are pressing the Russian army on all sides. The soldiers of Chamyl, and those of his viceroy, Nour-Ali, attacked the Russians with the greatest vigor and ferocity. The Russians suffered great loss, and were compelled to retreat before the enemy. S. de C.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, etc. etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Considerations of the kind presented in this little volume are characteristic of the present age. Philosophy, or rather metaphysical science, tends to two extremes—to confound soul with body, which is materialism—or body with soul, which is idealism. Philosophy and science of course make no such confusion.

"Creation," says our author, "is graduated, and every creature has its proper place. The totality of an animal's framework indicates its position in the scale of being. The superiority of man in this respect is at once evident." A varied intelligence requires a varied organism. "The mind reigns in the body. The will controls matter. It is the point at which the higher laws of Divinity work upon matter and govern it according to reason. The body is the kingdom of the soul."

Materialism declares the mind is only a more complex result of mechanism; idealism, that the world itself is no more than a dream of the human soul—the "I." Both opinions emanate from the same source—a vitiated, or one-sided understanding. We may conclude, that since the mind is capable of entertaining either view with indifference, one to-day, and the other to-morrow, that neither is true. Our author seems to be aware of this, and refuses to commit himself on either extreme: he philosophizes in the old fashion—he gives soul and body each its due. He even Platonizes, affirming that reason is a more certain guide to knowledge than sense,—else why do not the animals whose senses are more acute than ours, attain to a rational knowledge superior to our own?

To the modern materialism of the phrenologists, who cannot distinguish soul from body, because they have observed that the actions of the soul are straightened and cramped by a deficiency of organs—just as they would be by a defect in the limbs, or by being wholly devoid of a body, or by a body impaired by disease or insanity—our author opposes sensible arguments and illustrative anecdotes. This book is well supported by argument and illustration, and is composed in a copious and elegant style. It is learned and well arranged.

The tenth chapter is entitled "Illustrations of the Power of the Mind in Dreaming and Somnambulism, etc.;" in which he endeavors to show an independent action of the mind in the somnolent state of the body, tending to prove a perfect unity in the mind, contrary to that opinion which gives it a multitude of independent functions. To conceive this doctrine we confess to be very difficult—as difficult as to conceive how all the distinct and separate qualities of a metal or other substance do yet together make one integral substance. His arguments under this head do not seem to us satisfactory; yet they are interesting, and stimulate thoughts in an agreeable manner.

Several chapters succeed on injudicious education, misemployment of the mind, and kindred subjects on the confines of physiology and psychology.

"The following history, abbreviated from Dr. Abercrombie's statement, will further illustrate the fact, that memory, as well as other faculties, may exist to a greater extent than ordinary use of recollection would warrant us to suppose. A girl, seven years of age, employed in tending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment occupied by an itinerant fiddler, who was a musician of considerable skill,

and who often spent the night in performing pieces of a refined description. These performances were noticed by the child only as disagreeable noises. After residing in this house six months, she fell into bad health, and was removed by a benevolent lady to her own home; where on her recovery she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady, the wonder of the family was strongly excited by hearing the most beautiful music during the night, especially as they spent many waking hours in vain endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl, who was fast asleep, but uttering from her lips sounds exactly resembling those of a small violin. On further observation it was found, that after being about two hours in bed, she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; she then uttered tones precisely like the tuning of a violin, and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound not to be distinguished from the most delicate modulations of that instrument. During the performance she sometimes stopped, imitated the re-tuning her instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped, in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, varying from one to fourteen or even twenty nights, and they were generally followed by a degree of fever.

"After a year or two her music was not confined to the imitation of the violin, but was often exchanged for that of the piano, which she was accustomed to hear in the house where she now lived; and she then also began to sing, imitating exactly the voices of several ladies of the family. In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she seemed to fancy herself instructing a younger companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a great variety of topics, both political and religious; the news of the day, the historical parts of Scripture, of public characters, of members of the family and of their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm, and astonishing powers of memory. Her language on the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called a fable, and in these imageries was both appropriate and elegant. She was by no means limited in her range. Bonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth, figured among the phantasmagoria of her brain, and all were animadverted upon with such freedom as often made me think poor Nancy had been transported into Madame Genlis' Palace of

Truth. She has been known to conjugate Latin verbs, which she had probably heard in the school-room of the family, and she was even heard to speak several sentences very correctly in French, and at the same time stating that she heard them from a foreign gentleman. Being questioned on this subject when awake, she remembered having seen this gentleman, but could not repeat a word of what he said. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to awake her; and when her eyelids were raised, and a candle brought near her eye, the pupil seemed insensible to the light."

This case may serve to explain many others supposed to be of a miraculous nature, through the intervention of spirits, as they are explained by the followers of Swedenborg and Mesmer.

*Discourse on the Uses and Importance of History, illustrated by a Comparison of the American and French Revolutions. By Hon. WM. C. RIVES.*

This address was delivered the last summer, before the historical department of the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia. It is a noble and eloquent discourse, full of impressive historical illustrations and references, and informed throughout with an elevated spirit, suited to the nature of the subject. It forms a just companion to the oration delivered by Mr. Rives two years ago, on the "Character and Services of John Hampden"—both of them worthy of an eminent public man, who also, to his greater honor, finds time to maintain his place among the accomplished scholars of the country. Of all addresses, we conceive that those of a high and solemn historic cast are the most valuable for our country and times; for we are in especial need of the lessons of the past to guide us in the future. It is, we would add, a matter of deep gratification to us, when public men, joining the practical knowledge of the statesman to the erudition of the man of letters, come forward to instruct the people on important themes. There have been other excellent examples of late, of which we shall take due notice.

ERRATA.—In the sketch of Hon. Thos. Corwin, published last month, the following mistakes occurred from the badness of the MS., and the impossibility of sending the proof to the author:—

310 p.	2d col.	15 line from top,	constant for consistent.
"	"	21	constantly for instantly.
311	1st	17	strike out the word same.
"	"	23	as for is.
"	"	43	effect for effort.
315 p.	2d col.	26 line from top,	hence for however.
"	"	38	hence for however.
"	"	9	bot., ornate for erratic.
316	1st	5	tnp., higher for mixed.
"	"	7	great for grand.
"	"	25	graver for grave.

Also, note p. 144, for "the leading Cato, that conspirator," read, "the leading Cato-street conspirator."



Eng'd by T. Doney.

## POPE PIUS IX.

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